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A *SPY* Photo Investigation

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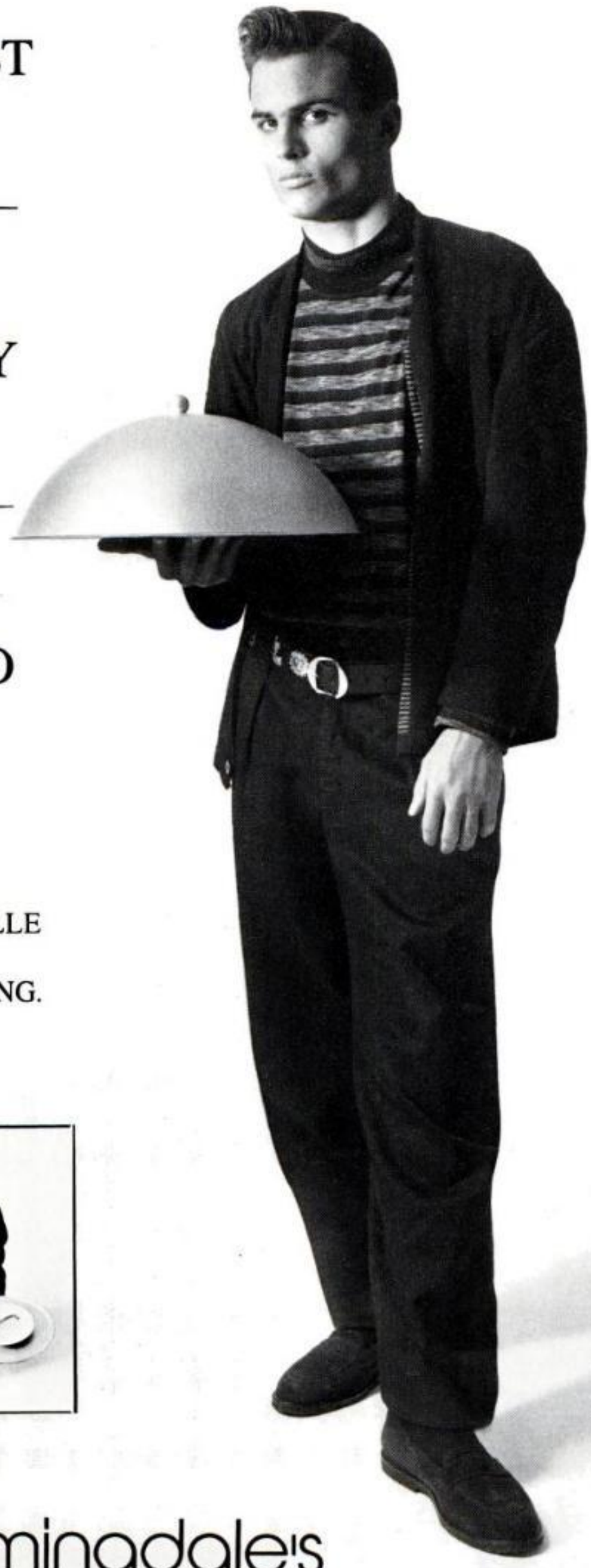
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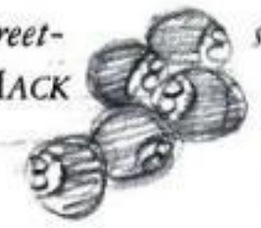
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FEUDS: THE CELEBRITY EQUIVALENT OF WAR

▸*It's not enough for some people to be well-to-do and well-known; they need to be well-to-do and well-known and belligerent. Gore Vidal vs. William F. Buckley, Dean vs. Jerry, Donald Trump vs. Ed Koch, Keith vs. Brian McNally—*LYNN HIRSCHBERG *reports on feuding theory and application. Plus* JAMIE MALANOWSKI *on the history of brawling* 68

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▸*When it comes to putting together a movie deal, producers know that a big-name star is like money in the bank, right? Not necessarily.* ROD GRANGER *and* DORIS TOUMARKINE *audit the careers of those unstoppable actors and directors—the Meryl Streeps, Warren Beattys and Bobby De Niros—major, major talents who keep studios in the red but who never go unemployed. A rather unexpected profit-and-loss statement* 88

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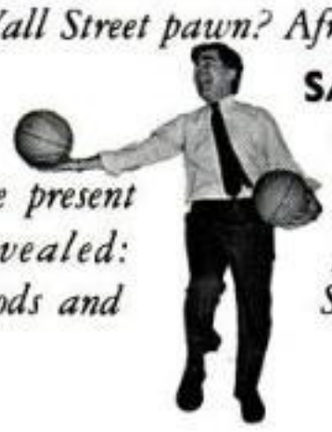
▸*Raquel Welch and André Weinfeld, Jane Fonda and Tom Hayden, Paulina Porizkova and Ric Ocasek. For some reason, as if by hormonal instinct, some of the most gorgeous women in the world have voluntarily mated with gnomish, ravaged, unprepossessing men* 97

THE TOUGHEST WEENIE IN AMERICA



▸*Seldom has anyone seemed better positioned to ace elective office than New York's Rudolph Giuliani, the blustery, publicity-savvy, slightly paranoid U.S. Attorney. Yet when he had the opportunity to run for the Senate earlier this year, Giuliani chickened out. Was he afraid of the People? Afraid to lose? Afraid his successor would be a Wall Street pawn? Afraid to get his hair mussed up?* PHILIP WEISS *investigates* . . 104

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▸*As the race for the White House reaches its cliff-hanging, mud-slinging, dwarf-vs.-twit climax, we present an E-Z-to-understand chronicle of the campaign—and the secret of a successful political career revealed: pose as often as you can with babies, lobsters, livestock, heavy machinery, deadly weapons, fatty foods and Spider-Man* 118

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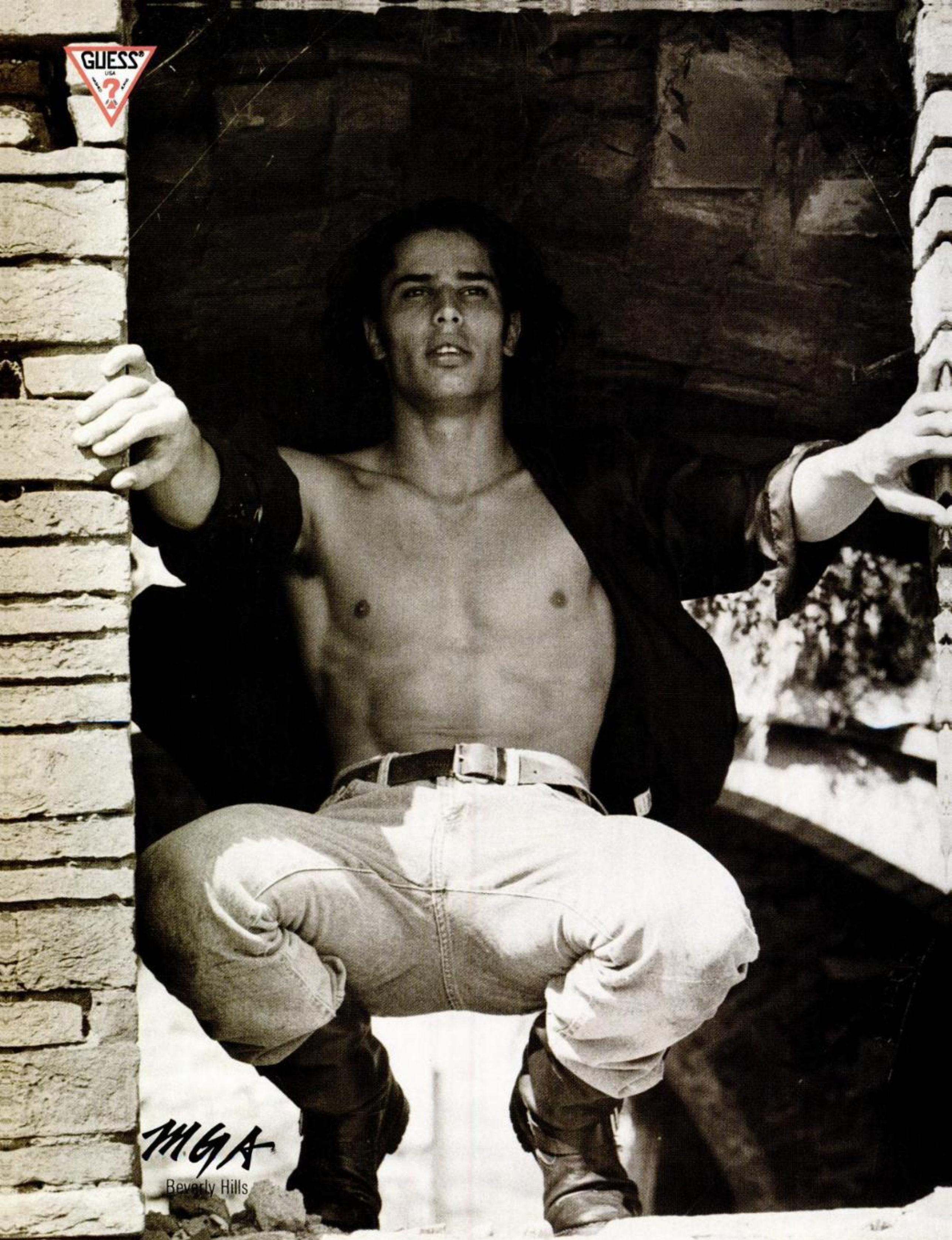
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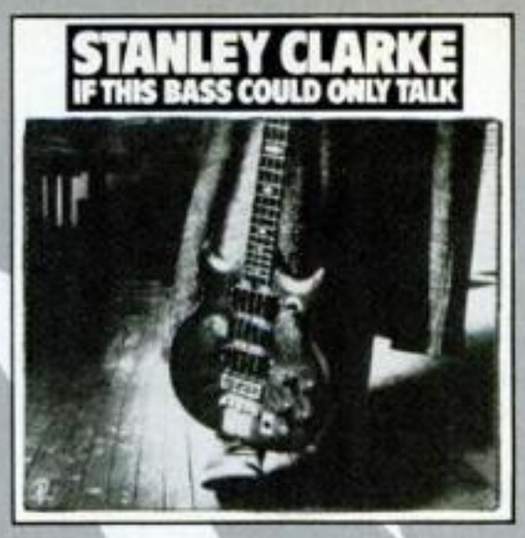
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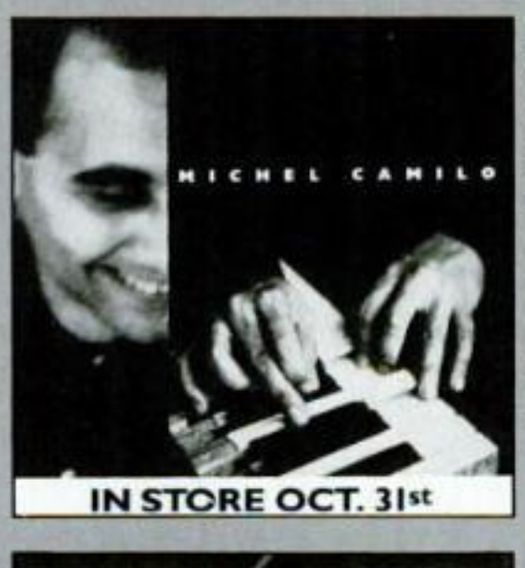
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—Bush campaign chairman James Baker to Dukakis aides

Fall: for vertigo buffs

FALL: FOR VERTIGO BUFFS LIKE US, IT'S *THE* SEASON. PATRIOTIC IVAN BOESKY AND THE ULTRA-patriotic Iran-contrans fell—*Aieeeeee!* we like to imagine them screaming—in the fall of 1986. The booming stock market fell—*Aieeeeee!*—in the fall of 1987. Now the long, slow fall of the patriotic visionaries who run Drexel Burnham Lambert (Financing America's Futu—*Aieeeeee!*) has accelerated. And it's not just the falling part of fall we like; we enjoy the cleanup too—the raking, the chopping, the burning. Dead leaves, old stumps, indicted toupee-wearing junk-bond wizards: *properly disposing of the detritus* is what finally makes autumn so satisfying. Racketeers or not, the Drexelites are refusing to capitulate: their lawyers were waiting at the federal courthouse when the SEC lawyers arrived unannounced to file their suit. And best of all, when they met, the lawyers *scuffled*. The spectacle of scuffling lawyers, although highly entertaining, is not necessarily consistent with good public relations. And Drexel has become, in the two years since its alleged misdeeds were revealed, a PR factory. The firm has spent $94 million on official propaganda since 1986 (including salaries paid to patriotic Dukakis poll-taker Peter Hart and patriotic Dukakis PR adviser John Scanlon). For that sum, Drexel could have instead launched several dozen separate satirical monthlies that would have excoriated practically everything in the universe—*except Drexel Burnham Lambert*. But no—the money was squandered on advertising and advice. The last year has been traumatic for everyone on Wall Street, of course. But the superbeautiful thing about the 1980s is that the traumatized are learning to cope. Patty Hearst Shaw, for instance, has coped by cooperating with the makers of a movie about her kidnapping and becoming an aggressively conventional housewife-socialite. "Did you ever notice," Patty Hearst asked recently, "that nannies never







what Dan Quayle wants."

"We don't care



miss the airplane going out, only coming back?" The bitter, bitter irony: in the very act of coping with her old trauma, a new trauma inflicts itself.

And what about the trauma of fatness? Marion Berry, the fun-loving, preternaturally energetic, overweight mayor of Washington, D.C., says he got nervous when fellow fat black mayor Harold Washington died last year (Berry said Washington "looked like a big balloon"), and then saw an unpleasant reflection of himself in fellow fat black mayor Coleman Young ("It looks like you forgot your birth control pills," Berry told Young recently). So he went to a spa for a week of aerobics—but spent $1,900 on rooms at the New York Hilton, just to throw reporters off his trail. An improper expenditure? No. *He was just avoiding trauma.* "I'd rather be alive than dead," Berry explained.

George Bush's patriotism grows and grows (incidentally, for the record, *every morning* at SPY we pledge allegiance to the flag—and then, just to keep our edge, ritually burn it), but even he has been enduring his own little traumas: having to get rid of defenders of Nazis, having to goose his wife in public, having to pretend to respect the weak dumbbell at his side.

And speaking of Dan Quayle, doesn't he have a nickname or a Secret Service code name like everybody else? Nancy Reagan calls her husband Ronnie; his Secret Service agents call him Rawhide. To Bush's friends he's Poppy and to the Secret Service, Timberwolf; with Dukakis it's Mike and Peso. But what about Quayle? Until we hear otherwise, we're guessing that his nickname is the Boner and that the Secret Service calls him Lassie.

Thank God they're finally letting Quayle be Quayle. For his major national-security speech of the campaign, the Boner abandoned his prepared remarks and instead spoke extemporaneously—*we hear that trauma coming*—from notes on a single three-by-five card. He said he thought the speech would be more exciting that way. And *it was.* He used the plot of Tom Clancy's *Red Storm Rising* to justify a Star Wars nuclear-defense system. This man is running for *vice* president? He sounds uncannily *presidential* to us.

Nor can you blame the Boner for exaggerating the patriotic valor of his military duty. Patriotic Mike Dukakis, almost nobody seems to have noticed, has overstated the war-is-hellishness of his own armed service. "I spent 18 months sitting in a rice paddy in Korea," Dukakis emotionally told patients at a veterans' hospital, "praying I'd get back in one piece." The poor, brave, traumatized grunt. Of course, Dukakis arrived in Korea in 1955—two full years after the Korean War had ended.

Dukakis does embody the New Sexlessness. A new analysis of the last three years' 4,989 prime-time network-TV episodes shows that only 114 revolved around people sleeping together. Many more—25 percent more—were about people having dinner. But we all know that America has been traumatized, that libido is on the wane—it's a biological instinct, leisure activity and situation-comedy premise whose time has come and gone.

Fortunately, however, in the final days of Reagan's America we have found a way to export some of our accumulating stocks of surplus carnality: this fall, the skin magazine *High Society* (at least it's not called *The Philadelphia Story*) launched *SzexPress* in Hungary, the first officially sanctioned skin magazine ever published behind the Iron Curtain. Is this *glasnost?* No, friend, it is—*Aieeeeee!*—patriotism. ◆

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3 Antique & Fine Jewelry
8 Furniture, Decorations, Paintings, Including Property from The Estate of Rosa Ponselle
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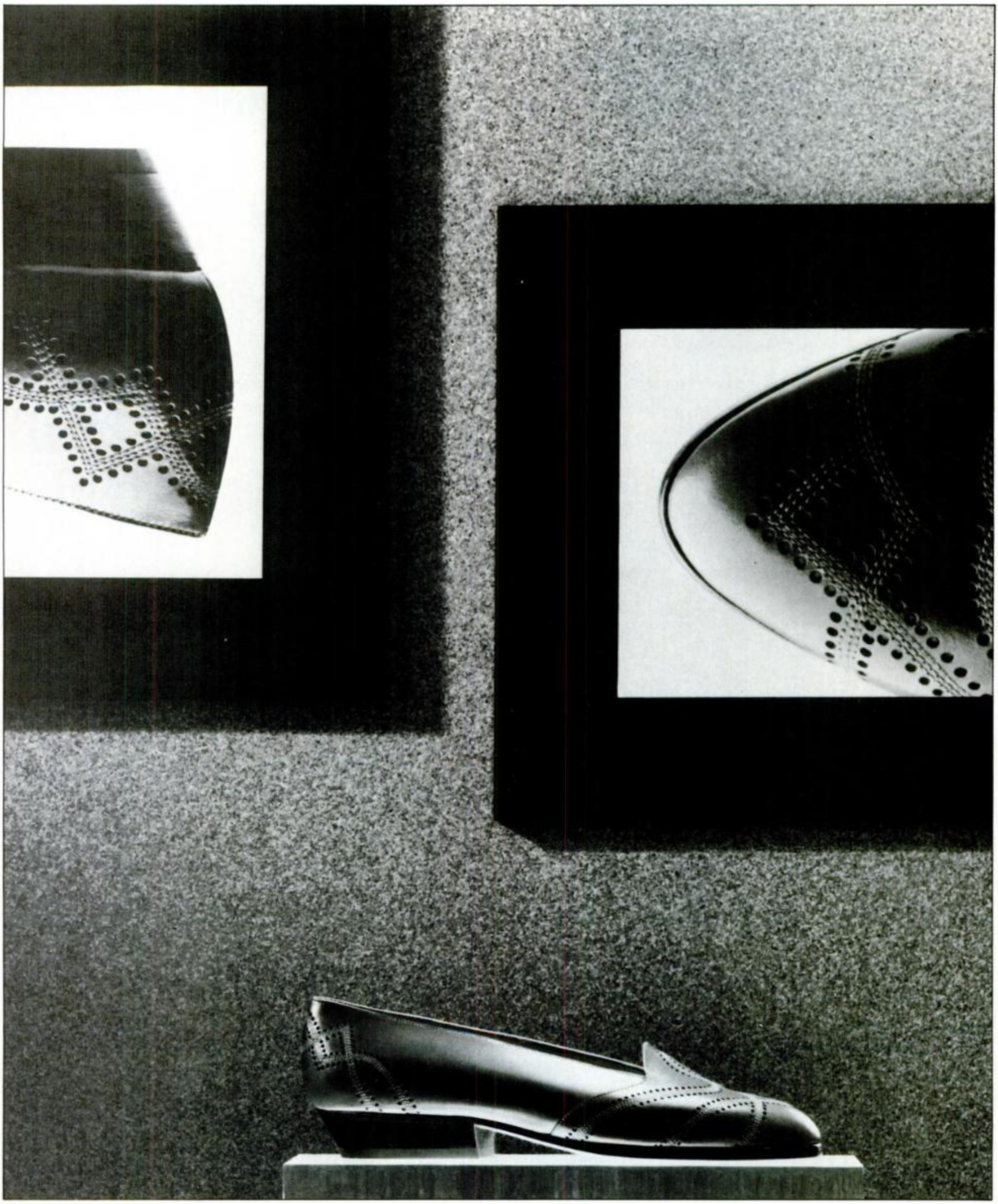


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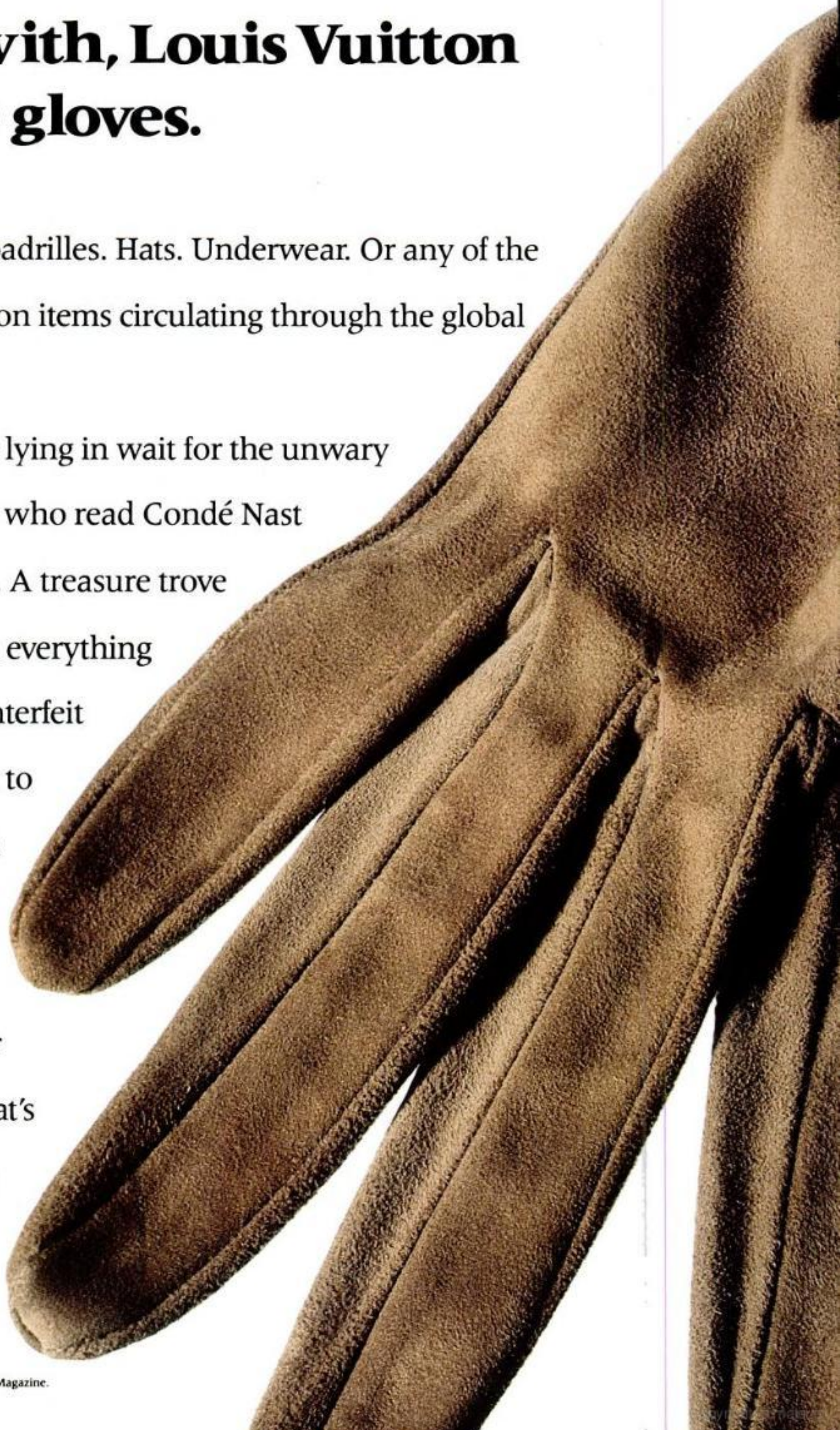
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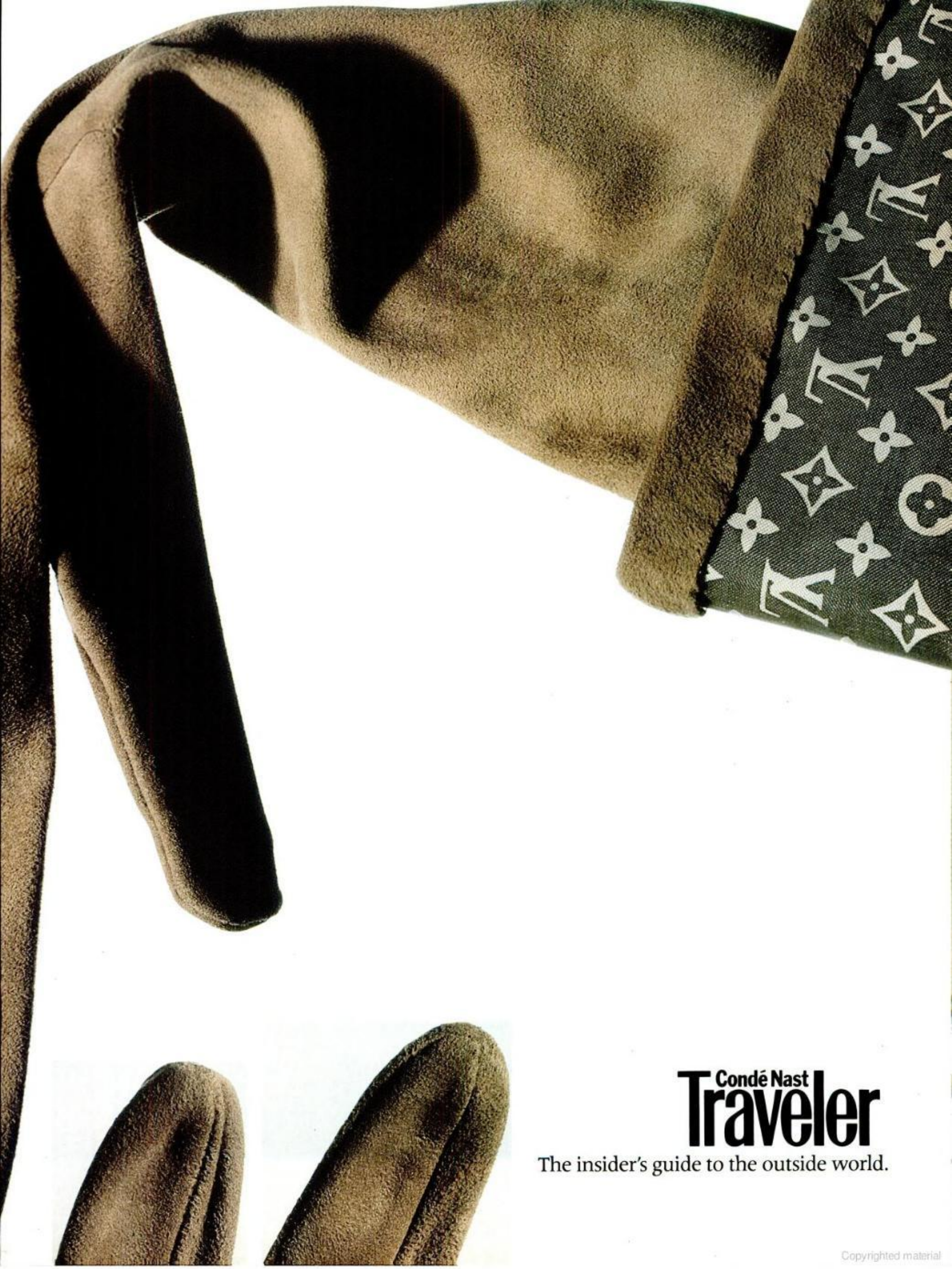
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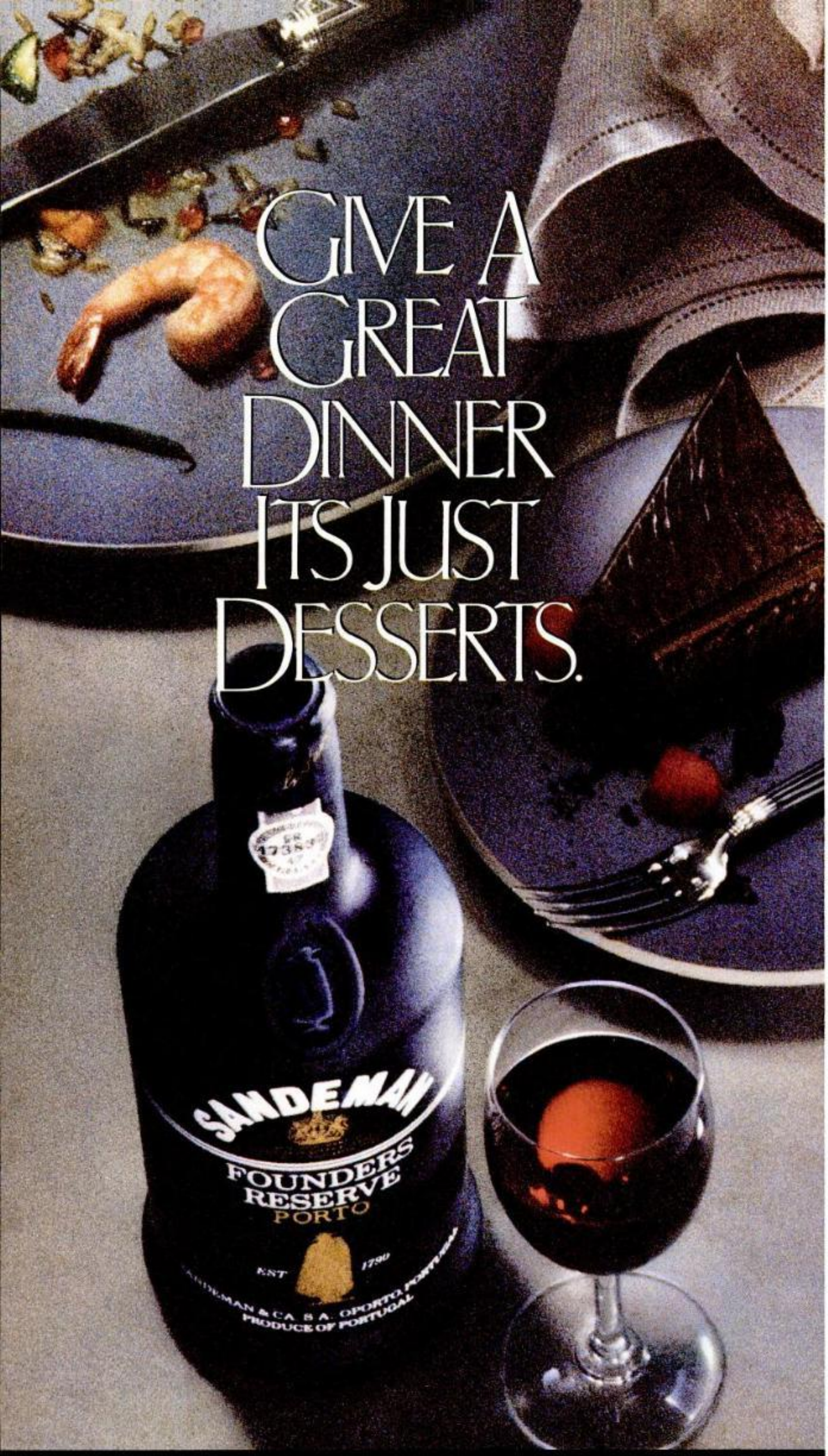
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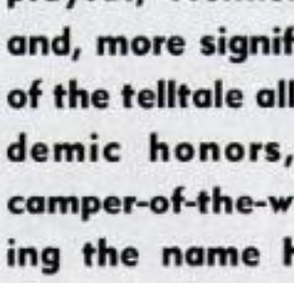


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From the SPY mailroom: The Halbfingers are back! Or rather, one lone Halbfinger is. Just as we had all but lost hope, the mail brought word. For the Halbfinger-ignorant among you, it's like this: exactly a year ago, a lethal mother-son combination (Andrea Kanner and David M. Halbfinger) ganged up on SPY in these very pages (Letters to SPY, November 1987). We won't go into the messy details, but suffice it to say that in such confrontations there are never winners, only losers. And now this third, previously undetected Halbfinger, Leona M., has written from Amherst, Massachusetts, to extend the olive branch. "Your loyal fan," in fact, is how she closes. Skeptics might doubt the note's authenticity—certainly "Leona M." suggests playful, Helmsley-related chicanery, and, more significantly, there are none of the telltale allusions to degrees, academic honors, archery awards or camper-of-the-week certificates following the name Halbfinger. *Very* suspicious. A phone call could have resolved this question, but we'd rather not know. We'd rather believe in miracles. *Halbfingers everywhere: all is forgiven.*



Noa A. Kaumeheiwa, of Marquette, Michigan, not to mention Ronald Gans, Maxim Engers, Jonathan Skinner, David Pittaway and Susan Barish, have written to correct something apparently called the "quadratic formula," as depicted in A. Silverberg's "Spot the College Graduate" cartoon (June). It is not

$$x = \frac{-b \pm \sqrt{4ac - b^2}}{2a}$$

but rather

$$x = \frac{-b \pm \sqrt{b^2 - 4ac}}{2a}$$

SPY regrets any anxiety we may have caused among the logarithm-and-slide-rule set. Ms. Kaumeheiwa, in a postscript, expresses concern that she may have missed "the very heart of the joke." Have no fear, Ms. Kaumeheiwa. On the Broadway local home one day last week, we walked up to strangers, holding out in front of us scraps of paper with *both* versions of the cartoon; the response never varied.

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LETTERS TO SPY

Andy Aaron's four-years-in-the-making investigation of a chain letter ("Chain of Fools," July/August) has, predictably, inspired several readers to send us copies of chain letters *they've* recently received and, in one case, to ask us to make 19 copies of *her letter to us* and send *it* to other magazines. (What a lot of funny people there are out there.) We noticed that all of these readers are from California. All of them, we would imagine, appear on one another's respective chain-letter mailing lists. Let's try to contain this thing. Keep it on the West Coast, among yourselves. Leave us out of it. (Or just let the Canadians in on it. One Toronto reader, Michael Macaulay, was so peeved at receiving his first chain letter just after reading the SPY piece that he sent Aaron *20 copies* of the same letter.)

A "friend at *The Village Voice*" writes, "You've done it again. For the third time in two issues you've referred to how popular Jerry Lewis films are in France. This is a *cliché*." Okay, okay: in the Lewis item in this month's Datebook (page 46) we make *no mention whatsoever of Lewis's alleged popularity in France.*

Jane Tyler, a private citizen from Burbank, has written to caution us on the use of the trademark next to our cub reporter-at-large's name. "If it is to be Eric Kaplan™ once, let it be Eric Kaplan™ throughout. . . . You must never indulge in variations on the mark, however tempting. Always Eric Kaplan™, but never 'Eric Kaplanesque,' 'Eric Kaplanism' or even 'Eric Kaplan's.' " But darn it, some things (not too many, thank goodness) *are* Eric Kaplanesque—witness the reference in the Guardian Angels entry in last month's SPY 100. We like to call things as we see them, *and then we like to have them trademarked.* We're uncompromising that way.

Rick Reiken of Boonton, New Jersey, writes, "I wonder what it would be like to eat chess pieces. The bishops, I imagine, are rather hard to digest." Well, don't keep us posted.

Susan Murphy Ballard, who writes a syndicated column out of Greenwich, Connecticut, has sent us some of her articles and begged us to make fun of her. This is the sort of thing that hap-

DEAR EDITORS When I subscribed to SPY a few short months ago, you promised that I would receive my copy earlier than nonsubscribers, I would get friendly subscription notices and the magazine would come in a free plastic wrapper.

Yes, I do get my copy early, and I very much enjoy a good billing, but I have yet to experience my copy of SPY arriving in a plastic wrapper. And I don't have to tell you what can happen to unwrapped magazines in our nation's postal service. That's right, *all my business reply mail cards fall out.*

Please remedy this situation, as litigation is always costly and time-consuming.

Scott McPhail
Pleasant Hill, Oregon

DEAR EDITORS My July/August SPY arrived without the advertised "free, hygienic plastic wrapper." This probably would not be a big deal to your more urban subscribers—however, those of us who live in rural areas don't have our mail put in a little locked box inside our apartment buildings, or even dropped through a slot in our front doors. No, our mail is put in a fragile little box way out at the end of our driveways, or sometimes even left sitting on the ground. Our mail is thus quite vulnerable—exposed to the elements, to herds of wild cows and the whims of curious neighbors.

So what's all this about back issues being available? I'm not talking about the issues from the 1970s—they're much too accurate for my taste.

So the T-shirts have "four bonus words on the back," huh? I can't speak for anyone else, but I wouldn't walk around with THE NEW YORK MONTHLY on my back—it sounds like a really bad case of cramps.

Jeff Stout
New Alexandria, Pennsylvania

*1. Either the elements did their worst or the cows and neighbors made a meal of the wrapper that once protected your issue—or didn't you think of that? 2. Back issues, which arrive in inedible paper envelopes instead of plastic wrappers, are indeed available. See details on page 145 of this issue. 3. None of the four words you mention—*THE, NEW, YORK *or* MONTHLY*—appears on the back of any* SPY *T-shirt* we've *sold.*

DEAR EDITORS Are the folks from the outer boroughs that you refer to kind of like the people wearing polyester shirts with landscape scenes on them who hang out in the disco with John Travolta in *Saturday Night Fever?* Do I really understand the magazine?

Stefany Reed
Des Moines, Iowa

Very good, Ms. Reed: as a reference point, that's not a bad place to start, especially if you're in Des Moines.

DEAR EDITORS Over two years ago I stopped in at a Dunkin' Donuts in Howell, New Jersey. It was past midnight. I met a man from Freehold. Subsequently we got married.

Is this my punishment for late-night snacking?

Lynda Borden
Freehold, New Jersey

Funny, that reminds us very little of a story—ah, but you've probably heard it. Are you sure you have the right address for whoever it is you were writing to?

DEAR EDITORS Regarding your "New Meese Bombshell" [by Jack Hitt, May]: I strongly object to your description of Judge Robert H. Bork having been rejected for the Supreme Court because of his "racist record in scholarly writings." His writings have never been racist. Indeed, his record is one of solid opposition to racism and discrimination.

The article to which you refer was published in *The New Republic* in 1963 in opposition to the public-accommodations provisions of the Civil Rights Act of 1964, not to the act itself. Nevertheless, in 1973 Bork publicly modified those views.

In your effort to be clever, you have grossly misrepresented the record of a distinguished lawyer, scholar and jurist, and a man without a single ounce of prejudice in his body. You demean your own publication by such comment. It reminded me of an old phrase of political worth—it might help you in the publication field: "You lose ground when you throw mud."

Alan K. Simpson
United States Senate
Washington, D.C.



pens to us at parties (*Come on . . . just one little epithet!*). Um, we're kind of busy, but how about a tote board like the one we do on Liz Smith, something that captures the whole Susan Murphy Ballard Weltanschauung? Here goes:

THE SUSAN MURPHY BALLARD TOTE BOARD

The Plaza	2
Dr. Ruth	1
Bernard Nietschmann	1
Van Johnson	1



And you wonder why the two words associated most with Susan Murphy Ballard are *must* and *read*.

Can we detour briefly into pervasive-influence territory, even though we did it last month? It's just a few things:

(1) *The New York Times*, where no one ever reads SPY, had a singularly SPY-like comparison chart accompanying its July 31 Houston vs. Dallas story (sample: "Major banks bailed out last week—Houston: None, Dallas: One." Another sample: "Media stereotype in boom era—Houston: John Travolta, Debra Winger in *Urban Cowboy*, Dallas: Larry Hagman in *Dallas*"). (2) Promotional material launching *Smart* magazine states, "Thus does *Smart* have an attitude. Its goal in this regard is to be hip, yet tenaciously suspicious of hip." *Smart's* editor, Terry McDonell, elaborated a bit when he told *New York* that "*Smart* is going to be a hip general-interest magazine with a deep suspicion of what is hip." As opposed to SPY, which, in widely distributed promotional material two years ago, described itself as "hip and yet suspicious of hip." (*That's* our problem: our suspicions, at least as regards hip, are neither deep nor tenacious.) (3) Avowed Canadian David J. Martin wrote a My Turn column for *Newsweek* (August 15, 1988) on the same Canadian invasion that SPY devoted a feature to last January/February (by Richard Stengel). "All Americans should be on the alert for signs of creeping Canadianism," Martin wrote with great originality from Ottawa, a city in which the January/February SPY was widely available. (4) According to Los Angeles reader Lisa-Anne Culp, a KPWR deejay named Jay Thomas entertained his listeners on the morning of July 22 by reading from Jamie Malanowski's report on softball injuries (The Fine Print, July/August)—which would have been fine had Thomas, who never credited SPY, not implicitly presented such obviously Malanowski-esque (trademark pending) material as his own. Thomas insists he *did* give attribution. "Tell that reader from me to get fucked," he adds. "Tell them to SPY my dick from a large distance." If SPY ultimately decides to adopt that last turn of phrase as a promotional slogan, we will of course credit Thomas.

On the other hand, *Screw* magazine has turned the tables and is accusing SPY of borrowing without acknowledgment. "The plagiarism's the thing," *Screw* announced cleverly in its August 22, 1988 issue. "SPY's suspicious cigarette satire is a source spot with *Screw*." "Source spot"—*love* that, and the alliteration is a fabulous touch. At issue is John Leo's examination of Newport's subliminally, even liminally, bizarre advertising campaign ("Take Me, Hurt Me, Smoke Me," July/August), a story, *Screw* says, that had its genesis in a September 1986 issue of . . . *Screw*. We say *impossible*—that's precisely when all our subscriptions to *Screw* had lapsed, and we hadn't renewed yet, so we couldn't have seen the earlier story. John Leo, for his part, has been regaling glassy-eyed friends and colleagues with his Newport ad theories for almost a decade now. Thanks, by the way, to readers who have sent in more examples of Newport's fascinating ads. Maybe we'll forward them to *Screw*, or even back to Newport, which is now inviting the public to aid and abet their weird series by entering a "'Picture Your Pleasure' Photo Contest." The Newport people must have been reading SPY—or *Screw*.

"Is it just my uncanny observation," writes Inga I. Ogrins, of Saint Peter, Minnesota, who doesn't understand (a) that it is *not* a given, (b) that "following" has nothing to do with it, (c) that some of our retorts are implicit and (d) that we can even, if we wish, place retorts within the *body* of a letter, "or is it a given that if a 'letter' to SPY is not followed by a retort of some sort, the letter writer [has] gotten the best of you?"

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Shake, Rattle And Roll

Exclusive designs from Tiffany's collection of sterling silver gifts.
Roller skate key chain, $115. Barbell rattle, 4½" long, $115.
"Capstan" salt shaker, 2½" high, set with pepper mill, $265.

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Distilled with rare and precious botanicals including Coriander Seeds from Morocco, Grains of Paradise from the Gold Coast and Cubeb Berries from Java. A total of ten of the most unusual flavors on Earth.

Their spirit is preserved in Sapphire's unique distillation where the gin vapors pass through each botanical, one by one.

Bombay Sapphire. As complex and extraordinary as the jewel that was its namesake.

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POUR SOMETHING PRICELESS.

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DEAR EDITORS You may not care for Bernhard Goetz—I gather from a past issue [The Usual Suspects, September 1987] that, among his other sins, SPY finds him hopelessly "downscale"—and you may disagree with the multiracial jury who concluded, apparently without much difficulty, that he acted in self-defense. (Does that make *them* "downscale" too?) But however you feel about Goetz, sneering at him for being a "Nazoid" just cheapens the language; it's about as meaningful as Al Sharpton comparing people he doesn't like to Adolf Hitler.

Jonathan White
New York

DEAR EDITORS Your magazine went on sale over here and I could not think just why I bought it. Then I read your "Only the Lucky Die Young" [by Bruce Handy, June], and I could see the joke (and the jokes in them) in five out of the six examples. Your Mr. Handy is a transatlantic genius.

Think of Elvis. Think of Jim Morrison. Think of Mr. A. Hitler, late of The Bunker, Berlin, waiting on tables in Bolivia. Whoever next? The really famous do not die, they just make other arrangements.

R. I. Barycz
London, England

DEAR EDITORS I am a friend of Eric Breindel's, so, naturally, the story in your June issue ["When Bad Things Happen to Ambitious People," by Bruce Handy] upset me. Its petty viciousness struck me as degraded. Its inaccuracy angered me: I know Breindel to be kind, loyal and good. What does SPY say Breindel has actually done? That he has betrayed his friends? Screwed colleagues? Destroyed innocent people? That he has stolen ideas or traded his honesty for cash? Even by SPY's reckoning, Breindel has done none of these things; yet they seem like the only kinds of repugnant acts that would properly call forth the malice in the story. In fact, Breindel has hurt no one. SPY does not claim he has, so your cruelty is gratuitous.

Presumably the most serious purpose of the article is to warn Breindel's readers that he is not qualified to be editorial-page editor of the *New York Post*, and that his writing is corrupt. Mindful of its civic responsibility, SPY aims to convince us that Breindel holds his position only because of his connections, and that he does not even believe what he writes. He has not earned his job, the article implies, and, as a hypocrite and careerist, he is incapable of writing an honest editorial.

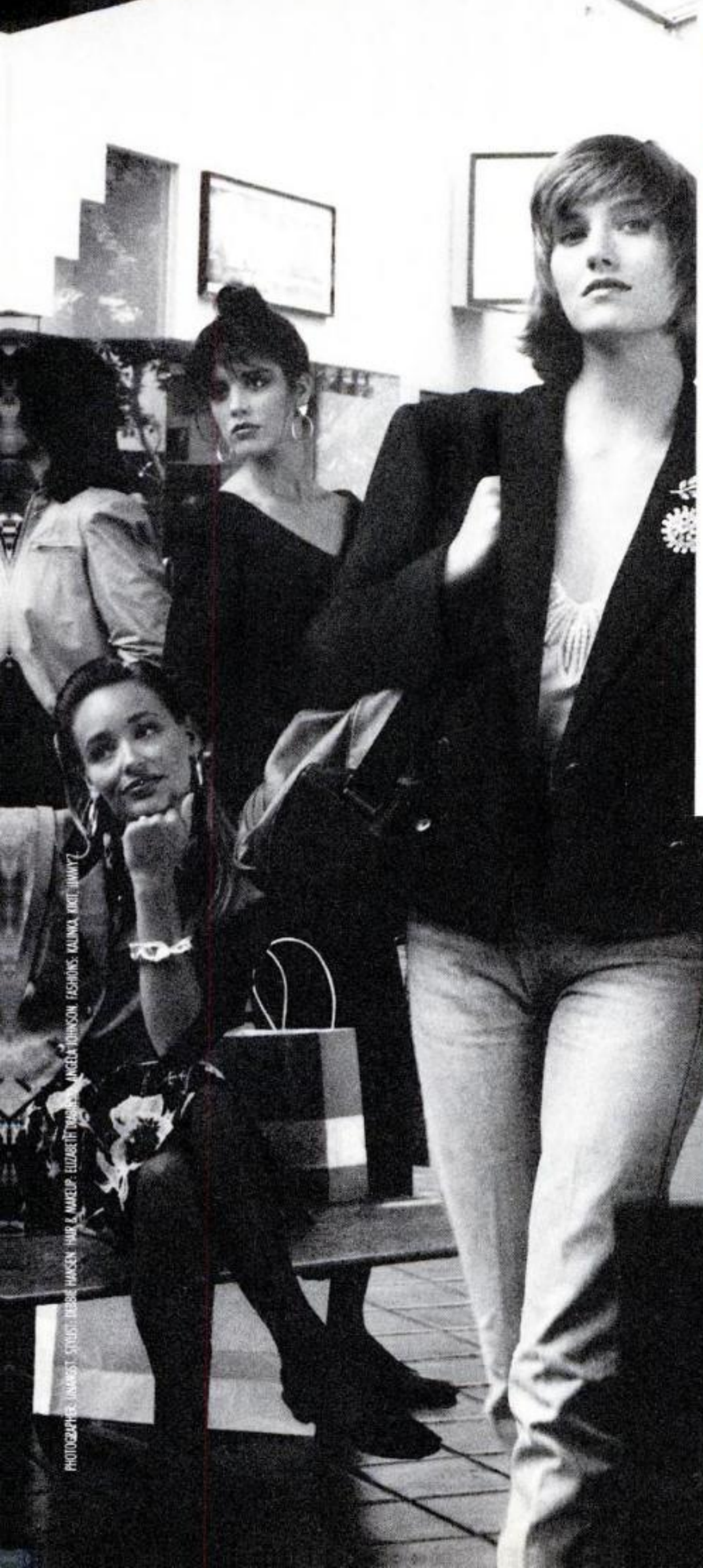
Breindel wrote one speech for Ted Kennedy eight years ago. Jacqueline Onassis possibly helped him receive an interview assignment nine or ten years ago. Otherwise, only Daniel Moynihan, Martin Peretz and Norman Podhoretz furthered Breindel's career. He studied under, worked and wrote for these men. What leverage could Breindel possibly have had with them if the quality of his writing had not won him their respect? As is true of anyone, recommendations from teachers and employers helped Breindel get work. Of course, a magna from Harvard, the editorial chairmanship of the *Crimson*, an M.A. from the London School of Economics and a degree from Harvard Law School helped, too. Hiring him, the *Post* did not exactly dilute its standards.

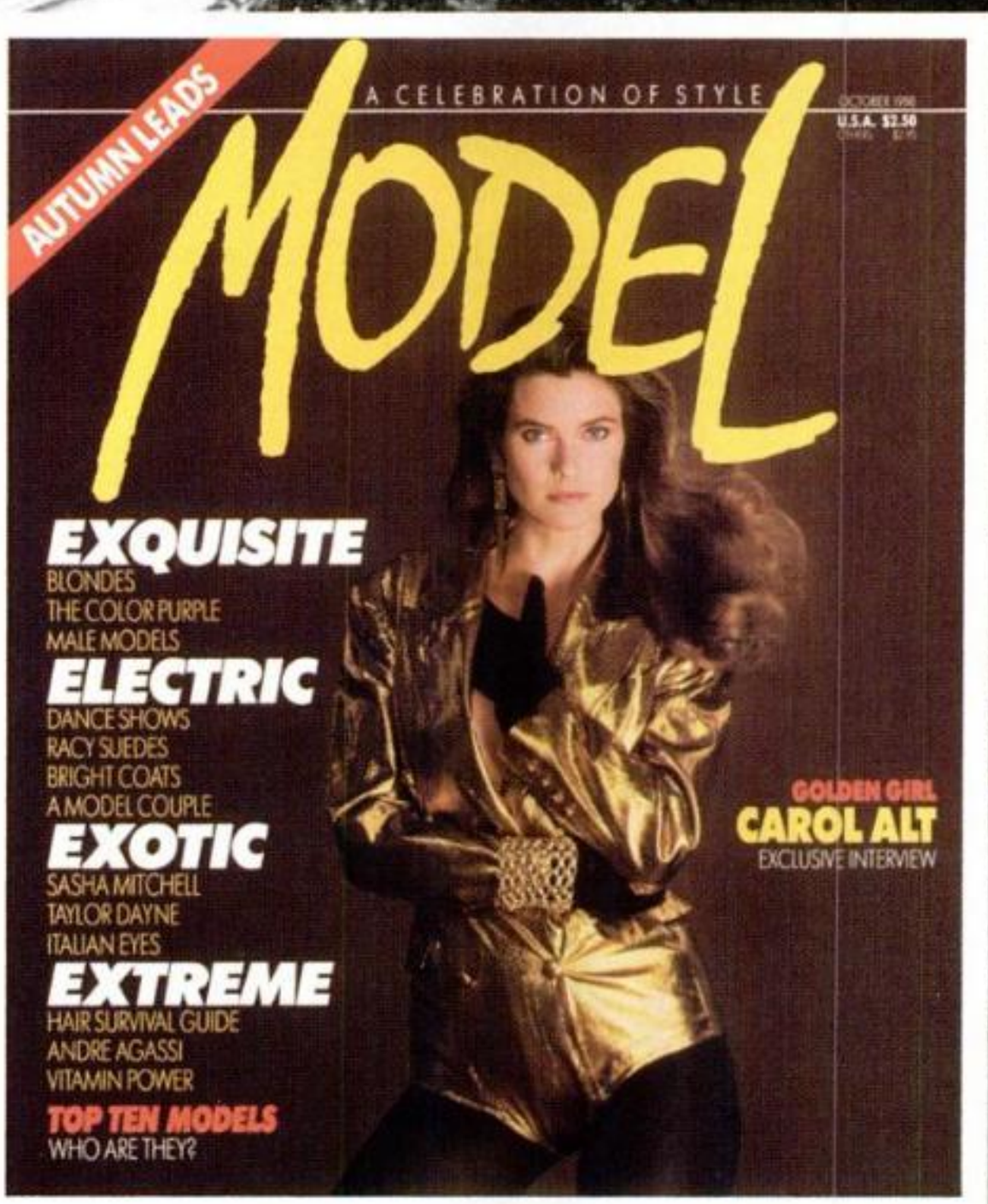
SPY suggests that Breindel is a hypocrite, in the June story and in a note in the August issue, because he has conservative political views but also was once a heroin addict. The article appraises a comment about Breindel, "He was no square, but he believes in the values of straightness," thusly: "One of the most elegant definitions of modern hypocrisy on record." But is it really a contradiction? SPY's readers have straight values, such as courage, say, or diligence, but do not consider themselves square. Maybe, you may say, but aren't heroin addiction and right-wing politics irreconcilable extremes of hipness and reaction? Maybe.

The first thing to bear in mind here is that this is a *former* heroin addiction. Breindel's heroin use ended in 1983; that's a fairly long time ago. An addiction has a virulent life of its own. Breindel's reliance on drugs began when he used painkillers prescribed for him, and at some point a youthful embrace of the false values of coolness, danger and intoxication may have made this dependency more serious. Whatever its origin, though, a drug addiction quickly becomes almost a mental illness. It will baffle and delude you. In its thrall, you may hate it but be incapable of stopping it. Breindel's continued heroin use under these circumstances may not

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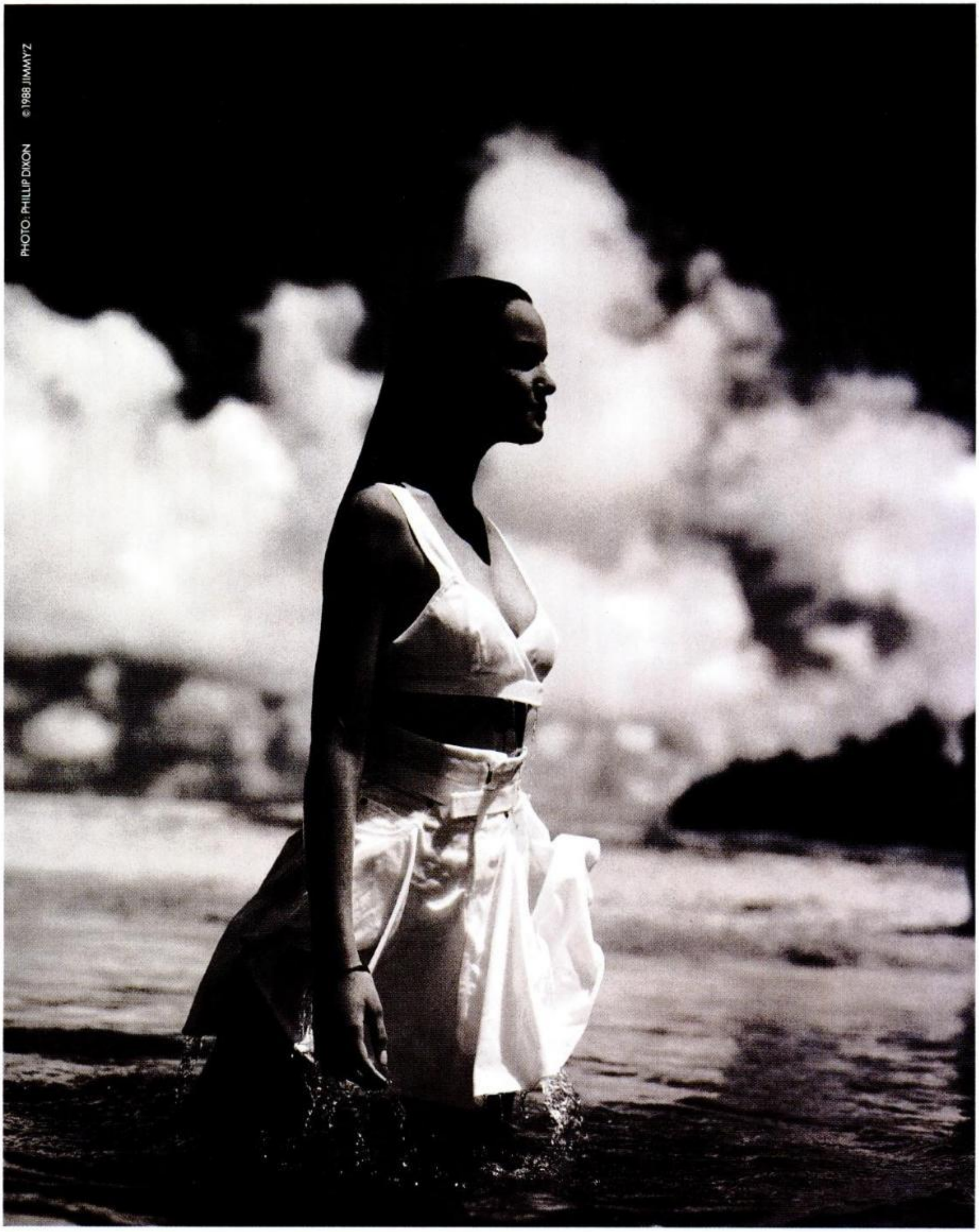
Model provides you with an exciting environment, a model showcase, as eye catching as your ads.

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FOR SOPHISTICATED YOUNG WOMEN.

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have reflected his beliefs at all.

Actually, SPY is disingenuous about this whole matter. The prudishness of the editors does not prevent them from listing amusing person and political conservative Taki on the masthead, despite his past. And undoubtedly, the magazine's worldly readers are wearily aware that drugs were for a long time fashionable and even appealing.

Hypocrisy may not taint the honest labor of Breindel's opinion-making, but another flaw may: ambition. SPY theorizes that to get ahead, the wily Breindel pretended to adopt the very, very fashionable and career-improving views of Podhoretz. In fact, the SPY article itself gives us a pretty good idea of how pleasantly New York-Harvard circles treat someone who expresses neoconservative views in their midst. Breindel surely enjoys the role of disgusting right-winger on social occasions. Wouldn't life have been easier for Breindel, and his success more certain, if he had settled into some ex-lefty neoliberal pose? Opportunities for advancement at *The New York Times*, *The Washington Post*, *Time*, *Newsweek*, law firms, academia, publishing, the Senate and even the State Department would have fallen his way more readily. Only someone who really believed in them would acknowledge the opinions Breindel does.

Regrettably, to demonstrate that Breindel actually believes what he says only makes him vulnerable to an even more serious charge: that he actually believes what he says. What should we make of his politics?

Needless to say, SPY would never have run a similar story about an editorialist for *The Christian Science Monitor*. This is all right because, to SPY, a person who believes certain awful things is obviously an awful person. To me, making a vicious personal attack on someone because you disagree with his politics seems illiberal. You should attack his politics, not his life. But let's dispense with such delicacy and ask how horrid Breindel's politics are, anyway.

The comparison to Father Coughlin is unfair. Breindel is not racist or demagogic. He is not, in fact, "suspicious of civil rights." His "mistrust" of arms control is not Bircherite insanity but fairly reasonable skepticism. Breindel is a conservative; he is probably often wrong, but never hateful. His politics do not justify public sniping at

"WE'LL NEVER GET 3 BOOKS THAT WORK."

Charlotte, Emily and Anne Brönte. Authors of Jane Eyre, Wuthering Heights and Agnes Grey, respectively, 1847.



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ARRIVING SOON—A&S PLAZA *Finally, an urban shopping center, New Yorkers can relate to. Nine levels of exciting retail, including 120 fine shops and eateries, plus the Manhattan debut of Abraham & Straus. A & S Plaza — arriving next fall at 33rd Street and Avenue of the Americas — one block from Macy's and one block from the country's busiest intersection. For leasing information, call Beth White,* ***(212) 391-0050.***

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his wedding reception's cold cuts.

SPY inverts the classic form of the ad hominem attack: instead of using personal insults to deride a foe's politics, it uses politics to assail him personally. At heart, the article is simply an assault on Breindel's personality and character. Politics are just a weapon in this personal offensive.

The article develops this theme with the use of anonymous collegiate backstabbing gossip and rumor so shameless it takes your breath away. Why should a reader believe any of these spiteful ghosts? Anytime they say anything about something I know about, they are wrong. Even the first sentence of the article is wrong. Breindel did not get "married at New York's Harvard Club" but rather in his parents' living room. *(SPY regrets the error; the wedding reception was held at the Harvard Club.)* The idea of Breindel attaching himself to Tim Moynihan is risible. Breindel never had a soft-core porn poster on his wall; that would be ridiculously unlike him. He would never, with a straight face, use the word *player* in the sense that the story's author ridiculously assumes he would.

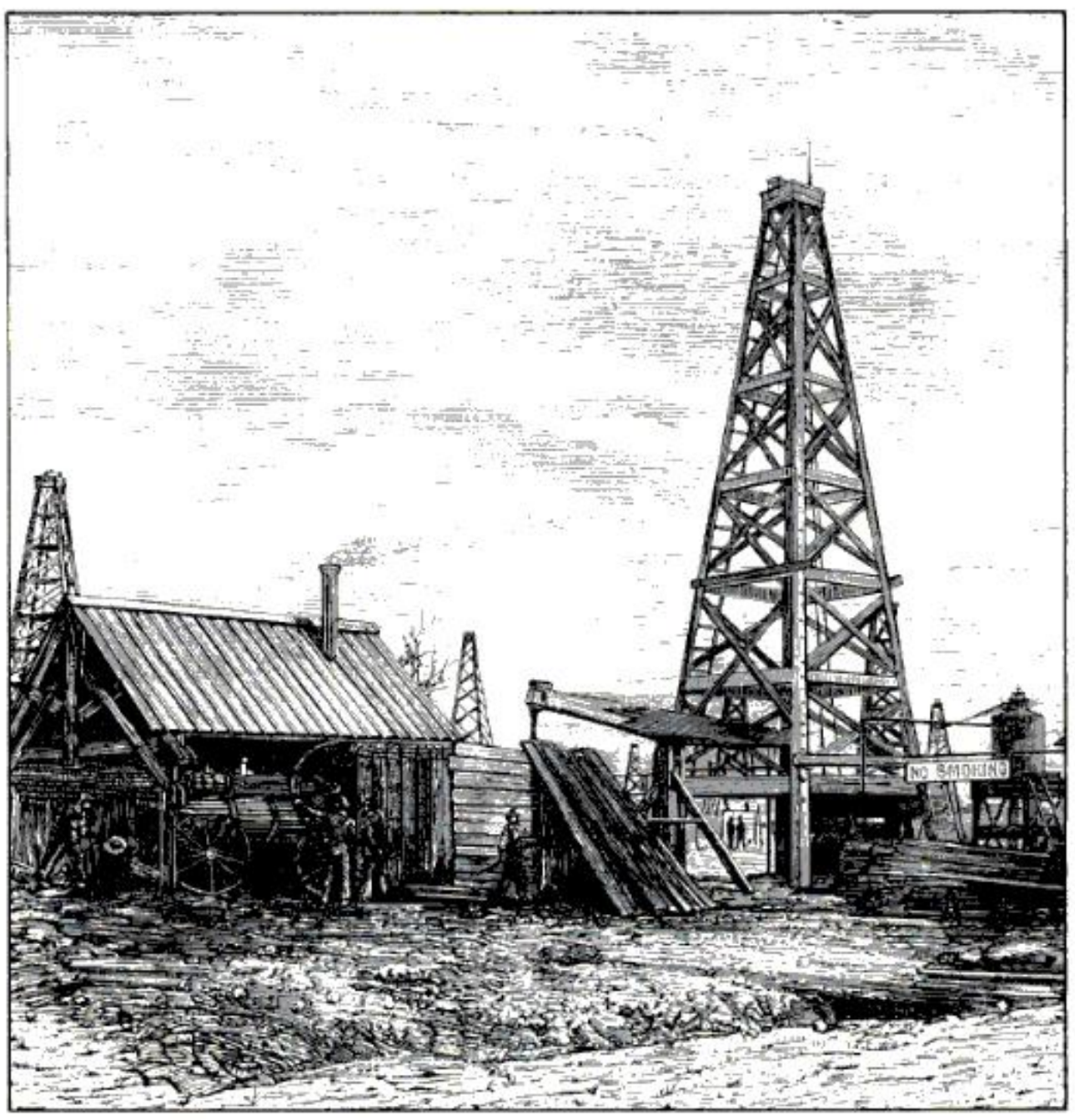
My own experience as Breindel's friend utterly contradicts the article's portrayal of him. I was one person in the "group of people" mentioned in the article who lived with Breindel during his first year in law school. He and I came to share an apartment by chance, having previously barely known each other. Admittedly, I have a winning manner, but I brought nothing to this arrangement that would have appealed to Breindel as the article describes him. I was three years younger than he, a college junior and not particularly accomplished. I did not have brilliant or decadent friends or a powerful family. Rapidly and unhesitatingly, Breindel became an unfailingly loyal and sympathetic friend.

What accounts for SPY's vindictiveness? It comes down to adolescent name-calling. To publish something as nasty as that piece with such feckless motivation seems to me to be pathetic. The author should remember the words of C.K. Dexter Haven as Tracy Lord repeats them, slightly altered, to Macaulay Connor, a reporter for the original *Spy* magazine: "You can't be a first-rate writer or a first-rate human being until you've learned to have some small regard for human frailty."

James Collins
New York

"C'MON, DEEP DOWN WHAT'S IN IT FOR US?"

President James Polk. The Annexation of Texas, 1845.



The Gold Buy gets you America's big spenders.
Only the best will do. $2000+ on watches. A new luxury sedan. First class travel. Wine and liquor by the case.*
So why squander your budget on an ad here, an ad there? Call Hearst Power Packages at 212-649-2700 and plunge into this golden opportunity.

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"A Crown Royal Cocktail!
Are you trying to impress me?"

"Of course not."

"It's working."

"I know."



Crown Royal Cocktails. The fun is back.

DEAR EDITORS From your list of Coasters ["Those Who Can, Do; Those Who Did, Coast," by George Kalogerakis, June] you omitted Mimi Sheraton. Was this an act of politeness or charity?

Carl Paganelli and
Paul Paganelli
New York

DEAR EDITORS How could your writers, generally wise, perceptive and attuned to the best of American life, have missed Barry Manilow's autobiography ["True Confessions," by Jamie Malanowski, July/August]? Manilow's book is filled with, well, you know . . . the kind of stuff a Barry Manilow book would be filled with. Check it out: *Sweet Life: Adventures on the Way to Paradise.*

Richard Frank
Detroit, Michigan

DEAR EDITORS Imagine my surprise when I opened my mailbox and out dropped—*Esquire? Cosmopolitan?* The New York University School of Continuing Education catalog? No, a hideously bloated, vulgarly perfect-bound issue of SPY, complete with a Las Vegas-style neon logo!

What is going on? In the last year you've gone from a tastefully svelte 80 pages [August 1987] to a corpulent 156. And the paper you're printed on gets slicker with each succeeding issue.

You seem to think of yourselves as—in some respects—a whimsical alternative to the humorless *New Yorker*. Please consider the advantages of that publication's format and return to your easy-to-handle, saddle-stitched former selves.

Michael Gates
Brooklyn, New York

Believe us, we're not impressed with perfect-bound magazines, including our own—but perfect binding does make sense for a number of boring, logistical, production-related reasons. Also, when magazines grow beyond a certain thickness, staples are ineffective (as others have pointed out) except as a way of randomly drawing blood from readers' fingers. And the paper SPY *is printed on has gotten slicker just* once—*in December 1987. Anyway, you can't judge a book by its cover; it's the singer, not the song; and beauty's only—well, never mind.*

DEAR EDITORS Ellis Weiner was correct in saying that everyone is sick to tears about hearing about other people's children [How to Be a Grown-up, July/August]. Unfortunately, he didn't stop his article there, but rather continued to tell us how hard it is to find good help these days. *I* wouldn't live in a town that had no baby-sitters—why should you, Ellis?

And I realize you probably don't travel all the way up to trendy Chelsea too often, but if you did, you'd be able to rent such porn titles ["But What Can We Do to *The Milagro Beanfield War?*," by Charles Cross, July/August] as *Throbbin' Hood* ("How he made Marian") and *Pornocchio* ("It's not his nose that grows").

One last thing: My boyfriend was born in June 1952. Can you send me a copy of your magazine for that month? It would mean a *lot* to us.

Michele Filon
New York

Sorry, most of the Eisenhower-era SPYs *—including that June issue, which had Robert Moses disappearing into a cement mixer on the cover—are out of print.*

DEAR EDITORS I am writing to say "Yeah, mon" to your recent exposé of Grenada after the War ["Return to Grenada," by Guy Martin, July/August]. In October 1983 I was a paratrooper in the 82nd Airborne and really thought for a day or two that I would get into the War of My Generation. Alas, the word came that they didn't need my unit, there were already too many Americans there and they would soon be sending most back. (I remember how we stay-behinds were rooting for the Cubans to fight harder, so we could go.) I got to help work on the victory parade at Fort Bragg.

As a booby prize, in 1985 I had a temporary assignment to Grenada as part of our low-key occupation of the "Isle of Spice." The most excitement came from joining in the running speculation over whether the pretty Middle European blond whom we had hired to teach recreational scuba-diving classes, and who attended all our seaside rumfests, was, in fact, an East German spy. Thanks for recapturing that battle hell for me.

Anthony Pearsall
Berkeley, California



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DEAR EDITORS I don't care where those annoying little *ZOOM* contortionists went to [From the SPY Mailroom, July/August]. All I know is that the recipe they sent me when I was 12 years old didn't make pretzels like they said it would. I followed the recipe, but my parents told me it was challah. So I don't care where they are. I hope they're Fanny Doodling their Zoomy hearts out in hell.

Michael Redhill
Toronto, Canada

DEAR EDITORS This Ignatz Raztwizkiwski refers to Michèle Bennett (the writer known to all her fans as the only true author of the column) as his predecessor. What have you done with Michèle? Please bring her back or suffer the consequences. She's the best thing that ever happened to you.

Mary Garvey
Glenview, Illinois

She is *the best thing that ever happened to us—we know that now. And we must have sensed, on some level, as we watched her go—*let *her go—that we were falling into familiar, self-destructive patterns—patterns that the best counseling money can buy hasn't been able to cure. But then,* that's none of your business.

DEAR EDITORS I finally decide to spring for a subscription to SPY and what happens? Michèle Bennett, whose Review of Reviewers column was my basic reason for subscribing, takes a flyer. I am not the insecure type, but I have to ask: is there a connection between these two events?

Meanwhile, I have to deal with this new person Ignatz, about whom I have a question: how do you pronounce his last name? This is important, as I intend to discuss his column with friends and I don't want to seem unduly informal by referring to him (her?) by their (?) first name. Please, a phonetic spelling.

Art Murray
Saddle Brook, New Jersey

Ignatz Raztwizkiwzki pronounces his last name "danger."

SPY *welcomes letters from its readers. Address correspondence to* SPY, *The Puck Building, 295 Lafayette Street, New York, N.Y. 10012. Please include your daytime telephone number.*

THE VERY NEXT DAY...

DAYS AFTER OUR SEPTEMBER ISSUE HIT the stands, Marvin Mitchelson's people called a SPY contributor to ask where they could get a copy of the Mitchelson photo used in "A Cavalcade of Schmucks." The text that accompanied the photo, of course, reminded readers that Mitchelson was the tax-avoiding, check-bouncing palimony lawyer accused, by six women, of rape. Mitchelson's people said he's been cleared of one rape charge by an arbitrator in a civil suit brought by the alleged victim. But mostly *they just wanted a copy of the photo.*

MICHAEL HIRSCH, WHO WRITES THE *Investment Outlook* newsletter for Republic National Bank of New York, was so impressed by David Owen's "Ten Years Ago in SPY" excerpt last June that he quoted the entire item in August's *Outlook*, marveling repeatedly, "Remember, this appeared ten years ago. . . ." (The excerpt (which he labelled "from 'The Dark Side of the Computer Revolution,' by David Owen, SPY, June 1978") foretold with nearly implausible prescience "a scenario in which a computer-driven seller's panic could push down the Dow by 500 points in a single day." Hirsch grew so excited ("A chill ran down my spine, and I got goose bumps all over, literally") that he urged Owen to call him to discuss joining RNB as a "long-range investment strategist."

STOP THE PRESSES, HOLD YOUR breath and add two new buyable odors to SPY's guide to the signature perfumes of the well-known ("Sweet Smells of Success," by Rachel Urquhart, July/August). Julio Iglesias—the Myrurgia fragrance, not the vibrato-afflicted Latin singing sensation—will be available at cosmetics counters everywhere in the New Year. And there is Cher's new fragrance, Uninhibited.

HARRY SHEARER'S PAEAN TO THE Chabad telethon ("Life After Jerry," September) earned him an invitation to stand alongside Jan Murray, Jon Voight and Elliott Gould at this year's show—to *tummel*, to *spritz*, to *schmooze*, to revel in the general *mishegaas* of the whole affair with the professionals.

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These Gruen sport watches are styled like expensive European diving watches. But at only $49, the price is a lot more fun.

Strap one on and dive down to 150 feet. The luminescent hands and numerals glow in the dark. You can adjust the deeply knurled timing bezel under water. Or use it on land to time laps, slalom runs, parking meters, and meetings. Rely on Gruen for work as well as play—the richly-colored case shields a serious Japanese quartz movement. Heavy strap is extra-long for wear over a wet suit—just trim with scissors for a custom fit.



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Out & About







► *(top)* All cheekbones, kisses, and Dom Ruinart Rosé Champagne for Daang Goodman and Ursula Coyote (was her mother Swedish, her father endangered species?) *(middle)* Dom Ruinart pops and pours. *(bottom)* Although this person had a deep voice and several facial hairs, he wanted to be extra sure that people got his gender right. It worked. When women met him at the Dom Ruinart party, it was one question fewer they had to ask.

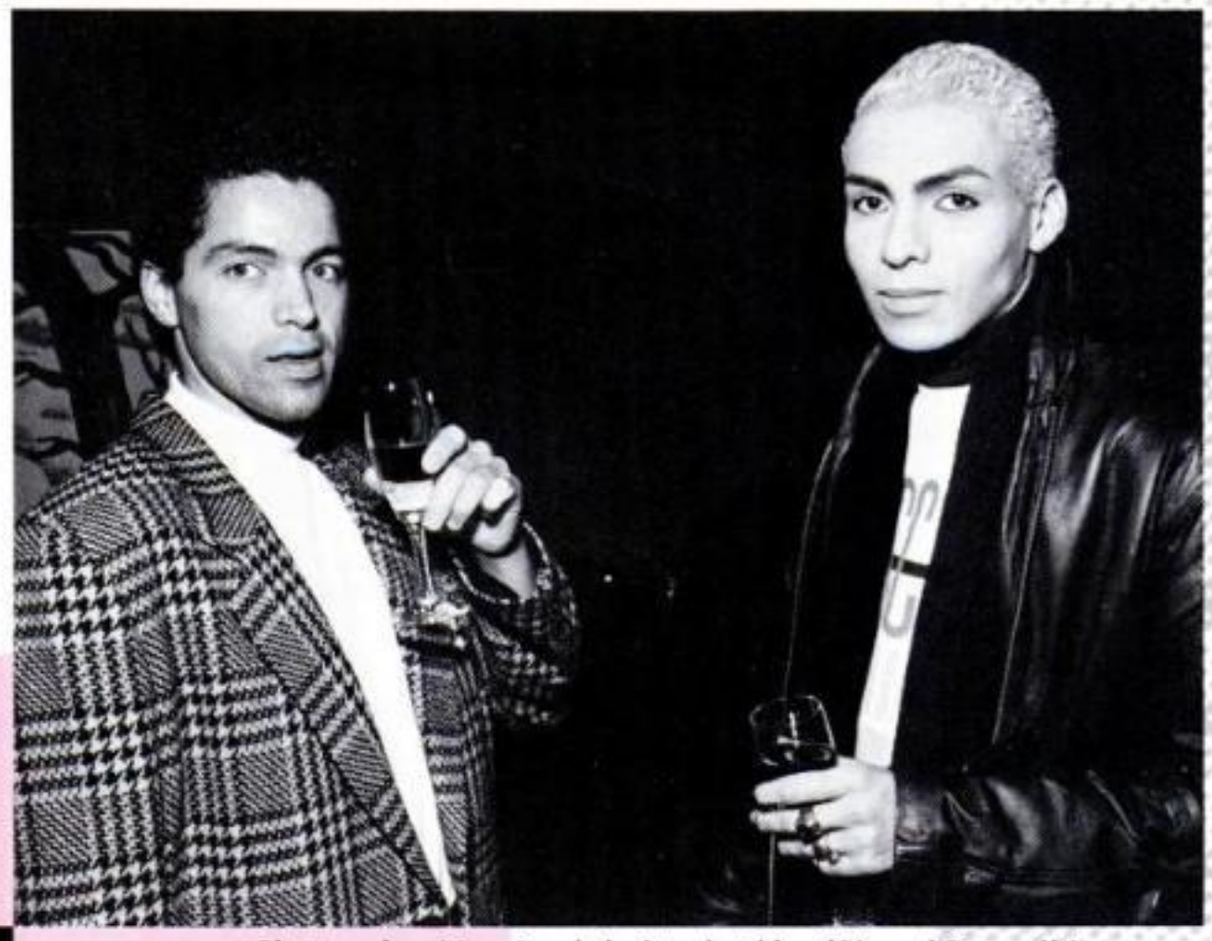
Photography by Wolfgang Wesener



▲ "Nature colliding with the Addams Family" is how artist Valerie Warren described her paintings exhibited at the Dom Ruinart Rosé Champagne party. It's obvious that she herself has run into Morticia once or twice. Maybe she's got the real scoop on Cousin It.

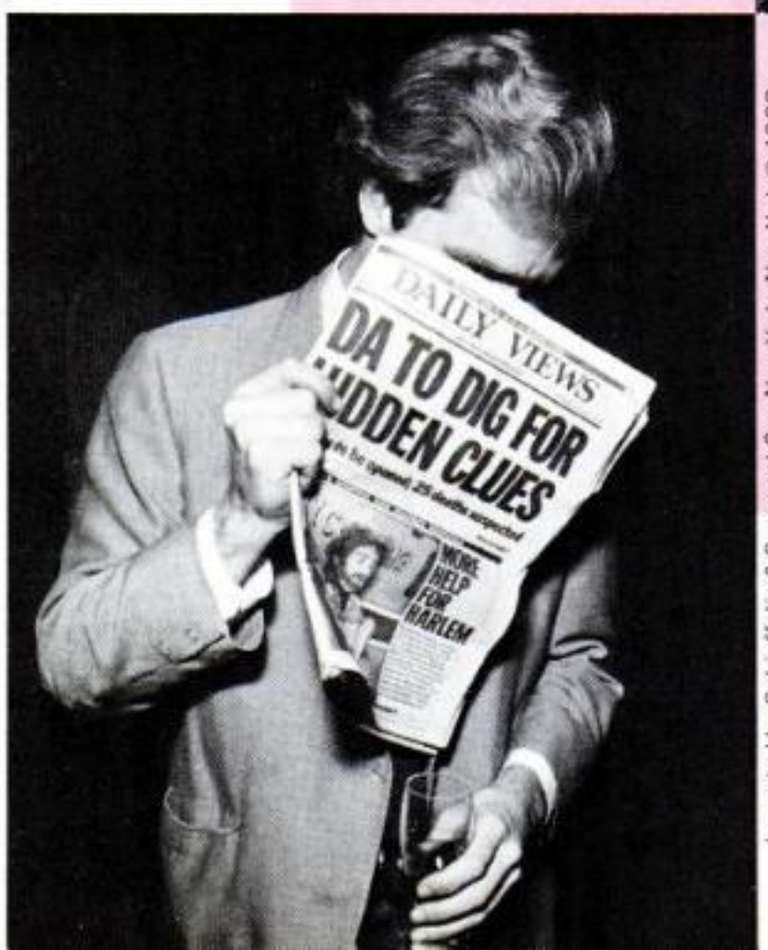


▲ Some people, thank goodness, still manage to act silly.



▲ Christopher Van Arsdale (is plaid bad?) and Darvell (can you even get a passport with one name?) enjoy the light, dry taste of Dom Ruinart.

► Read any good newspapers lately? Read any at a party? This guy doesn't want his wife to know he reads one of those barely respectable New York papers. Sorry, Mack, that receding hairline gives you away. She'll be surprised, however, that you even knew that Dom Ruinart is fine champagne.



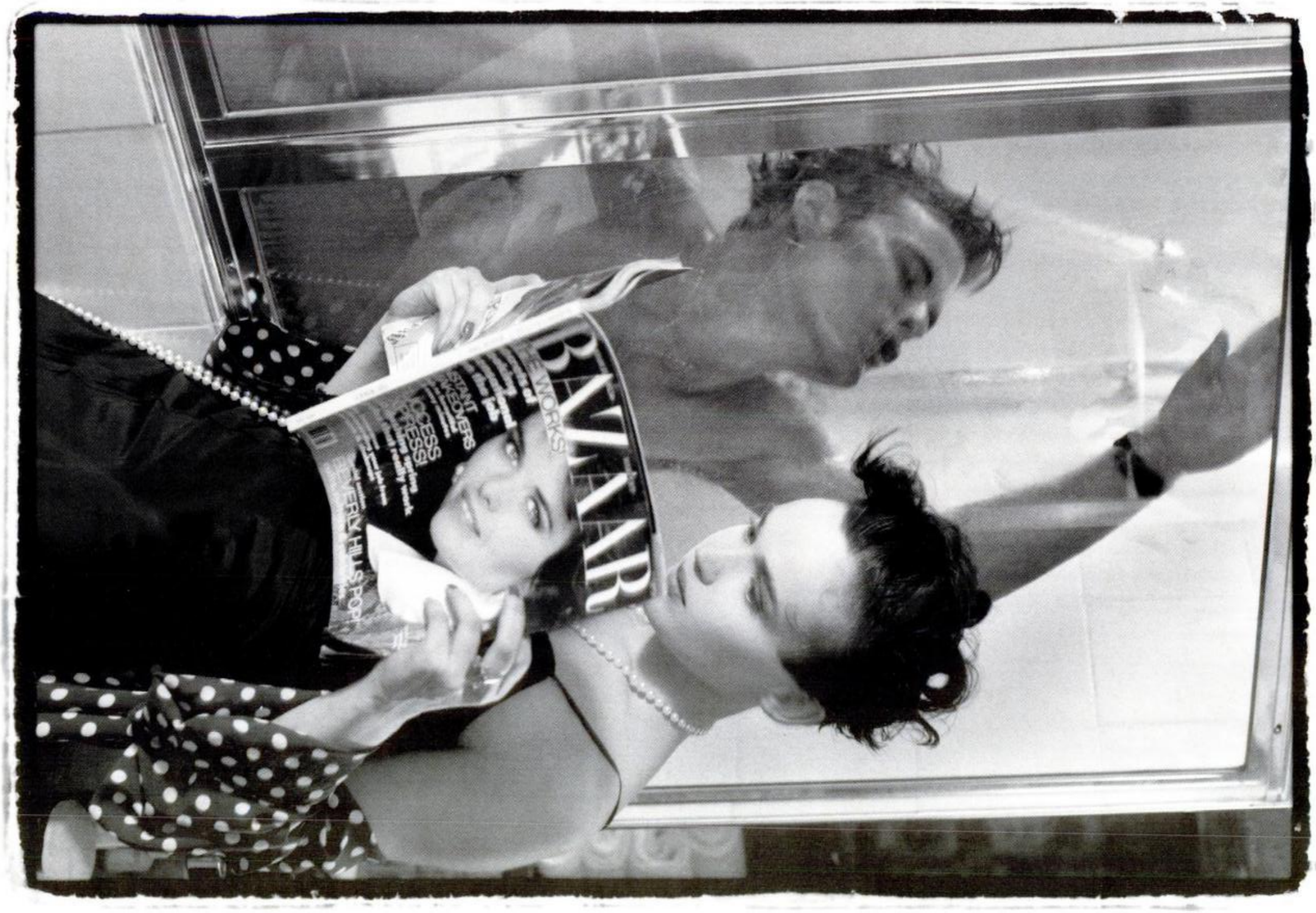
Imported by Schieffelin & Somerset Co., New York, New York © 1988



▲ Some writers live on coffee, others get to drink champagne. Quaffing Dom Ruinart are Stephen Saban and Cynthia Heimel. Butting in: photographer Marcus Leatherdale.

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Naked City

THE USUAL SUSPECTS



M. MILKEN



B. DILLER



C. COHEN

THE FINE PRINT

by Jamie Malanowski

THE BEST DARN COUNTRY ON EARTH, VOLUME I: ALSO-RANS

It is election season, so let's take a moment to remember some contests of years gone by, races in which ordinary men and women—ordinary celebrities, anyway—thought they could do at least as good a job as the politicians then in office, and decided to present their qualifications to the electorate. The electorate usually had a less heady view.

In 1957 Malcolm Forbes, a mere state senator and not yet the iconoclastic, egg-hoarding, hot-air-squandering gossip-column fixture, ran for governor of New Jersey. He lost.

Robert Meyner (D) . . 1,101,130
Malcolm Forbes (R) . . 897,321
Four others 20,037

In 1970 John McLaughlin, the bombastic host of two syndicated political-talk-show rodeos (and a ghostwritten National Review *columnist), ran for the Senate in Rhode Island as a get-out-of-Vietnam hawk. He lost.*

John Pastore (D) 230,469
John McLaughlin (R) . 107,351
Two others 3,402

In 1962 James A. Michener ran for Congress in Bucks County, Pennsylvania. An early favorite, he lost.

Willard S. Curtin (R) . 101,853
James A. Michener (D) . . 84,043

Michener went on to write the fattest, most plodding novels on earth.

In 1965 a former CIA agent, William F. Buckley Jr., ran for ▸

I

WE KNOW THAT DREXEL BURNHAM'S **MIKE MILKEN** —by *pure coincidence* on the eve of his expected indictment—maneuvered himself onto a dais with the new, unsullied New York City schools chancellor **RICHARD GREEN** and took 1,700 charity children to a Mets game. But some of Milken's desperate, eleventh-hour efforts to appear virtuous have been less public and more craven. According to one extravagantly respectable, highly visible member of America's political establishment, a Milken agent offered to donate a seven-figure sum to the philanthropic beneficiary of this worthy's choice—if only he would agree to buddy up to Milken in his hour of extreme public-relations need.

II

IN HIS FIRST DEBATE WITH **MICHAEL DUKAKIS, GEORGE BUSH** was unable to satisfactorily answer the question, "What do you see in **DAN QUAYLE**?" We think we know, though: Quayle has filled the space in the press usually reserved for the candidates' embarrassing children. He is 1988's Jack Ford/Amy Carter/Patti Davis/John Zaccaro. Sure, he's a loathsome right-winger and combat-dodging militarist, but his not-so-distant frat-boy high jinks are telling, too. Like the very important fact that Quayle belonged to Delta Kappa Epsilon—Deke—at DePauw University where (shades of Sonny Crockett) his roommate kept a pet alligator, which was fed with goldfish purchased with official Deke funds (punitive actions were later taken); and that Quayle eventually got himself in really, really big trouble for revealing incredibly important fraternity secrets.

III

BESIDES BEING THE GAP-TOOTHED commander in chief of the all-powerful Fox network, **BARRY DILLER** is known for his slightly Bondmaniacal fixation with unconventional vehicles. Having recovered from a head-bashing accident in a runaway golf cart (**DEBRA WINGER** was at the wheel), the thrill-seeking Diller recently hopped on his Harley-Davidson and, Ariel Sharon-style, paid an official visit to the Valencia, California, set of Fox's dopey new game show, *King of the Mountain*. After lingering for just enough time to ensure that everyone on the set had seen him in his manly biker's pose, Diller ordered a game-show underling to instruct a subordinate game-show underling to drive his motorcycle back to his Malibu home; Diller would hop a lift back on the helicopter holding the camera and camera crew. Borrowing the director's neato walkie-talkie, Diller radioed the helicopter pilot and demanded he come down to airlift him. After a nervous pause, the pilot responded: *Mr. Diller, we have to stop having these conversations. You know we're not allowed to fly you back. We've had this conversation over and over again.* At which point the sullen, grounded Diller climbed into a mundane, earthbound car and commanded a crew member to merely drive him home.

IIII

A WOMAN WHOSE EXQUISITE TASTE in clothing and home furnishings makes her worthy of the title "curator," a woman who is herself a fine work of the cosmetologist's art—a woman like **CLAUDIA COHEN**, gossipist and wife of Neil Sedaka-look-alike Revlon chairman **RON PERELMAN**—has no choice but to be very particular about the quality and temperature of the air that surrounds her. As SPY pointed out earlier this year, Claudia Cohen has an obsessive relationship with the $100,000 air-conditioning system in her East 63rd Street brownstone. Claudia Cohen also has a lot of enemies. And recently one of the pluckiest of these enemies contrived to strike at both Claudia and her beloved climate control. At the height of last summer's Greenhouse Effect, the prankster saw to it that dead gerbils were strategically placed within the brownstone's air-conditioning system so as to fill the entire house with the smell of deceased rodents. Or so, anyway, we have been reliably told—though in his repeated calls to SPY **HOWARD RUBENSTEIN**, PR man to New York's leading despots, would have us believe that the gerbil espionage never occurred.

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"Weren't You on *The Adams Chronicles*?"



Restaurant Tips from Grampa Munster, Entrepreneur

"I have the best Italian restaurant in New York, bar none! Zero! None!" Al "Grampa" Lewis told a roomful of future Mamma Leones and Papaya Kings at a Learning Annex class earlier this year.

"There's something unique about every person in this room—not just me!" exclaimed the 78-year-old—make that 78-year-*young*—former Munster, his medical identification bracelet jangling vigorously. "*Your* restaurant has to be unique! Listen carefully. . . . *Statistic*! Out of 100 restaurants that open in the city of New York, 90 are gone within the first 12 months. Do *not* last a year. Do not last a *year*! Out of 10 left, 6 will be there after 3 years! *Treacherous* business! . . . You've gotta have the passion and the desire and the attitude. I *work* that restaurant! I *greet* the people! I walk *around*!

"I'm the advertising budget! *Me*! . . . There's an old saying in this business: 'More people go for the sizzle than for the steak.' . . . I get people from literally all over the world! Major countries! Even the odd ones! Obviously they come because they want to see Grampa. But they come *back* because of the food!

"Listen very carefully to what I tell you. . . . For money you get honey! *For money you get honey!* I don't leave a stone unturned when I put a buck into anything, man. I see a buck and a quarter coming back or I don't put my buck into it. It's too hard-earned!

"I'm a hustler! I'm a street hustler!" He said he already owns a chain of eleven restaurants called Jo-Jo's in L.A., Sacramento and San Francisco that specialize, appropriately, in California cuisine. The original Grampa's, on Bleecker Street, is next door to a Chinese restaurant, "which by tradition are notorious for the dirtiest kitchens. . . . I'm not discussing my prejudices, which I don't have."

His final words of advice: "Get a very well known, popular gay waiter. I don't give a shit what you think about gays! There's money involved!"

The restaurant business, he says, "is a dream and it's *marvelous*!" —*Karen Abbott*

Private Lives of Public Enemies



Senator Quayle and advisers plot last-minute campaign strategy.

Illustration by Drew Friedman

The SPY List

Bedrox

Francis Ford Coppola

The Cotton Club

Alfonse D'Amato

Fulton Fish Market

Christopher George

Lynda Day George

The *Intrepid* Sea-Air-Space Museum

Rancho La Costa

Paul Laxalt

MCA Inc.

Frank Sinatra

Gay Talese

(Liz Smith was on vacation for this month's period of accounting. Her tote board will return next month.)

THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

mayor of New York City as the Conservative Party candidate. He lost.

John V. Lindsay (R-L) 1,149,106
Abraham Beame (D-Civil Service Fusion) . . . 1,046,699
Wm. F. Buckley Jr. (C) . . 341,226
Three others 17,168

Buckley went on to write too many self-flattering book-length accounts of his glamorous, breakneck patrician life.

In 1969 Norman Mailer, the wife-skewering novelist, offered himself as a candidate for mayor of New York in the Democratic primary. He campaigned in support of turning the city into the 51st state. Running in a field of five candidates, he finished fourth, ahead of a congressman.

Mario Procaccino 255,529
Robert F. Wagner . . . 224,464
Herman Badillo 217,165
Norman Mailer 41,288
James Scheuer 39,350

Mailer went on to inflict Ancient Evenings *on the reading public and to lobby successfully for the release of Jack Henry Abbott.*

Running for the party's nomination for City Council president on a ticket with Mailer was columnist Jimmy Breslin. In a field of six, he finished fifth.

Francis X. Smith 162,350
Hugh Carey 160,261
Robert A. Low 125,685
Elinor Guggenheimer . 89,818
Jimmy Breslin 74,984
Charles Rangel 70,382

Breslin had the doubly dubious distinction of beating the only black candidate in the race, while losing to Smith, who would later be convicted of perjury amidst the municipal-corruption scandals of the 1980s. Breslin went on to bait gays in an interview in New York Woman.

Mailer's sometime literary rival, Gore Vidal, has twice offered himself to the voters, who have twice declined. In 1960 he ran for Congress in upstate New York and lost.

J. Ernest Wharton (R) . 103,966
Gore Vidal (D) 79,252

In the years following the defeat, Vidal wrote the screenplay for Caligula, *the horrid novel* Duluth *and several historical novels whose very original insight is that politicians are flawed; he also set up residence on the Italian seaside. In 1982 he was convinced that these experiences* ▸

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Naked City

It's Tough to Be the Newspaper-Reporter Son of a Martian Detective

A Census of the 1988 Prime-Time Television Pilot Universe

Every student of evolutionary theory knows that individual organisms are nothing more than expendable receptacles for the transmission of genetic traits. Every student of prime-time television knows that TV shows serve pretty much the same purpose: while individual shows come and go, certain basic concepts endure. Close to 100 pilots were produced this year by ABC, CBS and NBC, of which only 19 have become series this fall. Even fewer will last more than a season or spawn spin-offs. The shows themselves are sometimes impossible to distinguish and almost always expendable—but the *concepts* will survive, as they always have and always will.

There are four of them.



Crime fighters. Of the 53 pilots with career-oriented plots, 32 percent concern crime fighters. ABC's *Dakota's Way*, for example, follows what Saatchi & Saatchi DFS Compton's 1988-89 "A look at Primetime Development" calls a "wild, fun-loving, unconventional and unpredictable" police detective who is reluctantly coupled with "a straight-laced family man." CBS's *Sterling*, on the other hand, "focuses on a team of operatives consisting of a sophisticated beautiful woman and the uncouth twin brother of her former partner and lover" and their "dangerous crime-fighting missions." Not all crime-fighting teams pair off in unlikely duos: *Three of a Kind* (ABC) features an unlikely trio of "former spies, an American, an Italian, and a Russian." They fight crime.



Young adults pursuing careers in the media. Thirteen of the 53 career shows—25 percent—are about TV journalists, real journalists, music promoters and advertising executives. ABC's *Half 'n Half*, for example, follows "a black American jazz musician living in Paris" and his long-lost brother, "a race-car driver living in America," who inherit their mother's newspaper business. CBS's *Further Adventures* focuses on "two mismatched low-life photographers" who "travel around the world . . . in search of celebrity photographs." Two of this season's prospective TV shows —NBC's *Channel 99* and ABC's *Studio 5B*—concern women who produce TV shows. Not just print and visual media are represented, however: in NBC's *Midnight Caller*, a San Francisco cop becomes a "late night radio personality, the Nighthawk, whose popular call-in show focuses on crime and its prevention." When he's not on the air, he fights crime.



Coming-of-age. A season after the debut of *The Wonder Years*, there are 14 different shows about young kids coming of age. *Livin' Large* (ABC) follows "five inner-city kids and their dreams," while *Down Delaware Road* (NBC) focuses on "the friendship of three 14-year-old boys." NBC's *The Big Five*, on the other hand, shows the world as "seen through the eyes of a group of preadolescent friends." Once again, though, there is conceptual crossbreeding: some of the adolescent coming-of-age takes place in the course of pursuing . . . *careers in TV journalism*. On CBS's *TV 101*, "a group of aspiring teen-aged television reporters investigate high school life." And some teenagers learn about the meaning of life by becoming . . . *crime fighters*, such as the "volunteer group made up of young people" in ABC's *Knightwatch* "who have decided to make it their responsibility to keep crime out of their inner-city neighborhoods."



Space aliens. Nine different pilots feature space aliens and other science-fiction half-breeds. In CBS's *Hard Time (On Planet Earth)* an "incorrigibly violent alien lifeform is sentenced to exile on Earth," where he lives out "an experimental punishment: transformation to humanoid form until . . . his antisocial instincts are completely rehabilitated." In other words, a kind of extraterrestrial coming-of-age. Some aliens fight crime: in *Microcops* (CBS), "two extraterrestrial cops, a weary veteran and his beautiful female partner, come to Earth in pursuit of a bizarre criminal." But ABC's *Why on Earth* scores the thematic trifecta: aliens, media-oriented careers *and* coming-of-age-ism. In the show, "Synisis, Inc., a company in Los Angeles, specializes in the accumulation and analysis of information, and is run by a group of individuals from the planet Ovatia, outside our solar system." One young Ovatian, Franklin, grows as a person by breaking the Ovatians' rule of nonintervention and immersing himself in the lives of earthlings.

If these myriad telegenetic recombinations seem dizzying, there's always NBC's *Outrageous*, in which "the setting is a typical American household, and the focus is on the family's 18-year-old son who likes to watch television." Here, finally, is a character with whom every viewer can identify. —*Paul Simms*

THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

qualified him for a seat in the Senate, and he ran in the Democratic primary in California. He lost.

Edmund G. Brown Jr. 1,392,660
Gore Vidal 415,366
Paul B. Carpenter . . . 415,198
Daniel K. Whitehurst . 167,574
Seven others 357,967

In 1970 Hunter S. Thompson ran as the Freak Power candidate for sheriff of Pitkin County, Colorado. Among his proposals was renaming Aspen Fat City. He lost—but not by all that much.

Carrol D. Whitmire (D) . . 1,533
Hunter S. Thompson (I) . . 1,068
Glen Richs (R) 171

In 1967 former child tap dancer Shirley Temple Black ran for Congress in a special election in California. She lost.

Paul McCloskey Jr. . . . 52,882
Shirley Temple Black . . 34,521
William Draper 19,566
Roy Archibald 15,069
Seven others 31,829

Black was later appointed ambassador to Ghana.

In 1984 actress Nancy Kulp, who played Miss Jane Hathaway, Milburn Drysdale's officious assistant on The Beverly Hillbillies, *ran for Congress in Pennsylvania's Ninth District. She lost.*

Bud Shuster (R) 118,437
Nancy Kulp (D) 59,549

In 1976 Bobby Richardson, the former Yankee second baseman, ran for Congress in South Carolina's Fifth District. He lost.

Ken Holland (D) . . 66,073
Bobby Richardson (R) . 62,066

In winning a major nomination from a losing party, Richardson received an honor similar to that bestowed on him in 1960, when he became the only player from a losing team ever to be named the World Series' Most Valuable Player. Richardson is now baseball coach at Jerry Falwell's Liberty University.

In 1960 Mark Lane, the future Kennedy-assassination conspiracy theorist, ran for a seat in the New York State Assembly from the Yorkville section of Manhattan. He won.

Mark Lane (D) . . 17,824
Richard C. Welden (R) . 14,371
Margaret Monehan (L) . . 2,275

Assemblyman Lane had a knack for attracting publicity, first by his arrest as a Freedom Rider, then by accusing the Speaker of ▸

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The upwardly mobile.

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Naked City

THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

the New York State Assembly, Joseph Carlino, of supporting legislation in which he had an interest. Lane testified for five hours before an Assembly committee investigating the charges; its 10,000-word report completely exonerated Carlino. In an eerie foreshadowing of his later activities, Lane blasted the report, saying that it was "curious" and "cynical and callous," and that it reached "remarkable conclusions." The Assembly endorsed the report 143 to 1. Two months later, in April 1962, in a move that surprised no one in machine-dominated New York, Lane was revealed to be a scofflaw and was fined $415 for ignoring 19 traffic tickets, including two moving violations.

A month later, after serving less than one term in Albany, Lane ran in a special procedure for the Democratic nomination for a vacant congressional seat. The procedure used weighted votes. He lost.

Bentley Kassal 64.16
Mark Lane 44.35

Within days Lane announced that he wouldn't seek reelection but would write a book and consider what he could do "to make a contribution to world peace." Later, after the Kennedy assassination, he became the country's most feverish conspiracy buff. He went on to offer legal representation to high-profile clients such as James Earl Ray, Dennis Banks (the Wounded Knee Indian activist) and the People's Temple of Jonestown, which, he said, he had uncovered a government conspiracy to destroy.

In 1982, Barry Slotnick, the defender of Aniello Dellacroce and Bernhard Goetz, dipped his toe into the political waters and spread the word among Republican Party leaders that he would accept their nomination for state attorney general. The Republicans were so moved by this offer that they nominated by unanimous vote Frances Sclafani, a 33-year-old who had never run for public office.

THE BEST DARN COUNTRY ON EARTH, VOLUME II: PROPHETS WHO AREN'T RECOGNIZED IN THEIR HOMELANDS

We will be watching the race in ▸

THE SPY TRIP TIP

Our Thanksgiving Food Heritage Tour

From Jamestown to Jonestown, pilgrims of one sort or another have always sought out new culinary horizons, be they maize, wild turkey or grape Kool-Aid. And so we present the Thanksgiving Weekend SPY Food Heritage Tour.



DAY ONE:
Saturday, November 26

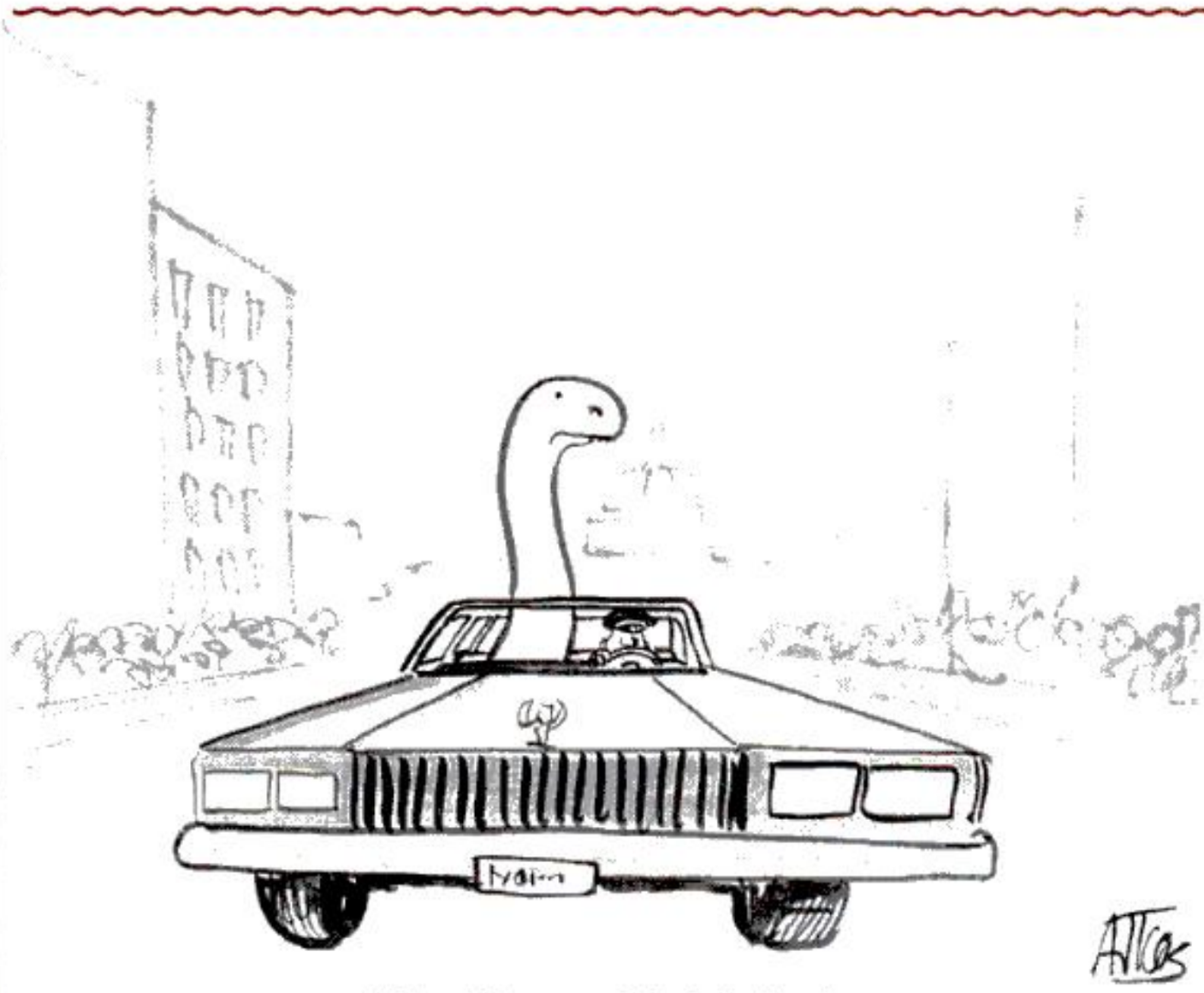
Who needs Grandma's leftover turkey when the gustatory wonders of Maine loom large just a few hours north? In Pittsfield (home in July to the Annual Central Maine Egg Festival, Egg-lympics and Egg Queen Beauty Pageant), what was until recently The World's Largest Non-stick Frying Pan is always on display, in a hangar at Pittsfield Aviation Inc. About 40 miles southeast, a statue of Captain Hanson Gregory, the inventor of the doughnut hole in 1849, puts Rockport on the landmarks-in-food-history must-see list. The World's Largest Lobster Trap (16 feet long), in Oxford, and the World's Largest Outdoor Lobster Steamer, in Rockland, pay tribute to this state's unquenchable appetite for a dish that uniquely combines slaughtering and cooking in a single act.

Two states away in Plymouth, Massachusetts, Ocean Spray's Cranberry World celebrates "the Cranberry and Its People" with an exhibit on the history of the cranberry and actual working bogs. Free cranberry refreshments, too!

DAY TWO:
Sunday, November 27

One more day: let out the seat belt a few notches! Pennsylvania's once-colonial byways lead us first to Kennett Square and the Phillips Mushroom Museum, whose Cap and Stem Gift Shop sells mushroom-themed gifts.

After a quick tour of the Wilbur Chocolate Company in Lititz (where the gift shop-museum features black-and-white glossies commemorating Muhammad Ali's 1978 visit and vends doll-size chocolate Amish men) and a Bologna Tour in Palmyra, head south to Camden, New Jersey, and the historic Campbell Museum with its World's Largest Collection of Historic Soup Tureens: gaudy and ornamental rarities, silly animal shapes—a whole gamut of emotions from a serving dish. Of course, you'll want to buy some souvenirs. Too bad—the Campbell's Company Store is open only to employees. As the receptionist with glistening nails explained, "If we let everybody in, what would be the advantage of working here?" —*Jack Barth*



When Dinosaurs Ruled the Earth

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

A Monthly Anagram Analysis

ROBERT MORGENTHAU
ARGUMENT? O, BROTHER

REPUBLICAN
CUBAN PERIL
NUBILE CRAP

DEMOCRATS
MOD TRACES

PAT ROBERTSON
BOOR PATTERNS
ROBOT PARENTS

—Andy Aaron

© 1988 Estée Lauder, Inc. Photograph: Skrebneski



Demi-Matte Makeup

The soft matte finish that's
the foundation for beautiful skin.

ESTĒE
LAUDER

NEW YORK · LONDON · PARIS



... And Sparky Will Have the Risotto

Here's a Hot New Cause That Has Nothing to Do With Poor People, Acid Rain or War!

THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

Texas particularly closely to see whether Bentsen or Bush, the real Texan or the quasi-Texan, carries the state. Either way, one favorite son or the other has to lose, meaning one of the Big Four will fail to carry his own state. Surprisingly, it's not all that unusual for one of them to fail to persuade the home folks to vote for his ticket. In fact, over the last 35 elections, the four candidates at the top of the tickets carried their home states only three times.

Since 1831, when national political conventions were first held, three presidential candidates lost their home states yet won the election: James K. Polk (1844), Woodrow Wilson (1916) and Richard Nixon (1968). Six incumbent or former presidents lost their home states when they attempted to recapture the White House, including Martin Van Buren (1840), Grover Cleveland (1888), Benjamin Harrison (1892), Theodore Roosevelt (1912), William Howard Taft (1912) and Herbert Hoover (1932). ▸

"I am writing to you as one dog lover to another," began the letter from Victoria Newhouse, apparently *not* writing as the dilettante wife of Condé Nast co-owner and one of America's richest publishers, S. I. Newhouse. "In recent months," she continued, "I have joined a growing number of New Yorkers concerned about the overly severe constraints on admitting dogs into restaurants."

The object of Mrs. Newhouse's growing concern is Section 14-1.183 of the New York State Sanitary Code, which bars animals from food service areas, in accordance with long-standing American notions of propriety and disease prevention. (Most Europeans, allowed by law to urinate in their streets, gladly share their cafés and bistros with pets.) Unbowed by convention, Mrs. Newhouse was soliciting names to add heft to the letterhead of Pet Access to the World (PAW, in acronymese), an organization she founded that is dedicated to the proposition that lapdogs should be granted access to Le Cirque. Lapdogs such as Nero Newhouse, a doted-upon pug. ("I am very much in love with my wife and my wife's dog," Mr. Newhouse recently volunteered to Liz Smith.) "One of our main arguments," wrote the childless Mrs. Newhouse, "is that many older people, and single people of all ages, would feel safer going out at night if they had the protection of their dog, not to mention the purely pleasurable aspect of having the company of one's pet during one of the day's few moments of relaxation."

Evoking, as it does, a grim, pug-necessitating world of danger, loneliness and unsatisfying leisure time, the missive worked: PAW crusaders include such chronically civic-minded people as Brooke Astor, Bill Blass, Pat Buckley, Glenn Close, John Guare, Nancy Kissinger and John Richardson. PAW's letterhead, embossed with actual-size paw prints and the address of Condé Nast, has certainly become eye-catching. Now, citing letters of support from, among others, a psychiatrist, a breast surgeon and the director of bide-a-wee home association, as well as an article clipped from *Dog Fancy* magazine about traveling through Europe with a Dalmatian (the dog, not a chauffeur from Yugoslavia), Mrs. Newhouse claims to have "established beyond doubt the absence of any health hazard for the presence of dogs in restaurants."

PAW's core strategy has been to persuade some of the city's fanciest restaurants to agree to trial dogification as a test for a proposed Sanitary Code change. PAW boasts Bellini by Cipriani, Café des Artistes, Le Cirque, The Four Seasons, Huberts, Quatorze, The River Café, Sistina and The Water Club as willing test facilities. But thus far, New York City Commissioner of Health Dr. Stephen C. Joseph has refused to allow the experiment to proceed. Curious about the depth of PAW's support, we surveyed the member restaurants in order to gauge their employees' enthusiasm vis-à-vis canine co-dining.

"Who gave zem permission to do zees?" sputtered the maître d' at Le Cirque when told that prominent socialites were poised to descend upon his restaurant with Lhasa apsos and King Charles spaniels in tow.

"Ridiculous," said Alex von Bidder, general manager of The Four Seasons.

"I don't think it's a good idea," said The River Café's manager. "The presence of food excites certain dogs."

"You have incorrect information," said the maître d' at Quatorze. "No one here is willing to do *that*."

Joseph Bruno, a confessed European and co-owner of Sistina, said he would welcome dogs, with certain restrictions: "no big dogs and no drooling dogs—and no exotic pets like ferrets and ocelots."

PAW's friends say that Mrs. Newhouse has been lobbying for a guest spot on the *Today* show in an effort to bring her case before the public. In the meantime, Nero dines at home. —*Bruce Handy*

JLK HOGAN'S ROCK 'N' WRESTLING!
...ildren; 60 min.
PUTTIN' ON THE HITS—Contest
LAZER TAG ACADEMY—Cartoon
WEEKEND SPECIAL (CC)
...rrie Heim plays "Pippi Longstocking," a ...unky and resourceful girl who moves into a ...w neighborhood with only a horse, a mon... and a bag of gold—the last of which catch... the eye of a couple of hoods. First of two ...rts. (Repeat)
WRESTLING; 60 min.
BLACK SHEEP SQUADRON; 60 min.
TO BE ANNOUNCED; 60 min.
G.E.D.—Instruction; 60 min.
MOVIE—Adventure; 2 hrs.
...e Adventures of the Wilderness Family." ...75) Utah's mountain scenery highlights this ...y of a city family that seeks to relocate in ...Rockies. Robert F. Logan.
...URMET COOKING
...CK PERSPECTIVE
...O MUSIC BOX; 60 min.
...CULA—Aventura; 2 hrs.
...ón de Castilla," con Mariluz Real y ... Vidal Molina.
...RENTS—Discussion
...ERICAN STORY: BEGINNINGS TO ...—History; 60 min.
...HOPPING SERVICE; 2 hrs.
...OVIE—Thriller; 2 hrs.
...zilla vs. the Thing." (Japanese; 1964) ...uper monsters and some fine special ef... make this a good bet for horror fans. Re... Akira Takarada.
...OVIE—Drama; 2 hrs.
... Du Lac." (Made for British TV; 1985) ...Anita Brookner's story of a romance ...enchanting encounters with guests at ...esort. Anna Massey, Denholm Elliott.

close up

Proposed Movie of the Month

8 PM SPY



HALL

SUCKER-PUNCHED BY LIFE

Mike Tyson is already the undisputed heavyweight champion of the world as this docudrama opens. In the ring he's unbeatable, but a wobbly personal life has him rope-a-doped, going head-to-head with a steady stream of formidable opponents: a difficult marriage to a beautiful TV actress, a busybody mother-in-law and a former rival who resurfaces for a bare-knuckle street-corner rematch at dawn. Punch-drunk from battery by the lunch-hooks of fame, Tyson dumps his grizzled manager for a hustling real estate developer who knows nothing of boxing. The Champ longs for privacy, but wherever he goes he draws a huge crowd of rubbernecks, who gawk at his frequent car accidents. Arsenio Hall undergoes a startling physical transformation for the role of Tyson (see "My Amazing Pasta-and-Steroid Diet," page A17). With *L.A. Law*'s Richard Dysart as Bill Cayton. Cus D'Amato: Burgess Meredith. Donald Trump: Rutger Hauer. Mitch Green: Isaac Hayes. Paramedic: Randolph Mantooth. (2 hrs.)

...lay Evening Programs

6:00	6:30	7:00	7:30	8:00	8:30
...nnel 2 The ...ple	CBS News	News			

Prime Time

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A New Vision

The essence of Napa Valley's finest vineyards and California's innovative winemaking style, captured in the classic tradition of France.

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Naked City

November Datebook

Enchanting and Alarming Events Upcoming

2 V-G Day; the fifth anniversary of the official end of hostilities in Grenada. National holiday here: Americans gather on tarmacs around the country to drop on all fours and kiss the ground; children play tricks on people they believe to be Cuban military advisers in disguise; surviving medical students light candles in memory of the textbooks and espadrilles they were forced to abandon during their terrifying escape.

4 The annual Mayflower Ball, at The Plaza. No debutantes this year—none are qualified—but *several* foreign ambassadors will attend. (To qualify, you must be between 17 and 19, and your parents must be residents of New York State and registered with the Mayflower Registry. And female. You, not your parents.)

8 Election Day. Patriotic fever generated by Grenada celebrations might well sweep George Bush—who was *there*, who was *right on top of it*, who was involved in *all* the important decisions regarding presentation of medals—into the Oval Office.

11 "Jerry Lewis: A Film and Television Retrospective" opens at the American Museum of the Moving Image, in Astoria. Finally Lewis gets his due. The great one will appear in person on the sixteenth to explain his career. And on the eighteenth a recently rediscovered 1954 performance of Lewis and Dean Martin at the Copa will be screened. (*"Une Rétrospective de Films et de Programmes de Télévision de Jerry Lewis" ouvre à l'American Museum of the Moving Image, à Astoria. Finalement hommage est rendu à Lewis. Le grand apparaîtra lui-même le 16 pour parler de sa carrière. Et le 18 on projettera un spectacle de 1954, récemment découvert, avec Lewis et Dean Martin au Copa.*)

11 Seventieth anniversary of the end of World War I—



another big one we won.

15–17 The hardworking American Association of Textile Chemists and Colorists convenes at the Doral Inn in Manhattan to conduct tests on dye-fiber substrates and discuss improvements necessary for developing other tests that simulate "whatever parameter [fabrics] may be subjected to during normal wear life." No outside activities are planned.

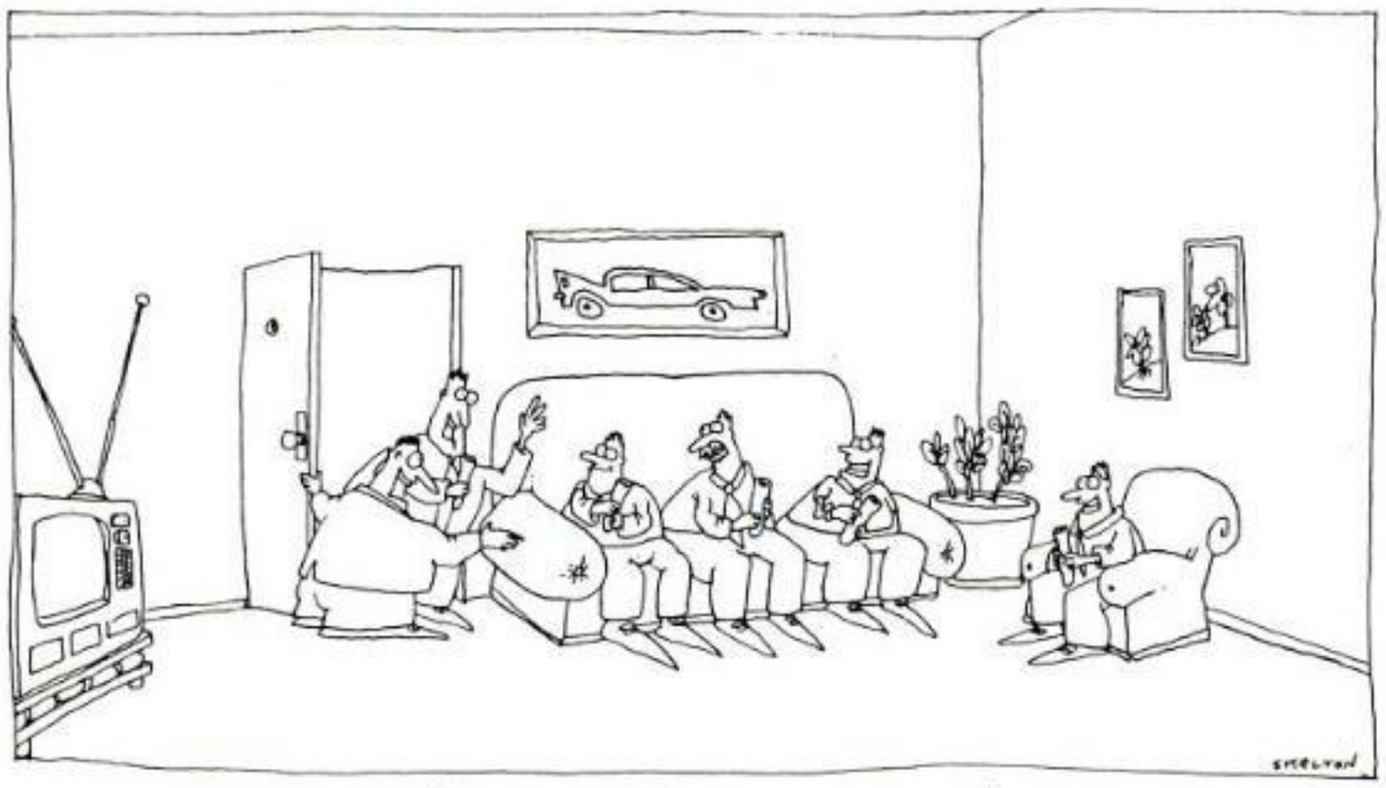
19–20 Anyone who hasn't yet settled on precisely *which* November weekend to spend in northeast Thailand this year should consider this one, which coincides with the annual Elephant Round-Up. Our *Concise Travel Manual* on Thailand says, "Between folk dances and traditional cultural performances, these versatile behemoths star in displays of time-honoured wild elephant hunts. . . ." *Elephants doing Thai folk dances?*

22 Twenty-fifth anniversary of JFK's assassination; people over 35 feel even older.

23 *The New York Times* runs front-page photo of clutch of Kennedys before Eternal Flame, editorial on JFK's legacy and Pierre Salinger Op-Ed piece with *Camelot* in headline.

24 Thanksgiving Day.

30 Barbados and Benin—the countries, not the popular singing-dancing-juggling comedy duo—celebrate national holidays. ❸



Urinalysis Party at Ted's

THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

Other well-known presidential candidates who lost their home states are the wimps Wendell Willkie (1940), Adlai Stevenson (1952 and 1956) and George McGovern (1972).

Six vice presidential candidates lost their states yet won election to the silliest job in government, including Henry Wallace (1940) and Spiro Agnew (1968). Among the VP candidates who lost their home states and the election are Franklin Delano Roosevelt (1920), Earl Warren (1948), Henry Cabot Lodge (1960), Sargent Shriver (1972) and Geraldine Ferraro (1984).

Ferraro may have been the first woman on a major ticket, but she was just one of a long line of candidates from the Empire State—most recently Nixon in 1968—who found that being a home boy wasn't worth any electoral votes.

THE BEST DARN COUNTRY ON EARTH, VOLUME III: OUT OF THE MOUTHS OF BABES

By now, most Americans know by heart the whole stirring saga of Mike Dukakis—how Panos and Euterpe struggled to these shores, how Mike grew up on those mean streets of Brookline and how he became governor, a post he held for one term before being unceremoniously dumped by the voters. Four years later he won the job back from the evil oaf who had defeated him, but the intervening years—his Elba, as some of the little candidate's supporters have put it—were spent teaching at Harvard's John F. Kennedy School of Government. Given that a great part of the presidency is explaining how things work, we may wonder how he got along as a teacher. Here are excerpts from Dukakis's course evaluations (which were mainly positive), as compiled by the Kennedy School:

Fall 1979—Management in State and Local Government:

"Students expressed . disappointment . . . that their views were not given more freedom of expression. Several mentioned that Dukakis cut student comments short. '[Listening to] "one man's view of the world" I occasionally felt that no other contradictory views would be strongly considered.' "

Spring 1980:

"There were . . . a few ▸

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KRIZIA



Macy's

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Naked City

THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

complaints about Dukakis's intolerance of views . . . which differed from his own. . . . The readings were described as lacking 'pizzaz.'"

Fall 1980—Institutional Leadership and the Agency Manager:

"A consistent criticism of Dukakis's teaching style is that he pushed a 'right' solution to case problems and did not encourage or entertain much dissent. 'I do not agree with the instructor that cases have right and wrong answers.' 'Does not invite broad discussion — wants to funnel it toward his solution.'"

Fall 1981—Institutional Leadership and the Agency Manager:

"The most persistent criticism was his greater identification with students from the eastern seaboard."

Spring 1980—The Chief Political Executive:

"Dukakis led effective classes," though "feedback was not as helpful as some students would have liked."

Spring 1981—Internal Management of a Public Agency:

"One [student] noted that he 'sometimes doesn't listen to people's comments and questions as carefully as he should.'"

Spring 1981—The Chief Political Executive:

"'Needs to listen more to students' responses,' noted one."

THE BEST DARN COUNTRY ON EARTH, VOLUME IV: MONEY FOR NOTHING

Federal financing of elections—a misnomer, really, since the government merely matches private donations, up to $250 per individual contributor—seemed like a good idea in the immediate post-Watergate era. But flared pants also seemed like a good idea in the immediate post-Watergate era. Now it seems clear that the free government money has encouraged every moderately talented politician with a compliant wife and a gray suit to take a shot at the White House. So many candidates declared that each party could have fielded a basketball squad, complete with substitutes. Here is what we, the people, paid as of mid-August to subsidize some democracy—and ▸

SEPARATED AT BIRTH?



Morton Downey Jr. . . .



and former Agriculture Secretary John R. Block?



Marilyn Quayle . . .



and Prince Charles?



Jackie Mason . . .



and Bijan?

WHAT IF THE U.S. GOVERNMENT WERE RUN BY TEENAGE GIRLS?

MONDAY: President alludes to recent issue of *Sassy* during briefing with Pentagon officials: "Fragrance is, you know, the ultimate body language."

TUESDAY: Speaker of the House sees Republicans passing note; humiliates one senator by forcing her to read note aloud to joint session of Congress.

WEDNESDAY: President disappointed to discover that Camp David is not a sleepaway camp for teenage boys.

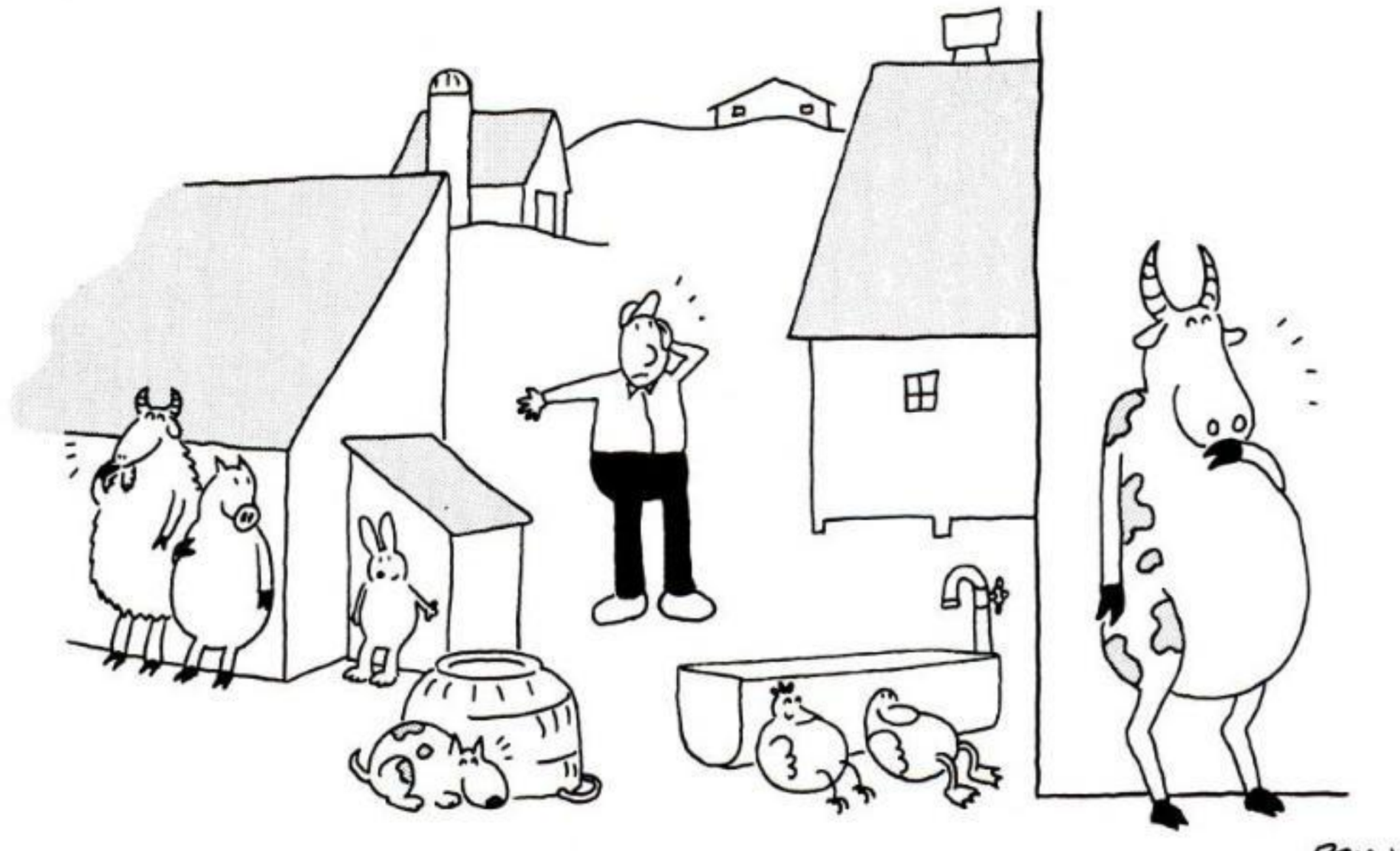
THURSDAY: Vice president rushes off to Kennedy Center; first after-work meeting for *Oklahoma!* costume committee.



FRIDAY: Secretary of State retreats to Georgetown home to curl up with clove cigarettes and *The Bell Jar.*

SATURDAY: President assigns a numerical value to each letter in the alphabet to predict numerologically whether recent legislation will be successful.

SUNDAY: President accidentally signs nuclear arms treaty "Mrs. Matthew Broderick." —*Henry Alford*



April Fools' Day Down on the Farm

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WHEN FRIENDS
DROP IN.

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"He Started Sleeping With Her When She Was Eighteen"

Campaign-o-Rama Special: Paul Laxalt's Pro-Family Values

THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

a considerable amount of ego: Pat Robertson received $8,946,591.57 to fend off questions about his war record and to deny that he was a TV evangelist. Robert Dole was given $7,547,155.26 to put himself in the position where he could be thoroughly and massively routed by George Bush. Jesse Jackson got $5,851,681.76 to position himself for 1992. Jack Kemp was given $5,617,288.44 to prove that even a hard-line conservative can't win the GOP nomination if he talks about economic opportunity for black people. Albert Gore was given $3,535,106.60 so he could come to New York and learn the folly of forming tactical alliances with out-of-control New York mayors. Paul Simon was given $3,261,436.60 to hang around long enough to be recognized as the short guy with the big earlobes and bow tie.

Richard Gephardt received $2,788,345.48 to be revealed as a panderer and a flip-flopper and to buy hair dye for his eyebrows. Pete du Pont was given $2,550,954.18 to be revealed as a more overcompensatingly defensive preppy than George Bush. Gary Hart was given $1,122,281.67 to conduct a glorious exercise in self-humiliation. Bruce Babbitt was given $1,054,469.44 to bicycle with his family across Iowa. Lenora B. Fulani of the New Alliance Party and Lyndon LaRouche were each provided with approximately $750,000 to run hopeless, nutty campaigns. Alexander Haig was given $531,414.20 to test and verify the proposition that America will elect only English-speaking candidates. On the other hand, in a terrific bargain, the Joe Biden sideshow was completely funded through private sources.

At press time, Michael Dukakis had received $9,040,028.33 and George Bush $8,393,098.56. Each will get more. One will get the presidency, the other a non-prime-time speaking slot at his party's 1992 convention.

By mid-August the Federal Election Commission had provided the candidates with $61,768,353.54 in matching funds. The total at that point in 1984 was $32,069,823.15. What a deal. ❸

As if George Bush didn't already have enough associates with ties to spooks, defenders of Nazis and other unsavories, he had to go name as a campaign cochairman a lawyer who may not adhere to the kind of traditional family values the Republicans are famous for—former Nevada senator Paul Laxalt, longtime chum-handler of renowned family man Ronald Reagan and a man who was once considered by many Republicans to be a credible presidential candidate for 1988.

Most everyone knows about last year's failed $250 million libel lawsuit, filed by Laxalt against The Sacramento Bee *(the paper had reported in 1983 that federal investigators had discovered evidence of illegal "skimming" at the Ormsby House, a hotel and casino Laxalt owned in Carson City, Nevada). Almost as well known are Laxalt's associations with reputed mobsters: his friend Allen Dorfman, for one, who used to run the Teamsters pension fund and was executed gangsterishly in 1983; and the notorious Las Vegas racketeer Moe Dalitz, whom Laxalt, while governor of Nevada in the late sixties, appointed a "special assistant."*

Much less well known are the particulars of a surreptitiously made tape recording of Laxalt's ex–sister-in-law, Katherine Laxalt—the ex-wife of Paul's brother Peter Laxalt, who was a partner in the Ormsby House. A transcript of this tape was submitted as sealed evidence by the defense during pretrial hearings for the libel case in May 1987. Six days later, Laxalt agreed to an out-of-court settlement.

The source of the tape was Edgar Scharruhn, a former Ormsby House employee who covertly recorded a chat he had with Katherine Laxalt after she had given a pre-trial deposition to the Bee*'s lawyers. At a subsequent deposition, Mrs. Laxalt offered several explanations for her sad, bitter, somewhat confused taped performance, at one point suggesting she had been slipped a Mickey, then insisting the tape was phony, then maintaining she was only parroting what Scharruhn had previously told her. If nothing else, the tape captures the remarks of a clearly tormented woman. The* Bee*'s defense lawyers and Scharruhn say the tape is genuine. Laxalt's spokesman did not answer* SPY*'s repeated requests for comment.*

Here is an excerpt from the transcript, which was unsealed in October 1987:

Kathy Laxalt: When Mick [*Peter Laxalt's nickname*] and I were divorced [*in 1977, after 21 years of marriage*], I was frightened. . . . I thought they [*the Laxalt family*] were all crazy. . . . Between the Ormsby House and all the rest of the stuff and Jackie [*Paul Laxalt's first wife, divorced in the early seventies*] and Carol [*Paul Laxalt's current wife, married in 1976*], and the kids and . . .

Edgar Scharruhn: Oh he [*Paul Laxalt*] knew Carol then already. Paul knew Carol then? . . .

Kathy: Carol was Paul's secretary for, for 25 years. He had been having an affair with her for 20 years. . . . He started sleeping with her when she was 18 years old. . . . That's why he left the [*Nevada*] governor's office [*in 1970*]. . . . I was near dead [*at the time of her own divorce, when she had had five cancer operations*]. I had a drunk husband, I had a brother-in-law who, who was in a mess with his secretary, a wife [*Jackie*] who had letters, to blow all over creation. The letters that she [*Jackie*] had from Carol, she blackmailed Paul. Well, she didn't blackmail him, she just presented him with the letters and said here, do you want these published or do you want to give me, for the rest of my life, a million dollars a year. And that is about how it was handled. . . . Then Paul goes back to Washington with Carol, still as his secretary, he never wanted to marry her. Got back to Washington and . . . Reagan said, you marry her or get rid of her, because I don't want my advisers [*Laxalt chaired Reagan's 1976 presidential campaign*] . . . after 20 years of sleeping with this gal to continue. . . . [H]e married her. And that was one of the big headlines. Laxalt marries secretary. See, I was throwing people out of my house who said that Paul was . . . That was, oh, I could write the book. . . . I mean I had done everything from teach her . . . how to eat, I mean she was, she was (INAUDIBLE) totally uncouth. . . . [*At this point Mrs. Laxalt and Scharruhn begin discussing the Ormsby House and related allegations against Laxalt.*] That newspaper article [*in* The Sacramento Bee] was just the tip of the iceberg, as I see it.

Edgar: . . . The point here, which is a damaging point where he [*Laxalt*] cannot win [*even if he wins the actual lawsuit*], is when they drag all that other stuff in [*like probable trial testimony about the extent of Laxalt's friendship with reputed mob figures*] and say, listen we wanted to show you the character of the man.

Kathy: Well, see this is why when he decided not to run [*apparently for reelection to the Senate in 1986*] . . . I think that one of the things was the reason he pulled back, was because of all this. As I said he made his own bed. . . .

Katherine Laxalt didn't live to "write the book" about her brother-in-law's complicated life. On the very same day that Paul Laxalt settled the lawsuit last year, she was found dead, apparently a suicide. —*David Corn*

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PORTRAIT OF
THE SONGWRITER
AS A YOUNG MAN.

RANDY NEWMAN



'LAND of DREAMS'

Featuring

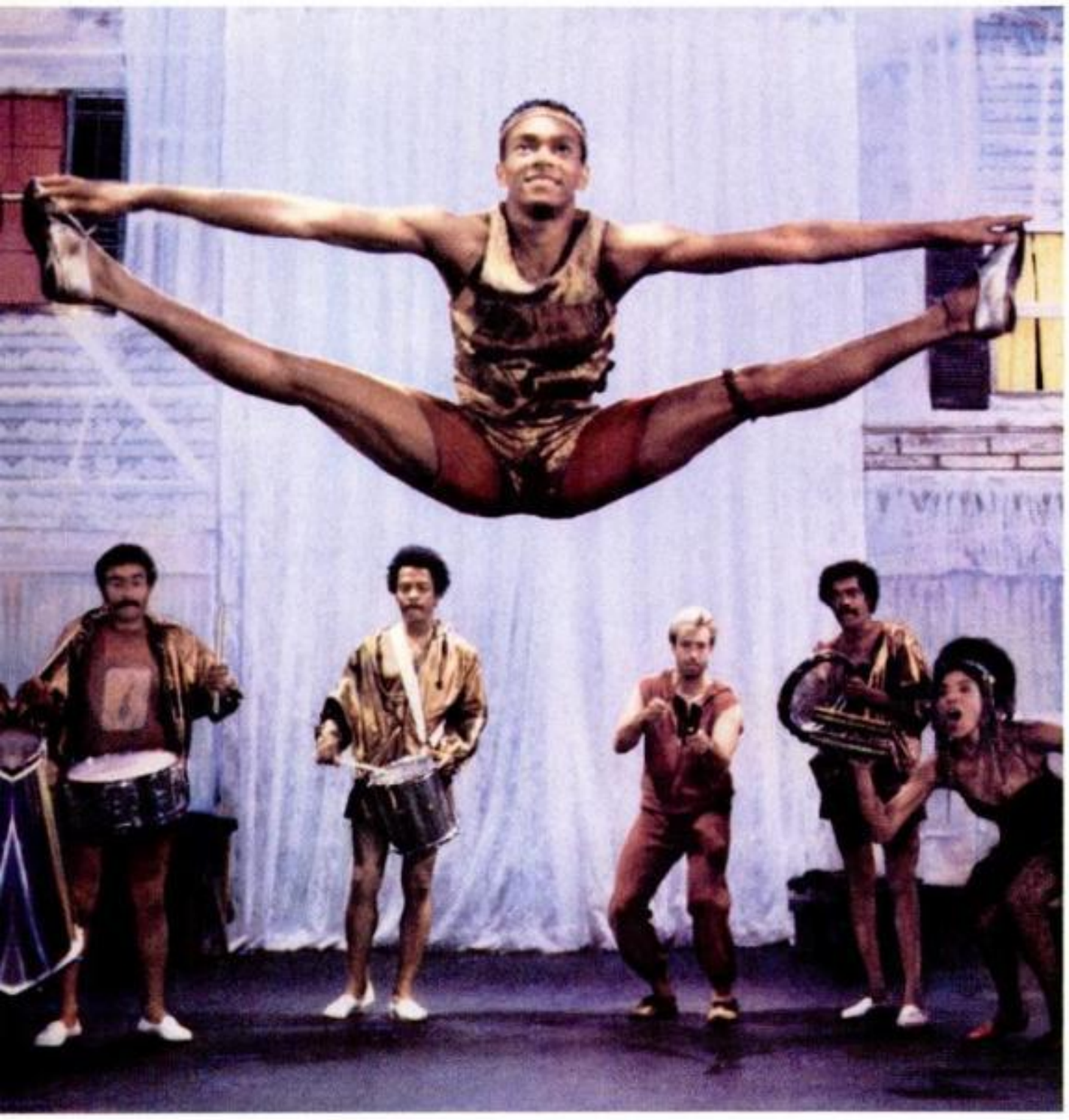
MARK KNOPFLER
TOM PETTY
JEFF LYNNE

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Next Wave® Begins!



They're in the wings. Ready to intrigue you. Excite you. Amuse you. Perhaps even disturb you. These are the outstanding contemporary artists here for the Sixth Annual Next Wave Festival at BAM.

The Festival runs from October 19 through December 17, 1988, at the oldest center for the performing arts in the United States, the Brooklyn Academy of Music.

Here you'll see these most innovative artists in their natural environment — out on a limb. On wings of talent, instinct and discipline, they soar.

And from their height, they bring us extravaganzas as broad as the United States itself, as bizarre as the journey of a warrior ant. They bring us their satire and drama, their music and dance. From earthy to ethereal, they jolt us and soothe us and show us their view of our lives.

It's no wonder why we support The Next Wave Festival, or why we urge you to call BAM today at (718) 636-4100 for tickets to all 14 of these programs. The trails artists blaze become the highways we travel. We all benefit from what they discover. And in the process, they give us that highly underrated necessity, grand and glorious fun.

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Some of the scenes and performers from the 1988 NEXT WAVE Festival, pictured clockwise from upper left: Scene from Part I of *The Warrior Ant* written and directed by Lee Breuer with music by Bob Telson, photo by Martha Swope Associates/Linda Alaniz; Teatro del Sur's *Tango Varsoviano*, photo by Philip Arnoult; Valda Setterfield of David Gordon/Pick Up Co., photo by Andrew Eccles; *Michael Moschen in Motion*, photo by Martha Swope Associates/Linda Alaniz; Eiko & Koma, photo by Kazunobu Yanagi.

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Michael Levine's World and Welcome to It



Second in a Series: Lou Ferrigno

Our favorite recent piece of junk mail from Michael Levine, the superenthusiastic, L.A.-based founder of Levine/Schneider Public Relations: a postcard that features heavily airbrushed Levine client Toni Tennille, sans the Captain, wearing a sweatshirt that reads CHICK SINGER (the postcard announces that it is "Vol III Number VIII in collectors series").

And now we bring you the second installment in *The Family of Michael Levine*, our continuing, probably decades-long effort to bring you interviews with every single one of Michael's 200 clients—including, we desperately hope, David Cassidy, Leo Buscaglia, Ted Nugent and Adrienne Barbeau. Last summer, former Mr. America and current gentle giant–Michael Levine client Lou Ferrigno talked about his personal growth and his long-awaited return to television in *The Incredible Hulk*.

SPY: *How long have you been with Michael?*
Ferrigno: About three or four months.

What's Michael like?

You're curious to know what he's like . . . ? {pause} He's a thin guy. He's a very driven man. A very intelligent man. And I have a lot of respect for him because he's very honest and sincere and he knows what he's doing when it comes to publicity.

How was it playing the Hulk again after all these years?

I love working with {costar} Bill Bixby. And I love playing the Hulk character. I've grown tremendously as a person over the last seven years [since the original *Hulk* program was canceled], and I've studied to be a trained actor. What I've done different with the character is, I've made him more sophisticated.

How so?

He's smarter. The audience knows he's thinking more. . . . [And] I spent four months bulking up.

Do you think stars in the future will be bulkier?

I don't know. But people want to see the muscle. It wasn't like that ten years ago.

Is Michael into weight lifting?

He's on the lean side. I think he *should* take a weight-lifting class. Well, maybe he does work out a little.

Next month: Can we convince Fred Travalena to do his impersonation of Michael?

—Bruce Handy

Blurb-o-Mat

Capsule Movie Reviews by Eric Kaplan,™ the Movie Publicist's Friend



ERNEST SAVES CHRISTMAS, starring Jim Varney (Disney)
Eric Kaplan says, **"It's a jolly holiday with Ernest!"**

I'M GONNA GIT YOU SUCKA, starring Keenan Ivory Wayans, Ja'net Dubois (MGM/UA)
Eric Kaplan says, **"Forget your Meryl Streeps! If Ja'net Dubois doesn't get the Oscar, there's no justice in Tinseltown!"**

GLEAMING THE CUBE, starring Christian Slater, Steven Bauer (Twentieth Century Fox)
Eric Kaplan says, **"Bauer—rhymes with star power!"**

HALLOWEEN IV, starring Donald Pleasence (Galaxy)
Eric Kaplan says, **"Scary! Scary! Scary! Scary!"**

HIGH SPIRITS, starring Peter O'Toole, Steve Guttenberg, Daryl Hannah (Tri-Star)
Eric Kaplan says, **"Wow! The feel-good movie of this or any year!"**

C.H.U.D. II (Vestron) *Eric Kaplan says,* **"Pure C.H.U.D. excitement—better than the original!"**

Music to Fume by

Thank you for calling. All of our operators are busy right now, but please hold the line, and your call will be processed in the order received. Click. What now? As the seconds turn into minutes, sit back and listen to the improbable music provided by private enterprise for your listening pleasure. Below, a sampling of what you might hear at various numbers:

47th Street Photo, 260-4410
Webber and Rice's "I Don't Know How to Love Him"

Metropolitan Opera Ticket Line, 362-6000
selected arias from Puccini's *La Bohème*

Greyhound/Trailways Bus Lines, 971-6363
"If I Were a Rich Man" (not from original production of *Fiddler*)

Teletron, 947-5850
John Cage–like variations (static, conversation in background)

Pan Am, 687-2600
Muzak version of "Fly Me to the Moon"

Continental Airlines, 319-9494
Muzak version of "Bridge Over Troubled Water"

Chemical Bank Service Line, 809-4780
selections from Bach's *The Art of Fugue*

Amtrak Metroliner, 736-3967
Muzak version of "So Far Away"

Citibank MasterCard, 1-800-843-0777
Muzak version of "Penny Lane"

US Sprint Customer Service, 1-800-877-4646
Muzak version of "A String of Pearls"

Merrill Lynch Cash Management Accounts, 1-800-CMA-INFO
selections from Handel's *Water Music*

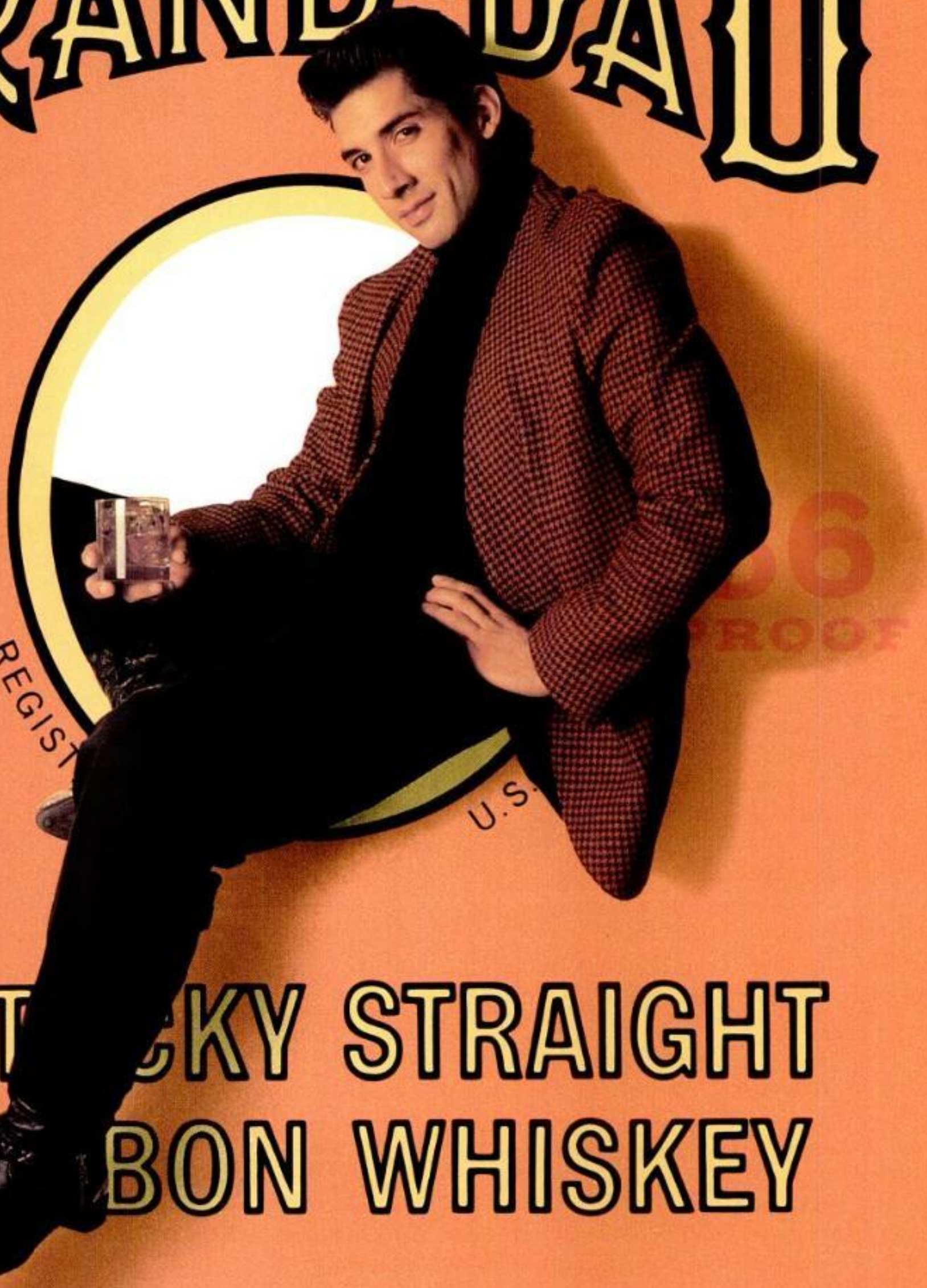
New York State Department of Taxation and Finance, 1-800-835-3554
Vivaldi's *Oboe concerto in A minor*

Bike Nashbar Catalog Ordering, 1-800-345-BIKE
"I Shot the Sheriff" (Bob Marley version)

—David Galef

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Book Nook

So What's Wrong With Being Multifaceted?

Stephen King, the best-seller *di tutti* best-sellers and hyperactive master of the macabre, has sold more books than there are people in Canada. He could publish his laundry lists, and if they had any kind of narrative tension—an odd number of socks, say—they'd lodge in the upper reaches of *The New York Times* best-seller list for months. Anguishing his legions of fans is the fact that King has taken a full year's break from publishing fiction, which means that—let's see—two fewer of his books have arrived in bookstores since November 1987.

Fortunately, during this virtually Stephen King-less period we have *Bare Bones: Conversations on Terror With Stephen King* (edited by Tim Underwood and Chuck Miller, McGraw-Hill) to tide us over. In this collection of interviews, King lays down the law on his work, his life and his wealth. Clearly. Unequivocally. Once and for all. As these verbatim quotations, enhanced by our own questions, prove.



You've said the film Creepshow *was an homage to the great E.C. Comics of the 1950s. Did you read them as a boy?*
(a) "I used to get some comics; I don't think they were E.C.'s."—page 126
(b) "The E.C. horror comics of the fifties—God, I loved those mothers!"—page 36

Are you at all pretentious?
(a) "Most of [my novels] have been plain fiction for plain folks, the literary equivalent of a Big Mac and a large fries from McDonald's."—page 504 [*Different Seasons*, Signet, 1982]
(b) "I never said this to anybody because it sounds so goddamned pretentious, but [with *The Stand*] I wanted to do *The Lord of the Rings* with an American background."—page 98
(c) "You know the book by William Golding, *Lord of the Flies?* That's *Carrie* out of control—high school society run riot."—page 95
(d) "Originally I set the book [*The Shining*] in the form of a Shakespearean tragedy."—page 74
(e) "In fact, I wanted to have a section in the book [*Salem's Lot*] called 'extracta' the way there's a section in the beginning of *Moby-Dick* called 'extracta.' "—page 102
(f) "[In *The Stand*] I wanted to play very consciously off that Revelations idea, where you have a kind of testing, almost like an Old Testament deal."—page 106

Do you think reviewers are fair to your work?
(a) "Whenever I publish a book, I feel like a trapper caught by the Iroquois. They're all lined up with tomahawks, and the idea is to run through with your head down, and everybody gets to take a swing. They hit you in the head, the back, the ass, the balls."—page 97
(b) "Most reviewers around the country have been kind to me."—page 52

How old were you when you sold your first novel?
(a) "By the time *Carrie* was sold, I was 24."—page 73
(b) "I sold *Carrie* when I was 26."—page 33

About how much of your day do you spend writing?
(a) "I work about two hours a day."—page 75
(b) "I work maybe five hours a day."—page 169

Stanley Kubrick brought The Shining *to the screen. Was he in motion or sitting still when he decided to buy it?*
(a) "He looked up and said, 'This is the book.' "—page 134
(b) "Kubrick came raving in and shaking the book and saying, 'This is the one. This is it! Make the deal. Make the deal!' "—page 118

What did you think of the film version?
(a) "I'd admired Kubrick for a long time and had great expectations for the project, but I was deeply disappointed in the end result."—page 28
(b) "*The Shining* is a beautiful film."—page 143

What row do you prefer when you're in a movie theater?
(a) "My kids wanted to sit in the third row whenever we went to the movies and although it didn't bother them I'd spend three hours with these giant people looming over me like an avalanche. So I finally told them that we couldn't do this anymore."—page 57
(b) "I go and sit in the second row and watch all those car wrecks and I'm like anybody else."—page 108
(c) "What I do, if I smoke [marijuana] anymore, is when I'm driving to the movies, to smoke a couple real quick so I can sit there in the first row."—page 206

Did The Body *(filmed as* Stand By Me*), your novella about a boy run down by a train, spring from your own experience?"*
(a) "No."—page 17
(b) "I was out playing one day with this friend of mine. I was about four. I came home, deadly pale. . . . [My mother later] found out that night that this kid I had been playing with had been run over by a train, okay?"—page 162

What are your thoughts on your novel-object, It?
(a) "It's wonderful."—page 88
(b) "I should call it *Shit.*"—page 191

We think you're great. Finally, what's your favorite cartoon?
(a) "The funniest cartoon I ever saw has this little schmo in a French restaurant with this waiter bearing down on him with this maniacal expression on his face."—page 209
(b) "My favorite cartoon of all times is one in *The New Yorker* of a writer who looks really bummed out."—page 92

—*Martin Kihn*

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Look Homeward, Elton

A SPY Geosociobiological Study of Celebrities and the Towns They've Called Home

Robert Blake	Nutley
Daniel Boone	Defiance
Ernest Borgnine	Hamden
Glen Campbell	Delight
Wyatt Earp	Tombstone
Jerry Falwell	Lynchburg
Rudolf Hess	Bad Godesberg
"Wild Bill" Hickok	Deadwood
Sam Houston	Independence
Elton John	Middlesex
Cyndi Lauper	Ozone Park
Charles Ludlam	Floral Park
Steve Martin	Waco
Anthony Newley	Hackney
Jack Nicholson	Neptune
Daniel Ortega	La Libertad
Emo Philips	Downers Grove
Emily Post	Tuxedo Park
Aaron Spelling	Dallas
Adlai Stevenson	Libertyville
The Shah	Iran

—Henry Alford

King of the Hill, at the Top of the Heap



An Actual Three Weeks in the Life of One Man's Garbage

Day 1

8:20 a.m.: Thirty-five issues of *The New Yorker* are wrapped in twine and placed in a garbage can at 25 West 13th Street.

Day 3

10:15 p.m.: Garbage can is set out on the sidewalk by building superintendent. Several plastic garbage bags, a broken refrigerator and a small wooden spice rack are piled alongside.

Day 4

6:40 a.m.: Garbage can, bags, refrigerator and spice rack are picked up by two Sanitation Department workers, Jack Dalton and Sal "Sallybags" Babino. Both men wear elbow-high gloves for protection against puncture and infection. When asked what the best thing about his job is, Sallybags, wiping the sweat off his forehead, replies, "The chicks on the street. You wouldn't believe it, but they dig us."

8:55 a.m.: Garbage truck operated by Jack and Sallybags arrives at Marine Transfer Station, located on the Hudson River at West Street and Gansevoort; 6.3 tons of garbage, including the 35 issues of *The New Yorker*, are dumped onto blue steel barge No. DS-120.

Day 5

6:10 a.m.: Barge DS-120 departs from Marine Transfer Station, roped to tugboat *Margot Moran*.

7:05 a.m.: Barge DS-120 arrives at the municipal landfill at Fresh Kills, Staten Island. The barge is lashed to a pier in a holding area behind a score of other fully loaded barges. The air does not smell sweet.

Day 12

11:50 a.m.: Barge DS-120 moves into position in front of the crane at Fresh Kills. Unloading begins. Garbage is lifted by the crane onto giant wagons attached behind Caterpillar tractors, which will haul the stuff to a disposal area a mile away.

12:58 p.m.: Steel cable tethering the crane bucket snaps. Repairmen are summoned. The crane operator wanders off for a cup of coffee. Neil Castellano, a supervisor, remarks, "Breakdowns like this happen once in a while."

4:25 p.m.: Cable repair completed. Unloading resumes.

6:50 p.m.: *New Yorker*s and crushed refrigerator and presumably (since it was no longer in view) the spice rack arrive in a wagon at the peak of the disposal site, which approaches 490 feet above sea level. A million sea gulls dive and circle, outmaneuvering and outclassing a few desperate speckled pigeons. Dumping and bulldozing commence without ceremony.

Day 17

8:30 a.m.: Decomposition visible—only Styrofoam coffee cups retain their original grace and dignity, blowing across the top of the garbage mountain like futuristic tumbleweeds. A pine-oil-and-water mixture is sprayed continually over everything to disinfect, prevent fire and keep down the dust.

Day 19

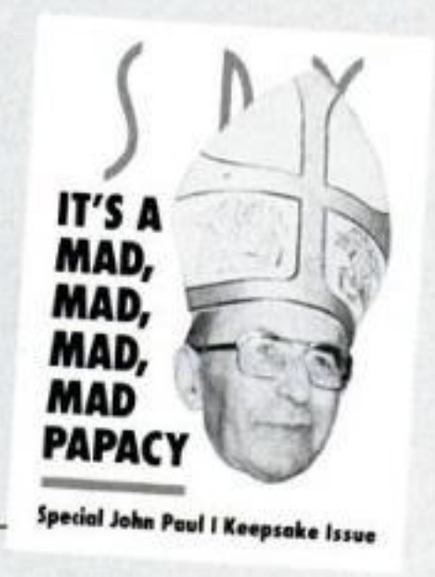
2:05 p.m.: Final burial. Presumably well-softened and all but unrecognizable *New Yorker*s invisible beneath truckloads of Staten Island dirt. The dirt is bulldozed smooth in preparation for the next layer of debris.

—Jeffrey Goodell

Ten Years Ago in SPY

" 'It's a heater,' the old man cackled.
" 'It doesn't look like a heater,' I said. The contraption in the back of his booth whirred.
" 'It isn't an *ordinary* heater!' The old man grabbed my jacket and pulled me close. 'It's an *earth* heater,' he hissed. 'I'm using it to heat up the Earth—a few degrees each decade. If the big people don't give me what I want, I'll turn Iowa into a desert! I'll melt Antarctica! I'll drown New York!' "

—from "At the Invention Convention," by David Owen, SPY, November 1978



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Everybody's a Great Communicator:

The Revolving Door Between Politics and the Press

The reason a Brokaw-Dukakis or Rather-Bush interview has the same pomp and aura as a Reagan-Gorbachev summit is that they are nearly the same thing. The last 25 years have seen the evolution of journalism into a profession of prestige, money and power, on a par with and in some ways superseding government. At the same time, we've seen politicians mutate into mediagenic celebrities; stiff logs like Mondale get sent packing into private life, while a great communicator, though he be dumb and lazy, becomes chief executive. The only remnant of the old days is the fact that the politician is still honored as "Mr. President" or "Governor," while the journalist is patronized as "Dan" or "Ted" (or both, if the speaker is George Bush). Otherwise, the jobs are almost interchangeable. Looking through the résumés of a number of the best-known people from each field, you begin to suspect that they have frequented the same headhunter, one who has but a single file folder. So the next time you hear a reporter extolling the virtues of an unbiased, impartial press that covers the news without fear or favor, consider these prominent reporter-statesmen, and check which hat they're wearing this week.

—Jack Hitt and Bob Mack

PATRICK BUCHANAN

Editorial writer and editor, *St. Louis Globe Democrat* (1962-65)

Assistant to candidate and President Nixon (1966–74)
Consultant to President Ford (1974)

Syndicated columnist (1975-85)
Commentator, NBC Radio (1978-82)
Cohost, *Crossfire*, CNN (1982-85)
Republican apologist on *The McLaughlin Group*, NBC/PBS (1982-85)

Reagan apologist, White House director of communications (1985–87)

Syndicated columnist; Bush campaign water-carrier on *Crossfire* and *The McLaughlin Group* (1987-present)

DAVID BURKE

Executive secretary to Lyndon Johnson's Advisory Council on Labor Management Policy (1961–65)
Aide to Senator Edward M. Kennedy (1965–66)
Secretary to Governor Hugh Carey (1975–77)

Vice president, ABC News (1977-88)
President, CBS News (1988-present)

HODDING CARTER

Reporter and editor, *Delta Democrat-Times* (1959-77)

Assistant secretary of State for public affairs, became a public figure as symbol of frustrated ineptitude (1977–80)

Anchorman and chief correspondent, *Inside Story* (1981-84)
Host, *Capitol Journal* (1985-86)
Regular contributor to *The Wall Street Journal* Op-Ed page (1981-present)
Fixture, *This Week With David Brinkley* and *The McLaughlin Group* (1981-present)

RICHARD BURT

Sub-editor, *Boston Globe* (1971-73)
Correspondent, *The New York Times* (1977-80)

Director, Bureau of Politico-Military Affairs, State Department (1981–83)
Assistant secretary of State (1983–85)
Ambassador to West Germany (1985–present)

European air-show promoter (1989-?)

THOMAS E. DONILON

Chief delegate hunter, Carter campaign (1980)
Senior adviser, Mondale campaign (1984)
Senior adviser, Biden campaign (1987–88)
Senior adviser, Dukakis campaign (1988)

Political consultant
CBS News (1988)

LESLIE GELB

Executive assistant to Senator Jacob Javits (1966–67)
Johnson administration: Defense Department policy planning staff (1967–69); director (1968); arms control staff (1968–69)

Diplomatic correspondent, *The New York Times* (1973-77)

Carter administration: director, Bureau of Politico-Military Affairs, State Department (1977–79)

National security correspondent, *The New York Times* (1981-86)
Perennial appointee becomes assistant gatekeeper for the permanent government in various editorial-page posts, *The New York Times* (1986-88)

DAVID GERGEN

Assistant to President Nixon (1971–74)
Special assistant to President Ford (1975–76)
Assistant for communications to President Reagan (1981–83)

Editor-at-large, *U.S. News & World Report* (1985-88)

Director of Damage Control (a new, Cabinet-level position) in Bush administration (1989–?)

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Naked City

(continued)

JEFF GREENFIELD

Speech writer, Senator Robert Kennedy (1967–68)
Speech writer, New York mayor John Lindsay (1968–70)
Political consultant, David Garth Associates (1970–76)

Media critic, CBS News (1979-83)
Political and media analyst, ABC News (1983-present)
Syndicated newspaper columnist, Universal Press (1981-present)

HENRY GRUNWALD

Managing editor, *Time* magazine (1968-77)
Corporate editor (1977-79)
Editor in chief, Time Inc. Magazine Group (1979-87)

Retired to stud as ambassador to Austria (1987–present)

JOHN McLAUGHLIN

Special assistant to presidents Nixon and Ford (1971–74)

The pundit of head-bangers hosts two syndicated television programs: *John McLaughlin's One on One* (1984-present) and *The McLaughlin Group* (1982-present)
Washington editor, *The National Review* (1981-present)

BILL MOYERS

Assistant to Senator Lyndon Johnson (1960); special assistant and press secretary to Johnson (1963–67)

Publisher, *Newsday* (1967-70)
Host, *Bill Moyers' Journal*, PBS (1971-76, 1978-81)
Underused, disgruntled CBS News employee (1976-78, 1981-86)
Executive editor and host, *Bill Moyers' World of Ideas*, PBS (1988-present)

Dukakis cabinet-in-waiting (1989–?)

JACK NEWFIELD

Close adviser to Governor Mario Cuomo and special prosecutor Charles Hynes (on call)

Investigative reporter, *The Village Voice* (1964-88)
Deputy city editor for investigations, the New York *Daily News* (1988-present)

JODY POWELL

Aide to Georgia state senator and governor Jimmy Carter (1970–74)
Press secretary to the most highly respected president since Ford (1977–80)

Syndicated columnist (1982-87)
Resident wry good old boy, *This Week With David Brinkley* (1982-87)

WILLIAM SAFIRE

Reporter, New York Herald Tribune Syndicate (1949-51)
Middle Eastern and European correspondent, WNBC-WNBT (1951)
Radio-TV producer, WNBC (1954-55)

Speech writer for Nixon and Spiro "Nattering Nabobs of Negativism" Agnew (1969–73)

Best *New York Times* columnist (1973-present)

PIERRE SALINGER

Reporter, night city editor, *San Francisco Chronicle* (1946-55)
West Coast editor, contributing editor, *Collier's* magazine (1955-56)

Investigator, Select Committee to Investigate Improper Activities in Labor or Management Field, U.S. Senate (1957–59)
Press secretary to Senator John F. Kennedy (1959–60), to President Kennedy (1961–63), to President Johnson (1963–64)
U.S. senator from California (1964)

Correspondent, *L'Express*, Paris (1973-78)
Correspondent, ABC for Europe (1977-79)
Paris bureau chief, ABC News (1979-83)
Chief foreign correspondent, ABC News (1983-present)
Editor, ABC for Europe (1988-present)

DIANE SAWYER

Assistant to Nixon deputy press secretary Jerry Warren; coffee-fetching administrative assistant to the highly credible press secretary Ron Ziegler; assistant to President Nixon (1970–74)
Flirty hand-holder to ex-president Nixon (1975–78)

Journalist-glamour puss, CBS News (1978-present)

GEORGE WILL

Aide to Senator Gordon Allott of Colorado (1970–72)

Washington editor, *National Review* (1973-76)
Syndicated columnist (1973-present)
Newsweek columnist (1976-present)
Commentator, *Agronsky & Co.* (1977-84)

Debate trainer to candidate Ronald Reagan (1980)

Presidential debate analyst, dispassionate admirer of Reagan's performance, ABC News (1980)
Conservative cheerleader, *This Week With David Brinkley* (1981-present)

Emmy Award presenter (1988)

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They're the Young Generation, and They've Got Something to Say

The Many Moods of Rap Music

To the uninitiate, rap music can sound like a frightening, indecipherable, post-apocalyptic mix of industrial shrieks and urchins' rantings—an electronically magnified echo of a typically hellish New York City midsummer's eve.

That, of course, is wholly naive, the elitist's version of the philistine's complaint that opera is by far the dullest thing with tempo. Like any vital artistic movement, rap has its meanings, its messages, its recurring concerns and motifs. Amateur ethnomusicologists PABLO HOFFER and ELAN have cataloged some of them. Just listen.

The Nonviolent World of Rap Music

"When I kill MCs I cause grief"
—*Run-D.M.C., "Darryl and Joe"*

"Like a hurricane, I maim"
—*Ice-T, "Rhyme Pays"*

"Smacked in the face by the bass of Cool J."
—*L.L. Cool J., "Jack the Ripper"*

"Stuck your head in the toilet and stone cold flushed it"
—*Beastie Boys, "Posse in Effect"*

"I cut the head off the devil and I'll throw it at you" —*Run-D.M.C., "Raising Hell"*

"Miuzi weighs a ton"
—*Public Enemy, "Miuzi Weighs a Ton"*

"My hat's my helmet"
—*Run-D.M.C., "Soul to Rock and Roll"*

The Suction-Obsessed World of Rap Music

"When I'm on the mike, the suckers run"
—*Beastie Boys, "The New Style"*

"Suckers can't compare when I'm rockin' the mike" —*L.L. Cool J., "Jack the Ripper"*

"Suckers stare but I don't care"
—*Ice-T, "Colors"*

"We slay all suckers who perpetrate"
—*Run-D.M.C., "My Adidas"*

"For the suckers at the door, gonna knock you right down"
—*Public Enemy, "Yo! Bum Rush the Show"*

"Causing casualties and catastrophes and tragedies for sucker MCs"
—*Run-D.M.C., "Run's House"*

The Dopey World of Rap Music

"Got a group to troop, with the snoop to shoot, shoot hoop to scoop, on the scoop to loop"
—*Run-D.M.C., "Tougher Than Leather"*

Logrolling in Our Time

"Wicked, mad, potent—and very, very funny."
—T. Coraghessan Boyle on Robert Coover's *Gerald's Party*

"One of America's most richly innovative and comic writers. It's a treat to read him."
—Coover on Boyle's *World's End*

"Magnificently stimulating and exciting."
—Anthony Burgess on Paul Theroux's *The Mosquito Coast*

"Everything one could want in a writer's autobiography."
—Theroux on Burgess's *Little Wilson and Big God*

"[He] tells the story of his own life with more passion, more candor, and more anger than in any of his previous writings."
—Rabbi Harold Kushner on Father Andrew Greeley's *Confessions of a Parish Priest*

"A touching, heart-warming book."
—Greeley on Kushner's *When Bad Things Happen to Good People*

—Howard Kaplan

The First 20 Sentences of the Vice President of the United States's Speech Accepting the Republican Nomination for President of the United States

"Thank you. Thank you very, very much. Thank you so much. Thank you so very much. Thank you very, very much. Thank you all. Thank you, ladies and gentlemen. Thank you very, very much. Thank you. Thank you all very much. Thank you so much. Thank you. Thank you, ladies and gentlemen. Thank you very, very much. Thank you. Thank you all very, very much. Thank you. Thank you. Thank you, ladies and gentlemen. Thank you very, very much." ❸

The Other Temptations of Christ



To sleep in until 11:00 a.m. someday, even though the disciples gather at 8:00 a.m.

To work a miracle for *my own* benefit for a change

To hold my nose in the marketplace when I walk by the beggars

To tether my oxen in the areas by the shops reserved for the infirm

To cast the first stone at an uprising

Not to give Ruth of the Wheatfields a wedding present *(I changed all that water into wine at her engagement party. How much does she expect?)*

To wrap Herod's house some night with papyrus

To get it in writing from God that I am really His son so I don't have these doubts

To destroy all paintings that make me look fat

To invite Caesar to dinner when I know he is busy so I get the credit

To butt in line at the tannery. If I am the Lord, why should I wait? —*Patricia Marx*

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Naked City

THE TIMES



Max Arthur Abe

"*The famous teacher had begun to massage her from the soles up . . . her long fingers hard and prying, opening her buttocks, inserting one, two, three cold fingers as sharp as steel into her rectum, while the other hand had crept around her thigh to pierce her now-oozing cunt, the fingers working masterfully in tandem. . . . Violana's voice had been thick with lust and longing and soon her tongue had been everywhere, flicking like an asp's. She'd burrowed her face between Nell's legs, forcing them wide, wider apart. Even as her tongue had licked, her teeth had fastened on the soft flesh. . . . [Nell] had been drowning in orgasms as [Violana] had once more invaded her rectum and with cruel forceful thrusts pushed her body up to receive in full the force of her animal mouth. 'No more, no more. . . .'*"

Ladies! Please!

The preceding is, as you might have suspected, drawn from the pages of incurable romantic and bosomy dirty-book writer Shirley Lord's dirty book *One of My Very Best Friends* (Crown; 314 pp., $16.95), and is in spirit similar to the passage that ran in this space last June. Since no one in New York had heretofore ever actually *read* one of Lord's dirty books—the two that she has written are out of print—all across town there was voiced astonishment at how *dirty* a dirty-book writer the bosomy dirty-book writer is.

Among interested parties, the question at hand is not just, How does the woman know of such things?, but even more pressing, What sort of deviant calisthenics is Shirley requesting of her husband, former executive editor and incurable romantic Abe "I'm Writing as Bad as I Can" Rosenthal?

It is certainly no secret that poor Abe has become rather confused about his place in the order of things—boy toy to Cockney dominatrix? Society juju of the moment? Or just dreadful columnist? To be frank, though, he was never a man with an absolute grip on his self-identity. (During one of his periodic fits of strained bonhomie back in the days when he reigned as executive editor, Rosenthal ambled up to a cowering reporter and, apropos of nothing, bellowed: "You know why I can never become president?" Duh . . . why, Abe? "*Because I was born in Canada!*") Perhaps as a result of his vigorous party-going, he is getting his obligations all confused as well. After years of ignoring his long-suffering first wife, Ann, Rosenthal has taken to chewing out friends—friends like the Arthur Gelbs and the James Greenfields—for not spending more time with her. Abe is presumably too busy with Shirley, you see, oozing charm in the presence of society matrons and, no doubt, learning to make his mouth animal-like and his fingers steel-sharp.

Current executive editor Max Frankel is also an incurable romantic and, like his predecessor, one given to an office fling. And when the providential recipient of Max's manifest gifts, urban affairs correspondent Joyce Purnick, becomes his bride next month, Frankel will bring her home and carry her over the threshold (not the one of which Shirley is thinking) of his house in Riverdale—a community that gets far more substantive coverage in the *Times* than it used to. And not a moment too soon, if the couple is thinking of doing any entertaining at home: *chez* Frankel is in desperate need of aesthetic rehab. A woman's touch, in other words. The house seems charmingly frozen in the past—no fake wagon-wheel chandeliers or dirt floors or anything, but reportedly a bright-orange couch is to be found in the living room and there is an ample supply of macramé hangings here and there throughout the house—so redolent of the acute romance of a circa 1976 singles bar.

Romance appears to be much in the air at the *Times*, nowhere more so than in the Washington bureau, where the paper's frisky deputy bureau chief, Judith "Is That a Banana in Your Pocket . . . ?" Miller, has been enriching the lives of high-level sources around Washington with her own very special brand of journalistic involvement. Her diligence has become the stuff of legend, and Judy is known for stopping at nothing to get extremely close to a powerful, influential and, well, *available* source. It was this sort of reportorial give-and-take thing with Lee Atwater that caused George Bush to reportedly call his campaign manager into his office and inform him that it might be better if he ended his very special relationship with Miller. And it was this sort of give-and-take thing that perhaps caused Frankel to issue a memo declaring that Miller would be taking a "leave of absence" from the paper to finish a book on the Holocaust.

Time now for the official *Times* prayer, which is passed around in booklet form before meals in the paper's hallowed corporate dining room. It's called—and I think Shirley would like this—"Grace Before Meat."

"O Lord, the Giver of All Good,
In whose just Hands are all our Times
We thank Thee for our daily Food
Gathered (as News) from many Climes
Bless All of Us around this Board
And All beneath this ample Roof:-
What we find fit to print, O Lord,
Is, after all, the Pudding's Proof.
May Those we welcome come again
And Those who stay be glad. Amen."

Amen.

—*J.J. Hunsecker*

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FEUDS!



WHEREVER THERE IS BILE; WHEREVER THERE IS SPITE; WHEREVER THERE IS TURF TO BE FOUGHT OVER, OFFENSE TO BE TAKEN, A BOOK TO BE PROMOTED; WHEREVER THERE ARE UNGRATEFUL PROTÉGÉS, BITTER EX-SPOUSES, RESENTFUL PARTNERS; WHEREVER THERE'S A WILL TO BE CONTESTED, THERE'S A WAY—TO FEUD. LYNN HIRSCHBERG REFEREES

To begin, terms must be defined. A feud is not simply a display of nasty, vitriolic behavior. It's not a fistfight or a quick war of words or a one-sided attack. A feud is a continuing clash between friends or acquaintances or colleagues that results in a rift, usually irreparable. And feuds, unlike mere spats and arguments and fistfights, are an enduring, entertaining spectator sport.

Feuds are not easy matters. They were, historically, settled by duels (Aaron Burr and Alexander Hamilton), and many of the best ones today wind up in court ("As one gets older," explains Gore Vidal, omni-feuder, "litigation replaces sex"). In most cases, though, feuds end in agitated silence: brothers avoid each other, mentors quarrel with their protégés, business partners go their separate ways. Yet despite their willful distance, feuders usually matter to each other. Which is why, in the world of feuds, you almost always hate the one you love.

This paradox explains why feuders are so zealous. In fact, there are those—Vidal, Ed Koch, John Fairchild, Truman Capote, Nancy Reagan, George Steinbrenner, the political commando Pat Caddell, the architect Peter Eisenman—who feud to live. Indeed, the public personae of omni-feuders are often colored entirely by their current main antagonism: *Ed Koch is the guy who hates Jesse Jackson*. The feuder becomes the feud.

A hothead is not necessarily an omni-feuder: Steinbrenner almost doesn't count, because he is indiscriminate. He will pick a fight with anybody—a fan, Don Mattingly, a pigeon—whether he fights back or not, whether Steinbrenner knows him or not. Steinbrenner's once and undoubtedly future battles with Billy Martin are the stuff of real feuding, but most of the other Steinbrenner blather is simply evidence of an extreme personality disorder. He isn't really feuding; he's just demanding attention.

That's also the case with Brandon Tartikoff, president of NBC Entertainment. Known throughout Hollywood as the quintessential nice guy, the whiz kid who turned NBC around, Tartikoff lately has taken to rubbishing the other two networks (the other *three*, if charity requires the inclusion of the Fox stations), the striking Writers Guild writers and his own show *The Days and Nights of Molly Dodd*. On first glance, this looks like feudish behavior, but it's not: for Tartikoff (who once confided that his biggest fear in life was that his daughter, Calla, would grow up to think he wasn't funny) it's not a matter of enemies (or feuds), it's a matter of reputation. A few verbal dustups add character; it's the same reason Americans used to brawl (see "When Feuds Turn Physical: SPY's Star-Studded Modern History of Brawling," page 72).

Tartikoff's role model—and the model for a generation of not-quite-serious, *faux* feuders—is David Letterman. Letterman is chronically contentious; it is a winning part of his shtick. He storms General Electric's headquarters when it buys NBC; he mocks his bosses over their proposal to change the name of the RCA building; he resumes work during the writers' strike and calls the producers "money-grubbing scum"; he tells Tom Brokaw that NBC president Robert Wright is "clinically dead." Does any of this bother the powers that be? "They see Dave as the court jester," says one of Letterman's close associates. "They can't wait to see how he'll make fun of them next. You can just see Bob Wright up in his office slapping his knee and saying, 'Oh, that Dave.' "

There are, however, several major types of authentic feuds that intermingle and overlap. There are **DARWINIAN FEUDS**, which imply a survival of the fittest, or of the most cleverly vituperative. Darwinian feuds are about high-stakes games (Steinbrenner and Billy Martin, Pat Caddell and most of the candidates he's worked for), or the result of a battle for business supremacy that turns ugly—for instance, Steve Ross at Warner Communications against his former good friend and major Warner shareholder, Herb Siegel at Chris-Craft. Since most Darwinian feuds are simultaneously personal and professional, they are seldom resolved. There is a high pride quotient in all feuding—to end the feud would be more mortifying than to keep it going—and Darwinian feuders tend to be especially stubborn. They will not give in, so the feud goes on and on and on until the original reason for the disagreement is almost irrelevant.

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Darwinian feuds are closely related to **PARTNERSHIP DOWN FEUDS**—what perhaps used to be called the Jerry-and-Dean Syndrome. Like Darwinian feuds, Partnership Down feuds will never be resolved. Just as Jerry Lewis and Dean Martin will never, ever be friends or partners again, neither, in all likelihood, will legal-publishing empire builder Steven Brill and CBS vice president Jay Kriegel, former partners *and* best friends. A variation on the Partnership Down is more Tom-and-Jerry than Jerry-and-Dean—the **BOYS-WILL-BE-BOYS FEUD**—most vividly exemplified by Keith Richards and Mick Jagger, good friends who love to snipe at each other, lately over whether and how to tour together.

One important requirement of all feuds, particularly the Boys-Will-Be-Boys genus, is that they be played out before the public. A private feud between public figures is really no feud at all. Yet when the urge for personal publicity becomes extreme, as it did in the case of omni-feuder Truman Capote, the feud becomes a **BIG MOUTH FEUD**. Capote, for example, provoked and then attempted to manipulate his feuds for social and professional gain. The plan backfired, as Big Mouth feuds almost always do. In most cases the feuder (Bryant Gumbel—who fights with Letterman, Jane Pauley, Kay Gardella, Connie Chung, Steve Garvey, Linda Ellerbee, his mother and numberless technical staff—is a recent example) ends up looking like a careless, vaguely pathetic self-promoter. Rarely (as in last spring's successfully attention-getting dustup between gossip columnists James Revson and Suzy) is there a winner.

What Capote wanted, above all else, was a place in history. His serious fights, like those of almost all artists, were **IMMORTALITY FEUDS**. Unlike in business—where success can be unequivocally quantified—in art, success is subjective, evanescent. Artists—the Neo-Expressionists in particular—want to be treated as if they're dead while they're still alive: their feuds concern who will join the pantheon and who won't. Like Capote, they cannot abide leaving their fate entirely up to chance. So they feud.

Then there is the **OEDIPAL FEUD**: Henry Ford and Lee Iacocca, Elaine and Elio, Steve Jobs and John Sculley. The circumstances vary, but there is one constant: a parent-child fight for supremacy.

Just as some people can be drawn into a feud easily and repeatedly, others are too enlightened—or too dull and disengaged—to pursue a passionate, long-term squabble. Ronald Reagan exemplifies **THE FEUD-IMMUNE**: his aides fight with one another, his wife is never not feuding with someone, but Reagan himself forgives or, more likely, just forgets. He doesn't have the stomach or the brainpower for feuding: the man who spent a whole public career feuding with the Soviets, who called them "evil" as recently as 1983, a few months ago strolled arm in arm in Red Square with his chief antagonist turned good buddy.

All in all, a feud is a time-consuming, sometimes all-consuming, enterprise. It demands commitment, imagination, obsession. "When I feud with someone, they remember," says Jerry Lewis. "I don't forget, they don't forget and history doesn't forget."

GOOD ANSWER, GOOD ANSWER: FAMILY FEUDS

Blaine overshadows Ivana. The Balducci family split up over produce, and a faction of the clan headed uptown and opened Grace's Marketplace. Socially prominent London painter Lucian Freud and his brother Sir Clement Freud, the socially prominent London pundit, will have nothing to do with each other. (The schism dates from boyhood: Lucian gave Clement a head start in a footrace, then shouted "Stop, thief!" until his brother was apprehended.) When Los Angeles Rams owner Carroll Rosenbloom drowned under mysterious circumstances, his widow, Georgia, remarried and feuded with her stepson, Steve Rosenbloom, who eventually left the Rams organization. Ivan Boesky and his sister-in-law feuded over The Beverly Hills Hotel, and the Gucciones battled it out when *Spin*, edited by Bob Junior and financed by Bob Senior, was losing too much money. Books (too many books) are being published about the Bingham family feud, which involved control of the family's media empire. That feud seems to have been the result of parental inattention, but, as is the case with nearly all family feuds, the real reasons remain mysterious.

Why, for instance, would multimillionaire Armand Hammer, a shameless self-promoter, risk—at the very least—negative publicity by feuding over the $1.3 million estate left by his younger brother, Victor? After three years of feuding, the matter was eventually resolved: Hammer's niece received the house, and Hammer got some family photographs that Victor had left. More important, Hammer demanded and received an explicit stipulation in the settlement that his niece, who is planning to write a book, "not make any derogatory remarks against Dr. Hammer in any book or other media." So, *why?* "I honestly don't know why he's being so vindictive," Hammer's niece has said, although it is assumed that Hammer particularly fears revelations concerning his chumminess with Joseph Stalin.

Even more baffling is the passive feud between Keith and Brian McNally, together and apart Manhattan's most successful stylish restaurateurs. The sons of a London cabdriver, the McNallys moved to New York in the mid-seventies and went to work at One Fifth Restaurant. Brian was a bartender, Keith a waiter, and they set about raising money to start their own restaurant. For $35,000 they purchased and renovated an abandoned cafeteria in TriBeCa—the Odeon. They were successful from the outset. Their opening-night party attracted the stars of the art world. "I used to go to the Odeon every night," remembers Robert Longo. "I would cash checks and eat steak and hang out until five a.m."

Around 1982 Brian and Keith stopped speaking to each other. Some say the rift occurred when Keith, along with two partners, started Cafe Luxembourg uptown. Some say it was simply a clash of styles: Keith has a fastidious, contained personality, Brian is more expansive and outgoing. Still others will tell you that the brothers were simply keeping different hours: in 1982 Brian married and settled into a more domestic life, while Keith continued to keep nightclubber's hours. At any rate, the final provocation seems to have been a phone call. Or, rather, a series of phone calls. "Keith worked very late once too often," says a close friend of both, "and rang Brian in the middle of the night. Keith had done this repeatedly and, finally, Brian blew up. That was the end."

Some say the McNallys actually had a fistfight following the final phone call. Others say not. "No one really understands this feud," says one friend. "If they had hit each other it would make more sense, but that never happened."

In 1984 Brian sold his interest in Odeon to Keith and opened Indochine and, last year, Jerry's and Canal Bar; this year he opened the restaurant in the retrofitted Hotel Royalton. Keith and his wife, Lynn, had great success with Nell's. The brothers live near each other on parallel streets in the Village and have children roughly the same age, but still they never speak (although a third brother speaks to both). "Brian would like to end the feud," says a friend. Perhaps Nell Campbell could help. She lives above In-

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A *SPY* GUIDE

HOW TO FEUD: GORE VIDAL'S EIGHT GREAT BONUS TIPS

1. FEUD EARNESTLY AND FEUD OFTEN

"A feud, as you call it, can, in fact, accomplish a great deal," Vidal says. "Feuds show that character *is* destiny."

2. TODAY'S COLLABORATOR IS TOMORROW'S NEMESIS

After Bob Guccione filmed Vidal's *Caligula*, Vidal disowned the project. "They will give vulgarity a bad name," he said of Guccione and company.

3. LOOK FOR FEUDS EVEN AMONG INTIMATES

"Whenever a friend succeeds, something within me dies," Vidal says.

4. DON'T FLINCH EVEN WHEN THE OPPONENTS ARE KENNEDYS

Vidal sued Truman Capote over Capote's assertion that Vidal had been thrown out of the Kennedy White House. Capote claimed that Robert Kennedy had said to Vidal, "Get your hands off the first lady." This never happened, according to Vidal. Instead, he says, the witty banter began after Bobby picked Vidal's hand off Jackie's shoulder. "Don't you ever do that again," Vidal told him. "Fuck you," Kennedy replied. "Fuck you too!" Vidal shot back, and, according to Vidal, "He [Kennedy] got really blasted."

5. HAVE SOME GOOD THINGS TO SAY ABOUT YOUR ENEMY, TOO

Vidal on Capote: "Every generation gets the Tiny Tim that it deserves." Vidal on Teddy Kennedy: "Well, he would have made a very good bartender."

6. CHOOSE YOUR ALLIES WITH CARE

When Vidal attacked *Commentary* editor Norman Podhoretz in *The Nation* in 1986, claiming that Podhoretz was un-American because "his first loyalty would always be to Israel," both Podhoretz and *The New Republic* labeled Vidal anti-Semitic. Upon reading the final sentence of the *New Republic* article—"This man is ready for the funny farm"—would-be Reagan assassin John Hinckley Jr. wrote an outraged letter in support of Vidal.

7. REFUSE TO LET OTHERS COMPROMISE YOUR PRINCIPLES

Before going on the *Today* show with Tom Brokaw in 1980, Vidal was asked by Brokaw to limit the conversation to political topics, rather than chatting about bisexuality, one of Vidal's favorite themes. Vidal politely listened and then, as soon as they were on the air, turned to Brokaw and said, "Now, why is it we cannot talk about bisexuality?"

8. WHEN ALL ELSE FAILS, SUE

When Vidal sued Guccione (he has also sued Capote, William F. Buckley Jr. and many, many others) over the porn movie *Caligula*, he said, "I have now turned fifty and am going through menopause and I enjoy a little litigation. It's costly, perhaps, but salutary, and considerably less expensive than keeping racehorses or getting married."

—*L.H.*

VIDAL:
TAKING COVER BEHIND
AN ITALIAN TREE,
TWO OCEANS AWAY FROM
MAILER, BUCKLEY,
PODHORETZ, GUCCIONE,
CAPOTE'S CORPSE
AND ANY AND ALL
KENNEDYS.

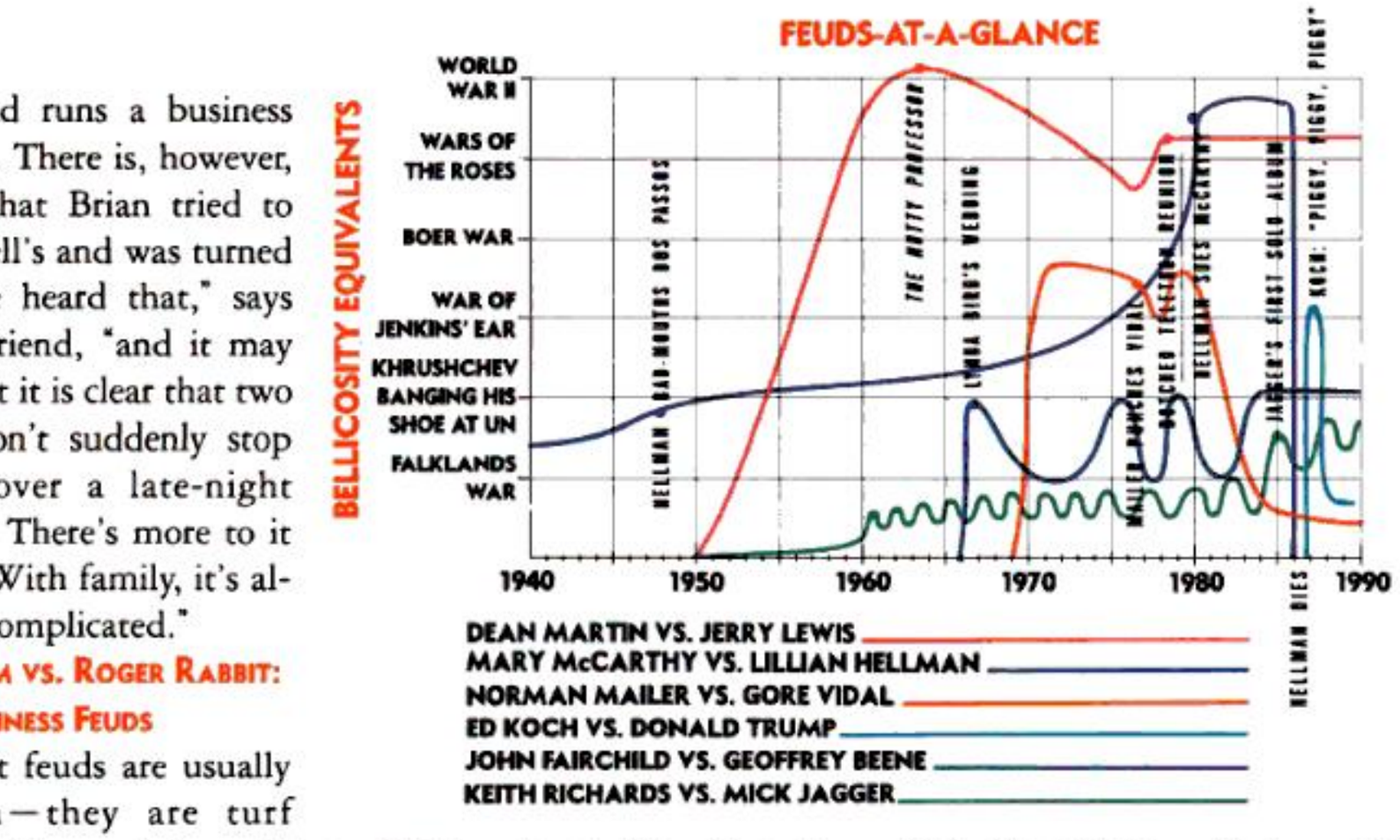
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dochine and runs a business with Keith. There is, however, the story that Brian tried to get into Nell's and was turned away. "I've heard that," says one close friend, "and it may be true. But it is clear that two brothers don't suddenly stop speaking over a late-night phone call. There's more to it than that. With family, it's always very complicated."

Judge Doom vs. Roger Rabbit: Business Feuds

Capitalist feuds are usually Darwinian—they are turf wars, by and large. Avis vs. Hertz. IBM vs. Apple. The Comedy Store vs. The Improv. Often, as in the case of Lee Iacocca and his former boss Henry Ford, the feud acquires more personal dimensions. In 1985, for example, when Steve Jobs lost a power struggle with John Sculley, whom he had hired, and was effectively purged from his own company, it was very personal. Sculley and Jobs reportedly were once so close they finished each other's sentences. "Apple is like an intense love affair with a girl you really, really like," Jobs said the year after his ouster, "and then she decides to drop you and go out with someone who's not so neat."

Johnny Carson's rupture with his lawyer (and joke-butt) Henry "Bombastic" Bushkin was similarly a matter of business being business. The feud was over a number of matters, including Bushkin's unsuccessful investment schemes—a Spanish-language



TV station in Albuquerque, the DeLorean Motor Company, a bank that made loans to a mobster. Carson and Bushkin had been friends since 1970, when *The Tonight Show* was based in New York. Bushkin handled Carson's second divorce. When Carson moved to Burbank in 1972, so did Bushkin, and as Johnny's stature grew, so did his lawyer's. A final blow to the partnership was a doomed Houston land deal. "The sad thing is," says a staff member of *The Tonight Show*, "Johnny *liked* Bushkin. Johnny Carson can always get a new lawyer, but now he's lost one of his only close friends."

The most intriguingly Darwinian business feud of recent interest is the so-called Rat Wars between MCA/Universal and its rival, the Walt Disney Company. The centerpiece of the feud was a 40-acre plot of land in Burbank. Disney, whose icon, Mickey Mouse, has been called by MCA president Sidney Sheinberg "that ravenous rat," had bought the land to build a sort of mini-Disneyland, which would compete with the Universal Studio Tour, the second-largest tourist attraction in the L.A. area after . . . Disneyland. Disney reportedly offered to drop the project if Universal dropped its plans to build a Studio Tour clone near Walt Disney World in Florida. Disney denied the claim. ▸

WHEN FEUDS TURN PHYSICAL: *SPY*'S STAR-STUDDED MODERN HISTORY OF BRAWLING

BY JAMIE MALANOWSKI

Feuds occasionally erupt into actual fisticuffs—Norman Mailer bashing Gore Vidal, for example—though celebrated people who feud are seldom the sort of people who brawl. Sean Penn and the paparazzi he regularly decks aren't engaged in a passionate mutual loathing that lasts for years and involves heated, bitchy letters to *The New York Review of Books*; Mary McCarthy never pushed Lillian Hellman to the ground and slapped her silly. For many, the feud has eclipsed the brawl. Today it is far more acceptable to begrudge and belittle an enemy than to punch him.

When did America lose its taste for brawling? Fifty years ago everyone in the country brawled regularly, and everyone was pleased. Fights came in all varieties—swift punches in the nose, systematic maulings of pool hustlers and union organizers, full-fledged anarchic scrums modeled on barroom scenes from the *Destry* westerns. Maybe *all* the fights were modeled on the movies. There was hardly a hero who wasn't quick with his fists. Even relatively effete guys like Jimmy Stewart in *Mr. Smith Goes to Washington* or Gary Cooper in *Mr. Deeds Goes to Town* bop several antagonists.

When did times change? Maybe when we shifted to a postindustrial economy, America's workers lost the broad shoulders and hammy fists that help make brawling a plausible pastime. Maybe the revolution in sexual mores purged the national bloodstream of pent-up testosterone that had shortened tempers and turned us surly. Or perhaps the range of retaliatory options available to one's potential enemies has fostered self-control. No one wants to deliver an amiable pop in the snoot to someone who's been studying Tae Kwon Do or may be packing an Uzi.

Whatever the reasons, our tolerance for fisticuffs has ebbed. Gone are the days when *brawling* was a synonym for *rambunctious*. Now brawling signifies childishness or brutishness, even dementia. But though there has been a sea change in attitudes, there remains—happily for entertainment purposes—no shortage of amateur celebrity pugilists. Of course, most of them have been provoked.

CELEBRATED BRAWLER	LESS-CELEBRATED BRAWLER	PROVOCATION	THE BRAWL	THE UPSHOT
Variety columnist Army Archerd and his wife, Selma	Gucci customer	cigarette smoke	1976: at a fashion show at the Gucci boutique in Beverly Hills, Selma Archerd poured a drink on a fellow customer's cigarette; he poured a drink on her; Selma threw a glass at him; Army weighed in, cutting the man with a broken champagne glass	An innocent bystander was injured; the Archerds were each fined $375; Army lost honor when his toupee was stripped off in the fight
Marlon Brando	Ron Galella	being photographed with Dick Cavett in Chinatown	1973: Brando, making a rare public appearance and not wishing to explain why he was wasting it on Cavett, slugged the paparazzo	Galella suffered a broken jaw; Brando was hospitalized when his tooth-cut fist became infected
Great running back Jim Brown	motorist	dents	1970: Brown was tried for running his car at a motorist with whom he'd been involved in an accident	Star of *I'm Gonna Git You Sucka* was acquitted ⇢

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Disney chairman Michael Eisner and Sheinberg were once friends. But MCA has even financed and distributed anti-Disney junk mail, and Sheinberg has called Eisner "an egomaniac" who suffers from "a failure of character."

Restaurant feuds, like gossip feuds, are practically inherent in the nature of the business and thus rather common (the Carnegie Deli, for instance, and its recent fight with the Stage Deli), but the feud undertaken by Elaine Kaufman of Elaine's was played out elaborately. Elio Guaitolini, Elaine's former waiter-manager, defected to start his own successful eponymous restaurant. "He's a jerk," Kaufman told *New York* magazine. "He handed out his business card while he was a waiter here. I won't forgive that kind of dirty pool." Elio countered with the simply shocking accusation that Elaine never read any of her famous patrons' books. The Elaine-Elio feud rages on, sort of: Elaine frowns on discovering any of her pet habitués patronizing Elio's.

So This Is What a Flack Does: Show Biz Feuds

Feuds between individual performers are, not surprisingly, the most public disputes, the purest examples of self-promoted, Big Mouth feuds. When Joan Rivers feuds with Johnny Carson, she runs to *People* magazine to tell all. Gene Siskel and Roger Ebert love to blab about their antipathy for each other, how they feud constantly. Thousands of published words have been devoted to the feud between former Columbia Pictures head David Puttnam and Bill Cosby, producer Ray Stark and agent Michael Ovitz, the troika that helped make Puttnam's job untenable. When Letterman decides to pick on Gumbel, he takes a megaphone and interrupts a taping of *Today*. Gumbel refuses to forgive him, even though he knows that Steve Friedman, then *Today*'s producer, is complicit in the stunt. Instead, Gumbel rushes to tell *US*. "[Letterman and I] are not the dearest of friends," Gumbel confided. "I still think he's an asshole and many people interviewed by him think so, too. His sense of humor is horseshit and I feel sorry for him."

Less well-known is the feud that began festering between Sigourney Weaver and Meryl Streep when both were very earnest, very ambitious acting students at Yale School of Drama in the early 1970s. "It was an unspoken feud," says a classmate. "They gave Meryl all the roles and overworked her, and they wouldn't give Sigourney any parts, because they thought she was too eccentric and tall." They thought Weaver was eccentric because, for instance, she wore elf outfits that she sewed herself. "Sigourney and Meryl have never been friends," says a friend of both. "Sigourney has always been annoyed by Meryl's great-lady act."

Less-than-great actors feud, too. Eddie Murphy is on the outs with John Landis, the helicopter buff, director of *Trading Places* and *Coming to America*, and until last year a close friend. Apparently Murphy overheard Deborah Nadoolman, Landis's wife and the costume designer for *Coming to America*, making a racist remark after he had kept her waiting for more than an hour. Murphy grabbed Landis by the neck and demanded an apology. "I don't like him anymore," Murphy told *People*, "and he doesn't like me."

The most infamous Hollywood feud will in all likelihood never be patched up. The Jerry Lewis/Dean Martin falling-out is a feud that time does not heal. Indeed, like all great feuds, it has lasted longer than the preceding relationship—in their case, three times as long. Lewis and Martin met in 1946, introduced on the street by a mutual friend. They teamed up, became hugely popular and went to Hollywood. ▸

CELEBRATED BRAWLER	LESS-CELEBRATED BRAWLER	PROVOCATION	THE BRAWL	THE UPSHOT
Jim Brown again	two young women	unknown	1971: Brown was charged with beating the women and throwing them down a stairwell	Charges dismissed when the witnesses failed to show
Jim Brown again	golf pro Frank Snow	the placement of the ball	1977: on the ninth hole of a course in Inglewood, California, Brown punched and choked Snow, a friend, during a disagreement over the placement of a ball	Brown was convicted of a battery misdemeanor
Anne M. Burford, pudgy, disgraced Reagan EPA administrator	a jail guard	misplaced wrath at nagging Greenhouse Effect extremists	1985: after she and her husband were arrested on drinking charges, Burford reportedly kept screaming and banging her shoes on the bars of the cell; when a guard came to quiet her, Burford scratched her	Burford cleared of all charges due to "insufficient evidence"
Robert Conrad, loutish battery pitchman	Santa Claus	too much merry-making	1974: Conrad allegedly broke up a "Christmas in July" party in a cocktail lounge in Fort Lauderdale	Santa suffered a broken jaw, cracked ribs and a dislocated shoulder
Elvis Costello	Stephen Stills	maybe the guitar solo on "Wooden Ships"	1979: Costello provoked Stills by making racist remarks about Ray Charles and James Brown	Costello apologized but has never lived down his remarks
Tony Danza	a security guard	polite society	1984: the guard tried to quiet Danza and a friend, who were noisily eating dinner at the Mayflower Hotel; Danza beat up the guy	Danza convicted; admits, "I feel like a jerk"
Phil Donahue	a pro-nuke LaRouche supporter	the presentation to Marlo Thomas of an award from an anti-nuke group	1986: Donahue took exception when the nut, at La Guardia Airport, yelled, "Donahue and his wife ought to be murdered"; Donahue started swinging	New butch image didn't stop Oprah from making inroads
Rich "Goose" Gossage	Cliff Johnson	reports of invidious remarks about penis size can't be dismissed	1979: in the Yankees' shower room, Gossage tore ligaments in his thumb while swapping punches with mutton-headed backup catcher	Yanks lose any chance to become three-time champs
Nancy Kissinger	still another LaRoucheian lunatic	insults directed at the secret bomber of Cambodia	1982: Mrs. Kissinger either "reached out and touched the woman's throat lightly" or choked her	Henry dropped from the list of LaRouche's potential Cabinet members
Evil Knievel	a public-relations employee	Snake River Canyon jump regarded as failure	1977: Knievel beat the man with a baseball bat	Six months in jail ➳

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Exactly ten years from the day they began to work together, they busted up. Lewis felt Martin was distant and competitive. "You can talk about love all you want," Lewis has Martin saying in his book *Jerry Lewis in Person*. "To me, you're nothing but a dollar sign."

Lewis adopted a new theme song—"You'll Never Walk Alone"—but was in fact successful working alone, as was Martin. Lewis's best-known movie, *The Nutty Professor*, parodies Martin in the character of the slimy heartthrob, Buddy Love. The film, a masterpiece of feuder loathing, was called by one critic "one of the cruelest, nastiest, malice-aforethought swipes ever taken by one member of a broken-up partnership at the other."

Martin and Lewis didn't speak for years, and then, Labor Day 1976, the one man who could make the impossible happen made the impossible happen: Frank Sinatra brought them together during the annual Jerry Lewis Telethon. "I have a friend backstage who wants to say hello," Sinatra said coyly, and out walked Dean.

After the show, Lewis wrote Martin a letter and had it delivered to his hotel. There was no reply. Weeks passed and Lewis sent another letter, this time enclosing money—a $20 gold piece with his telethon symbol embossed on one side, a "love inscription" on the other. Still no response. The following August, Lewis called Martin in Las Vegas and left a message. He had a mutual friend tell Martin that he was invited back on the telethon. "I'll come and meet Jerry at the Sahara at four o'clock," Dean said.

"I'm still waiting," writes Jerry, as a nation mourns.

My Kid Couldn't Do *That*: Art Feuds

Feuds in the artistic community—architecture, painting, dance—seem rather self-conscious, as if feuding were a way of increasing one's chances for immortality. There are refreshing exceptions—Gelsey Kirkland may be angry at the entire ballet community for turning her into a perfection-crazed, anorexic cocaine addict, but she is particularly miffed (and the feeling is mutual) with New York City Ballet star Heather Watts for her viselike hold on their then mutual boyfriend, Peter Martins. (And the circle is unbroken: Martins is elaborately pursuing his own feud with *New Yorker* dance critic Arlene Croce.) When Heather tells poor Gelsey that Peter says "making love to you was like masturbating," it sends her into a rage that is anything but self-conscious.

Painters and architects aren't nearly that sentimental. Architects Richard Meier and Peter Eisenman conducted a Boys-Will-Be-Boys feud for years, as have Eisenman and Michael Graves. Eisenman, by many accounts, is a true, omni-feuding loon. During one of his Oedipal feuds with architectural historian Colin Rowe, Eisenman changed the locks on the doors of his Institute for Architecture and Urban Studies, trapping students inside. "He was my daddy," Eisenman says of Rowe, "and you have to kill your daddy." One of his few former clients (Eisenman has managed to build only ten of his user-unfriendly buildings) follows him around to lectures to heckle him. "Eisenman and Robert A. M. Stern were, for a while, a feuding road show," says the ex-colleague. "They would show up at [design] juries at architecture schools and insult each other in front of the students." Eisenman considers himself to be actively feuding with critic Paul Goldberger, historian Vincent Scully and architect Robert Venturi.

"It is . . . fiction that artists, except at certain points, are really friends," says David Salle, an Immortality feuder. Robert Rauschenberg and Jasper Johns do not speak, although they once were roommates and collaborators. Pollock and De Kooning battled it out, although Pollock liked to mix it up with nearly anyone. ▸

CELEBRATED BRAWLER	LESS-CELEBRATED BRAWLER	PROVOCATION	THE BRAWL	THE UPSHOT
Swifty Lazar 	Otto Preminger 	film rights to *In Cold Blood*	1967: when a discussion between the two grew heated, there occurred, as Lazar's lawyer put it during the course of a guilty plea, "a collision between the head of Mr. Preminger and a glass in the hand of the defendant"	The collision took 50 stitches to close
Norman Mailer	a Provincetown policeman nicknamed Cobra	detention	1960: arrested for disorderly conduct, Mailer knocked down one of the officers arresting him; Mailer was in turn subdued by the nightstick of another officer	Mailer defended himself and was acquitted
Norman Mailer again 	George Plimpton 	low turnout	1960: a week after being arrested for disorderly conduct at Birdland, Mailer threw a party to explore running for mayor. Outside his apartment, Mailer scolded Plimpton because the important people Plimpton was supposed to bring hadn't come; Mailer hit Plimpton in the face with a rolled-up length of newspaper	Then . . .
Norman Mailer again	Adele Mailer	honesty	. . . Mailer, who was inebriated, disheveled and bleeding from the mouth, went upstairs to his apartment, where his wife commented, probably acidly, on his appearance; so he stabbed her with a kitchen knife	Three-year suspended sentence
Juan Marichal, at bat for the Giants 	Dodgers catcher John Roseboro	funny finger signals	1965: Marichal whacked the apparently silent Roseboro over the head twice with his bat	Nine-day suspension
Jackie Mason	unknown assailant	none 	1967: Mason says he was sitting in his car at 5:00 a.m. with his date when the door opened and "a tremendous fist started raining blows on my face"	Mason now does Honda commercials, doesn't mention the incident
Robert S. McNamara, former big shot	a resident of Martha's Vineyard	McNamara's prissiness	1972: McNamara subdued a man who attacked him because he had purchased beachfront property that was a haven for local nudists	No charges
Brent Musburger	Jimmy "the Greek" Snyder	Phyllis George	1980: the Greek, upset that airtime was being taken from him and given to the future star of *The CBS Morning News*, slugged Musburger at a New York saloon	Musburger kept his cool, knowing that sooner or later Snyder would self-destruct
Ryan O'Neal 	Griffin O'Neal 	Griffin's quaalude use	1983: Ryan, who as a young man served 51 days on a battery conviction, offered an example of tough love by knocking out Griffin's two front teeth	They took a hot-tub bath together ➳

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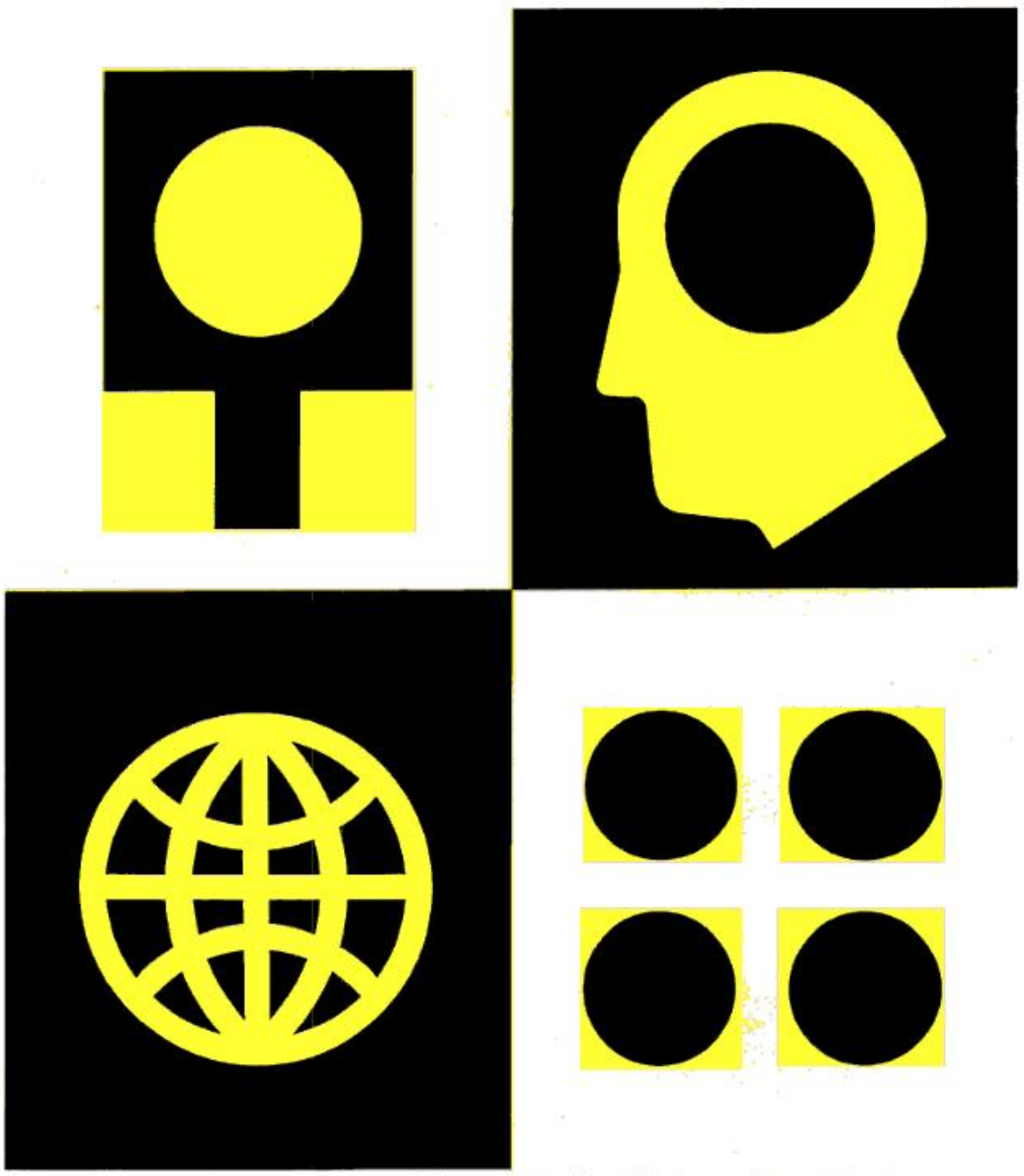
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AT BATTERY PARK CITY IT'S MORE NEW YORK NEW YORK

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In 1981 David Salle, who hated Robert Longo's work (which is large and figurative and deals with important themes such as sex, death and religion), set fire to a record cover Longo had made for downtown guitarist-composer Glenn Branca. Salle and Longo stopped speaking. Julian Schnabel (whose work is large and figurative and deals with important themes such as sex, death and religion) and Salle were great pals, but their relationship, which was always a bit tense, soured when Salle (whose work is large and figurative and deals with important themes such as sex, death and religion) became as successful as Schnabel. Schnabel always despised Eric Fischl (whose work is large and figurative and deals with important themes such as sex, death and religion) and posed for a photograph in front of one of Fischl's paintings; he was bare-chested in the photo, and the explanation, according to Fischl, was that "[Julian] told me he thought the men [in my paintings] were so poorly painted . . . that he was trying to show me what *real men* looked like." Says Longo of the dormant Salle-Fischl feud, "I think they're friends now because Eric's work makes David's work look real good in comparison."

Schnabel has become something of an omni-feuder in his quest for immortality, or the main chance, whichever comes first. He left his first dealer and matron saint, Mary Boone, and her godfather, dealer Leo Castelli, and signed with the Pace Gallery. Both Boone and Castelli were furious. "He's arrogant and imbued with self-importance," Castelli fumed (although the description might fit almost any successful painter). "I don't want to see him again."

Feuding has become passé in the art world. The new hotshots—the buttoned-down Neo-Geos—realized early on that they would have more success if they conspired in the packaging of themselves as a neat movement. They actually named themselves and maintain a seemly solidarity. The Neo-Geos aren't likely to engage in an Immortality feud for a while. They're too busy being sold.

No Comment: Political Feuds

Politics is, essentially, the art of ritualized Boys-Will-Be-Boys feuding: two parties, two points of view; someone wins, someone loses. There are, of course, exceptions—the New York firemen regularly feud with the New York police, and Nancy Reagan has had feuds with at least half a dozen senior members of her husband's White House staff—but most true political feuds are relatively clean: politicians are *supposed* to feud. That's democracy.

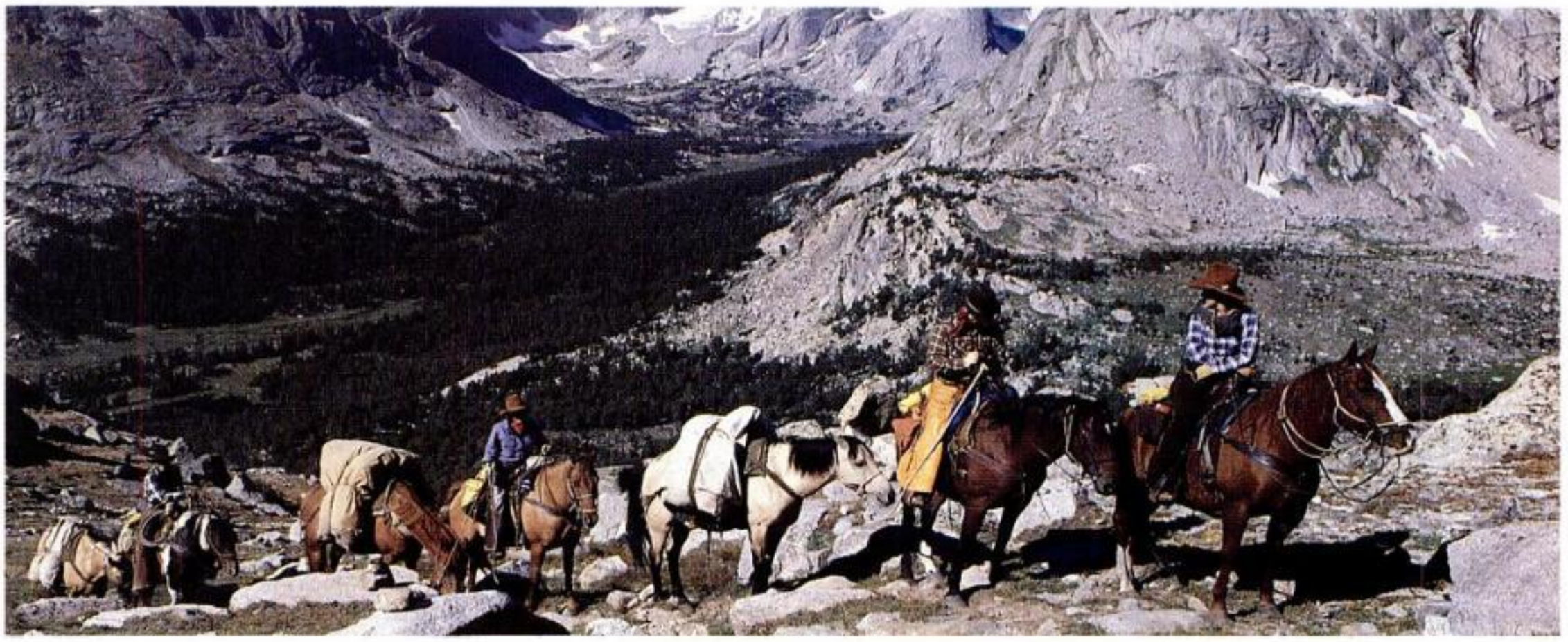
But there are always those who are too eager to feud, who take resentments and revenge-seeking over the top—like omni-feuders Ed Koch, New York's wanker-mayor, and Pat Caddell, the Rasputinesque Democratic political strategist. Caddell is one of those rare people whom hundreds of Washington bigwigs enjoy seeing wounded. The preternaturally energetic Caddell has guided the political careers of George McGovern, Walter Mondale, Joe Biden and Gary Hart. Many former colleagues now loathe him. But Caddell is resilient. "I'll be back," he told *GQ* this year. "I'm going back to . . . the real world so I can lead the revolution—I'm going to take a blowtorch and burn right through them. *I am not done.*"

Equally confident of his own resilience is Koch, who has had dozens of running feuds, including his wars with *The Village Voice*, with Donald Trump ("piggy, piggy, piggy," Koch called him; "moron," Trump called him back), with Jesse Jackson and, in the past, with Jimmy Carter and Mario Cuomo. Most recently, Koch has been feuding with city comptroller Harrison J. Goldin, a shady Gradgrind who is an appropriately repellent nemesis for Koch. The feud started when Koch went to great pains to correct—but not retract—a quote describing Goldin that he had given to ▸

CELEBRATED BRAWLER	LESS-CELEBRATED BRAWLER	PROVOCATION	THE BRAWL	THE UPSHOT
Sean Penn 	British journalists in Nashville	getting his picture taken	1985: Penn threw a rock at a photographer, camera-whipped him and punched a reporter	$100 fine and 90-day suspended sentence
Sean Penn again	an old friend of Madonna's	the guy's kissing her cheek	1986: Penn hit the man with fists, feet and chair	$1,000 fine, year's probation
Sean Penn again 	a movie extra who was taking pictures	Penn maybe feeling that still cameras rob him of his spirit	1987: Penn spit on the man, who spit back; Penn then attacked, coming back three times after the crew had pulled him off	Served 33 days of a 60-day sentence
Johnny Ramone	musician Seth Macklin	jealousy	1983: Ramone got violent upon spotting his girlfriend with Macklin outside Ramone's apartment	Ramone sustained a fractured skull
the Rockland County Conservative Party	the Rockland County Conservative Party	election of a new party chairman	1980: violations of party bylaws turned the meeting, held in the Boom Boom Room of the Flamboyant Steakhouse and Show Lounge in Nyack, into a chair-swinging melee	Bloody noses and threats to sue were exchanged
Frank Sinatra 	columnist Lee Mortimer	a point of accuracy	1947: while Sinatra's soldiers held the 120-pound columnist, who had accused Sinatra of associating with hoodlums, Sinatra effectively rebutted the charge by punching him	Everybody believed Frank, everybody
Frank Sinatra again 	Fred Weisman, art collector and former president of Hunt Foods	anti-Semitic loud-mouthing	1966: at a dinner in the Polo Lounge to celebrate Dean Martin's birthday, Weisman asked Sinatra, from whose table Weisman overheard anti-Semitic remarks, to be quiet; Sinatra fractured Weisman's skull with a telephone	Weisman declined to press charges, allegedly on the advice of anonymous phone callers
Frank Sinatra once more	Shelley Winters	technique 	Early 1950s: on the set of *Meet Danny Wilson*, Winters twice objected to Sinatra's boorish behavior by slugging him and walking off the set	She returned only when Nancy Sinatra begged her to
the Marchi faction of the Staten Island GOP	the Molinari faction of the Staten Island GOP	whether the new county chairman would be a Bush loyalist	1987: for two hours people on the podium and in the audience cursed at and pushed one another. When singing "God Bless America" failed to restore order, police were called	One lawyer was arrested
George Steinbrenner 	an elevator	the honor of New York	1981: Steinbrenner claims he got into a fight during the World Series with insulting Dodgers fans in an elevator in L.A.; the general assumption is that Steinbrenner just punched the elevator in frustration	The Yanks have not been back to the Series since ☮

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HORSE SENSE & UNCOMMON WISDOM



Adventurous I was. How responsible I couldn't say. But what to lose?

I sent them a check and found myself at the foot of the Winds with eight others, seven of us who, someplace under our Stetsons, harbored a dream of riding the range. We wanted to learn about the day-to-day realities of moving gear through the mountains during hunting and fishing trips.

And best of all, I could have a scabbard under my left leg and a faraway look in my eye. I could wear a broadbrimmed hat and slim boots. I could be a cowboy. . . .

An uncommon sense of adventure, an appreciation for good writing, and a love of the outdoors are what draws so many readers to us.

After watching Phil's step-by-step demonstration, I brushed Curly, a bay gelding, put on a couple of saddle pads, sorted out the breast collar, latigoes and britches of my packsaddle, and managed to tighten its cinches. Then I raised a pannier to his withers. He looked me in the eye.

"Easy, Curly, easy big fella," I said, as I tried to hook the pannier loop over the sawbuck. Curly moved away, and as I tried to lean closer, he brought his hoof down squarely on my foot.

Curly weighed 1200 pounds. I pushed him with my shoulder. I tried to yank my foot from under his hoof, I couldn't budge it. I did the instinctual. I let go with one hand and I roundhoused Curly in the gut. He raised his hoof.

The next morning Phil and Dale showed us how to tie packhorses together using a short, breakable cord. In this way you can lead more than a single animal, and if it spooks, the string will come apart without one horse hurting another.

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Sorted out, we headed across the Pop Agie and up to Lizard Head Meadows where we could see the Cirque of the Towers, that wonderful ampitheatre of jagged peaks that lies above Lonesome Lake. The September sky had a few wispy cirrus clouds, and the sun was warm enough so we could take off our shirts. After making camp we caught cutthroats from the river and a small oxbow lake.

Having a real need for information and a passion for testing their limits are what makes Sports Afield readers what they are.

The horizon seemed brightly lit, curved and calling and I shoved my rifle in its scabbard and jumped on "Fish". I think he sensed the moment, for I only dug my heels into him once and lightly. He galloped across the ridgetop, his shadow tail streaming. He galloped so it felt as if his hooves weren't touching the ground. He galloped a long way as the sun stood balanced on the Tetons.

To turn dreams into reality, words and pictures aren't enough. So Sports Afield readers buy and spend more.

Sometimes horsepacking turned exciting. But most of the time it was just easy fun, touched by the nostalgia that seems to hover over this corner of the West. As I rode I thought of the men who had crisscrossed northwestern Wyoming before the word *cowboy* had been coined—John Colter, Jim Bridger, Jedediah Smith. The mountain men. This was their country. . . . From "Dreamin' Cowboy", by Ted Kerasote. Sports Afield, 8/87



SPORTS AFIELD

Join The Adventure.

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a reporter. "I did not say, 'He's our Ed Meese,' " Koch said. What he *did* say is that Goldin is "not worthy of applause . . . [but] he's not venal." Goldin countered by calling Koch "a very mean man. . . . My wife says, 'Just think how lonely he is, friends who are not really friends but sycophants. Nobody who really loves him.' "

Koch claims the feud began when he refused to reappoint Goldin's brother to the city Board of Higher Education. Goldin claims it stems from a dispute over a South Bronx redevelopment. In any case, it may become formalized soon: Goldin is thinking of running against Koch for mayor next year.

" 'I Hate You,' I Wrote": Press Feuds

Media feuds are primarily Big Mouth: people who are supposed to be the *reporters* of resentful rumor and hurtful fact about others become instead the subjects of unflattering news. For example, Bob Woodward's feud with former CIA director William Casey's widow, Sophia, received more coverage than the particulars of CIA operations he claimed to have revealed in *Veil*.

Woodward, however, has never been an innocent victim; he eagerly participated in the press-fest. But then that sort of overheated, did-not-did-so media attention is familiar to Woodward: he's feuded with most of his major subjects, including the friends and family of John Belushi, and, of course, Richard Nixon. Woodward and Carl Bernstein, although great pals now, feuded briefly after they finished *The Final Days*. Woodward reportedly felt that Bernstein had not done his fair share of work on the book and declined to collaborate with him on *The Brethren*. That feud, too, made the papers.

As did the Big Mouth feuds between Kitty Kelley and Frank Sinatra; the feud between Sally Quinn and Tina Brown (over a bad book review of the former published by the latter) and between *Vogue* editor Anna Wintour and Brown; the feud between CBS Sports announcer Brent Musburger and former CBS Sports announcer Jimmy "the Greek" Snyder; and the ongoing feud between Picasso biographers Arianna Stassinopoulos Huffington and John Richardson. Richardson seems especially prone to newspaper-column feuds. When *Women's Wear Daily* obtained an early draft of Dominick Dunne's roman à clef *People Like Us*, the paper attempted to identify the real people on whom the characters in the book were based. Richardson was identified as a character named Cecil Mordunt. Richardson, who was a close friend of Dunne's, threw a fit. The character was cut from the book. "The truth is, that [eliminating Mordunt] irritated John Richardson even more," says a friend of Dunne's. "He and Nick no longer speak."

John Fairchild, Fairchild Publications' publisher, an omnifeuder, began his career at *Women's Wear Daily* with a feud: he made his name by fighting couturiers' bans on press previews. Fairchild disguised reporters as messengers and had them spy and sketch as many of the designs as they could spot.

Fairchild's flair for feuding quickly got the better of him; he began to exercise his power erratically. Fairchild has had feuds with James Brady, Giorgio Armani, Azzedine Alaïa, James Galanos, Yves Saint Laurent, Perry Ellis and Bill Blass—perhaps a dozen major feuds in all, most of which will never be resolved. Some are silly: Pauline Trigère believes she was banned by Fairchild when she criticized *WWD* for calling long skirts "longuettes."

A Fairchild feud may mean that a designer's collection will not be reviewed in *WWD* or, as with Saint Laurent in 1987, reviewed on page 12, which is almost more of an insult than not being reviewed at all. According to the *Times*, after the buried review Saint Laurent temporarily barred *WWD* from its shows.

Fairchild has been feuding with Geoffrey Beene since 1967, when he refused to show *WWD* sketches of his wedding gown for Lynda Bird Johnson. (Mollie Parnis was similarly banned by Fairchild when she refused to show them an advance sketch of an ▸

WHERE ALL FEUDS BEGAN: *THE DICK CAVETT SHOW*

Mailer and Vidal, McCarthy and Hellman, Crist and Reed—feuders need a venue, a place where they can squirt vitriol on each other before a national audience. The feuders' house organ may be the Letters pages of *The New York Review of Books*, but the video home away from home for America's feuders (John Simon! Lester Maddox!) was *The Dick Cavett Show*, in both its ABC and PBS incarnations. "We would try and predict fireworks. An air of menace makes for a good talk show," says Cavett, who acted as a kind of fake-neutral provocateur.

For all of Cavett's admirable efforts to stir up full-fledged feuds, his efforts sometimes resulted in mere abortive flare-ups—interesting, but not feuds. For instance, when Lester Maddox, Truman Capote and Jim Brown (whom the governor confused with soul singer James Brown) were booked on one show, the conversation was expected to grow heated. "Maddox walked off that show," Cavett recalls. John Simon told *Love Story* author Erich Segal that he "had a choice of either being a knave or a fool, and you seem to have opted for both." Unfortunately, Segal took Simon's remarks in stride.

The best *Cavett* feuds varied in intensity and entertainment value from the goofy (film critic Judith Crist attacked fellow critic Rex Reed for appearing in *Myra Breckinridge*; he insulted her feminine hygiene deodorant ads — "I went back on the show and more or less called him a fag," Crist says now) to the savage (Mary McCarthy's denunciation of Lillian Hellman). "The McCarthy remark was very much an afterthought," recalls Cavett. "I asked her, in the last minutes of the show, if she knew of any overrated writers, and she said, 'Yes. Lillian Hellman.' "

Mailer and Vidal first took their act to Cavett's stage in 1971. Vidal had written an essay in *The New York Review of Books* deriding Mailer's *Prisoner of Sex* and claiming there was a direct link from Henry Miller to Norman Mailer to Charles Manson—"M3 for short."

"Mailer walked onto the show like a pugilist," says Cavett. "He refused to shake hands with Vidal and accused [Vidal] of calling him a 'hugely Raskolnikovian figure.' At one point Mailer said, 'Everyone here is smaller than I am.' I said, 'What do you mean?' He said, 'Smaller intellectually.' I said, 'Do you want another chair to contain your giant intellect?'"

Mailer and Vidal made a return appearance, of a sort, in 1979. "We had taped a show with Vidal," says producer Christopher Porterfield. "And Vidal was so harsh and nasty on the subject of Mailer, we thought we should show Mailer what Vidal had to say."



They showed Mailer the Vidal tape and he "was just steaming," Porterfield says. "You thought he might square off and deck somebody." He immediately brought in his lawyer. They insisted on a "two-headed show," says Porterfield. "First Vidal's show and then Mailer's response, with any additional remarks made by Cavett to be approved by Mailer."

Unfortunately, the result was anticlimactic. Mailer had calmed down considerably by the time of the taping.

For his part, Cavett was annoyed when Vidal and Mailer were reunited, à la Dean and Jerry, at the PEN conference a few years ago. "I was in the audience," recalls Cavett. "You'd think they would have asked me to host that." —*L.H.*

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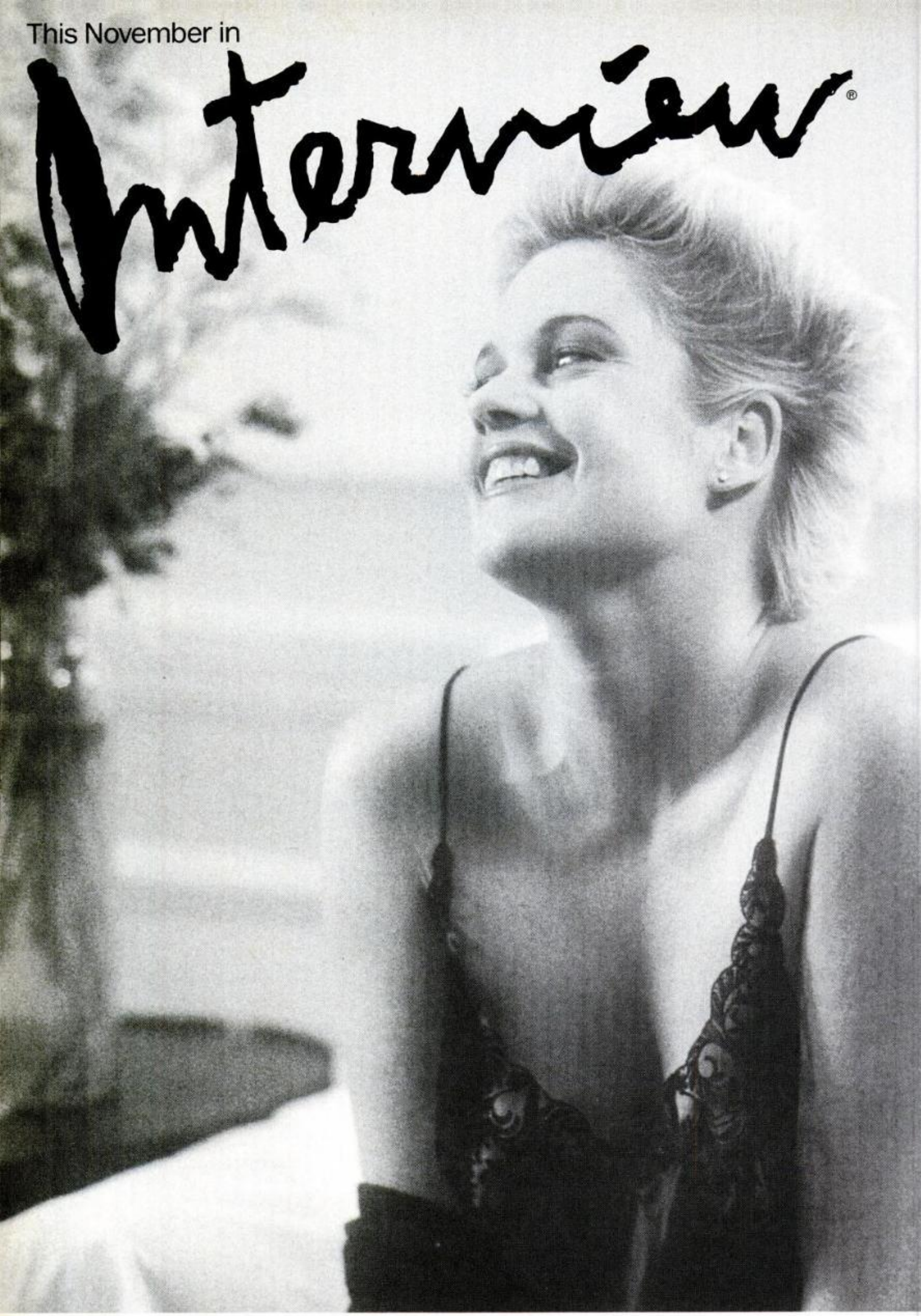
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WHERE OLD CHELSEA COMES OF AGE

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This November in

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Melanie Griffith photographed by Paul Jasmin.

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Bob Gottlieb
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Richard Severo
Tina Brown
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Gelsey Kirkland
Anna Wintour
Michael Roberts
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Abe Rosenthal
Anne Bass
Arlene Croce
Sydney Schanberg ↔ Alfonse D'Amato
David Begelman
Taylor Hackford
Mary McCarthy
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The Mob
Debra Winger ↔ Ray Stark
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Westway
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Fidel Castro
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Bernie Brillstein
Bill Cosby
The Village Voice
Jimmy Breslin
William Casey/ Sophia Casey
Renata Adler ↔ Vanity Fair/GQ
The Supreme Court
Mario Cuomo ↔ Ed Koch
Koch's chefs
Pauline Kael
Adler's landlords
Bryant Gumbel
Bob Woodward
Blaine Trump ↔ Ivana/Donald Trump
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William Westmoreland
Paul Goldberger
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Harvard boys ↔ George Bush
Cohn's creditors
Al Haig ↔ Nancy Reagan
John Cardinal O'Connor
Mailer's ex-wives
Gloria Steinem
Lyndon Baines Johnson
Caspar Weinberger
Roy Cohn
George Plimpton
Germaine Greer
Raisa Gorbachev
George Shultz
Mike Deaver
Robert F. Kennedy ↔ Jimmy Hoffa
William F. Buckley
Pat Buchanan ↔ Howard Baker
Gays ↔ Norman Mailer
J. Edgar Hoover ↔ Martin Luther King Jr.
Drugs
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Note: red type denotes omni-feuders.

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outfit she had designed for Lady Bird.) Beene and Fairchild made up, but they fell out again when Beene introduced a women's perfume—according to Beene, Fairchild thought the perfume ad Beene bought in *W* was insultingly small. Beene and Fairchild reconciled, but they started feuding again when Beene allowed his house to be photographed by *Architectural Digest* rather than by *W*. Again they patched things up, but in 1984 *WWD* sent a new editor to the Beene showroom and the designer wouldn't let her see his new line. Beene was itching to be unreasonable. "I have never invited them [to a show] since," Beene says after four separate outbreaks and three separate truces over two decades. "I don't respect the periodical anymore."

My Book's Bigger: Literary Feuds

Literary feuds tend to be, at least ostensibly, earnest disputes over "truth," which is somewhat more subjective than the question of advertising revenue. For instance, Mary McCarthy challenged Lillian Hellman, in their famous feud, by saying on *The Dick Cavett Show* (see "Where All Feuds Began: *The Dick Cavett Show*," p. 80) in 1980 that Hellman was "a bad writer, overrated, a dishonest writer" and that "every word she writes is a lie, including 'and' and 'the.' "

This feud might have vanished without a trace, as did the almost-feud between Renata Adler and Pauline Kael that threatened when Adler wrote in *The New York Review of Books* that Kael's writing was "jarringly, piece by piece, line by line, and without interruption, worthless." But Kael, alas, stopped the war short by saying she was sorry Adler didn't like her work, and that was that. Not Hellman. She sued McCarthy for $2.25 million but died before the case could go to trial. "I was disappointed when she died," McCarthy says. "I wanted it to go to trial."

Gore Vidal believes, with apparent sincerity, that all his many feuds—with Truman Capote, with Norman Mailer, with Norman Podhoretz, with William F. Buckley Jr., with Robert Kennedy, to name a few—are, like McCarthy's, based on a "puritan moralist's interest in the truth." He feels his feuds are "political, rather than personal. The only collisions that occur in my life are political."

Sure. Let's begin with Capote. Capote, who had his own share of feuds with competitors (Carson McCullers said he was stealing her work) and friends (the grandes dames of New York society found his story "La Côte Basque" a bit too close to the bone), claimed in an interview with *Playgirl* that Vidal had been thrown out of the Kennedy White House. Vidal sued. The novelist John Knowles has written that the feud was based on "unrequited passion. Truman had felt a strong attraction to Gore which was not reciprocated." The crack about being evicted from the White House was the last straw. "Suing was a very extreme gesture," Vidal says. "But lying is very much admired in New York, and I was brought up to tell the truth."

Vidal effectively won the case—it was settled out of court when Capote wrote a letter to Vidal saying he had lied. With Mailer, the feud was again ostensibly over politics—the women's movement. "I objected to Mailer's *Prisoner of Sex*," says Vidal.

This may or may not be true. Mailer had nailed Vidal early on by saying he "lacks the wound," a phrase that haunted Vidal, and they had words on *The Dick Cavett Show* in 1971, but Vidal and Mailer finally came to blows at a party at Lally Weymouth's. First, according to Vidal, they exchanged very, very witty banter—Mailer: "Gore, you look like an old Jew." Vidal: "*You* look like an old Jew, too"—and then Mailer threw the contents of his glass at Vidal and punched him softly in the face. Vidal pushed back and Mailer went stumbling onto another guest. Mailer asked Vidal to "come outside," and Howard Austen, Vidal's aide and companion, screamed, "You flea! Get out, you fucking asshole loser, you fucking asshole *loser*."

And that was it; Mailer retreated. "Once again," Vidal said when the reporters called, "words failed him [Mailer]." Vidal says now, "I often have the last word. That's my vice, I suppose." It is, of course, the implicit goal of every serious feuder.

Vidal feuded with *Commentary* editor Norman Podhoretz over Israel (he accused Podhoretz of being more interested in the destiny of Israel than the destiny of the United States, and Podhoretz called him an anti-Semite); he feuded with Bobby Kennedy over Vidal's supposed disloyalty to Jack and the clan; he feuded with Bob Guccione Sr. over the making of *Caligula*; and he feuded with Buckley—Vidal: "[You're] a pro-crypto Nazi." Buckley: "Now listen, you queer. Stop calling me a crypto-Nazi or I'll sock you in your goddamn face"—on ABC-TV. Lawsuits and countersuits followed, but Vidal settled out of court.

All of these feuds, mind you, were *strictly political*. "When you say *feud*, that means there is a bad feeling personally," Vidal says. "But I have no feelings about these other people. When it comes to these matters, I just follow the advice of my grandfather, Senator Gore. He would say, 'When someone treats you badly, turn the other cheek and time will pass. Then, suddenly, they will put their neck on the block—and then, *pow*!' That's the school of Gore." ❦

The Feuding System

Feuds And More Feuds: A Spectator's Guide

Janet Malcolm vs. Jeffrey Masson
Marty Peretz vs. Hamilton Fish III
George F. Will vs. *The Washingtonian*
Richard Burt vs. Richard Perle
Thomas Griscom vs. Kenneth Duberstein
Queen Elizabeth vs. Princess Michael of Kent
John Lennon vs. Paul McCartney
Sydney Pollack vs. Dustin Hoffman
Ulu Grosbard vs. Dustin Hoffman
Adidas vs. Puma
Red Sox vs. Yankees
Ross Perot vs. Roger Smith
Sir James Goldsmith vs. *Private Eye*
Joni Evans vs. Dick Snyder
Thomas Hoving vs. John Walsh
John Simon vs. women less pretty than himself
Jason McManus vs. Ray Cave
Carlos Fuentes vs. Octavio Paz
Frank Pierson vs. Barbra Streisand
Robert Morgenthau vs. Rudolph Giuliani
Irving Kristol vs. Philip Roth
Dorothy Parker vs. Clare Boothe Luce
Jimmy Carter vs. Ted Kennedy
Hamilton Fish Sr. vs. Hamilton Fish III
Henry Fairlie vs. Alexander Cockburn

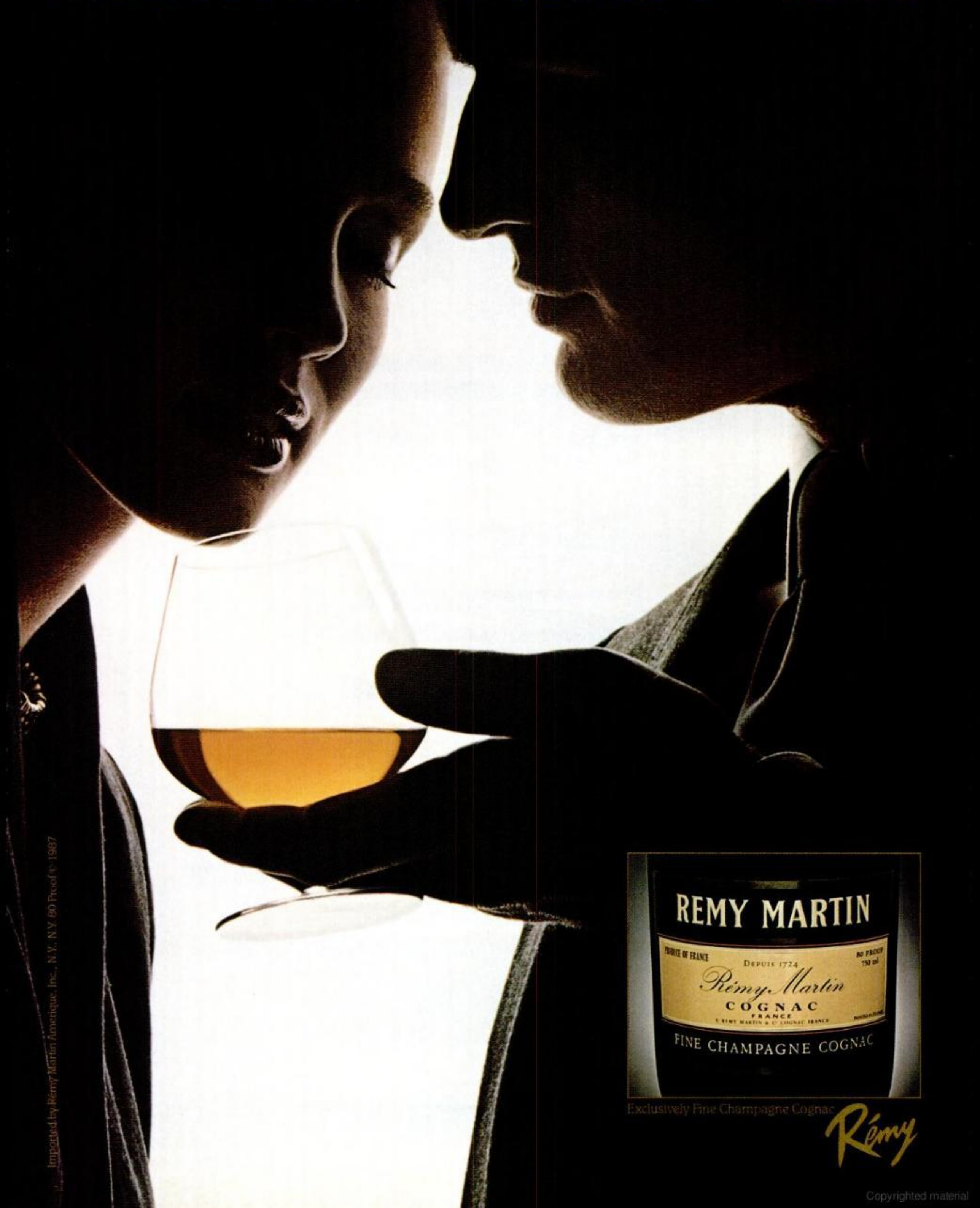
Future Feuds

We Give Them Ten Years . . .

Michael Kinsley vs. Marty Peretz
Carl Navarre vs. Gary Fisketjon
Jay McInerney vs. Bret Easton Ellis
Joan Rivers vs. Melissa Rosenberg
Jackie Collins vs. Joan Collins
Yoram Globus vs. Menahem Golan
Don Simpson vs. Jerry Bruckheimer
Christie Hefner vs. Kimberley Conrad
Cynthia Heimel vs. Emily Prager
Tina Brown vs. Annie Leibovitz
Jane Amsterdam vs. Peter Price
Dan Rather vs. Howard Stringer
Nora Ephron vs. Sally Quinn
Jon Landau vs. Dave Marsh
Donald Trump vs. Alexander Cooper
Donald Trump vs. Tony Schwartz
Susan Estrich vs. John Sasso
Nancy Lemann vs. Mona Simpson
Kirk Varnedoe vs. William Rubin
Alton Maddox Jr. vs. C. Vernon Mason
Gregory Mosher vs. Bernard Gersten
Frank Cashen vs. Davey Johnson
Clay Felker vs. Herb Lipson
Madonna vs. Sandra Bernhard
Eddie Murphy vs. Arsenio Hall

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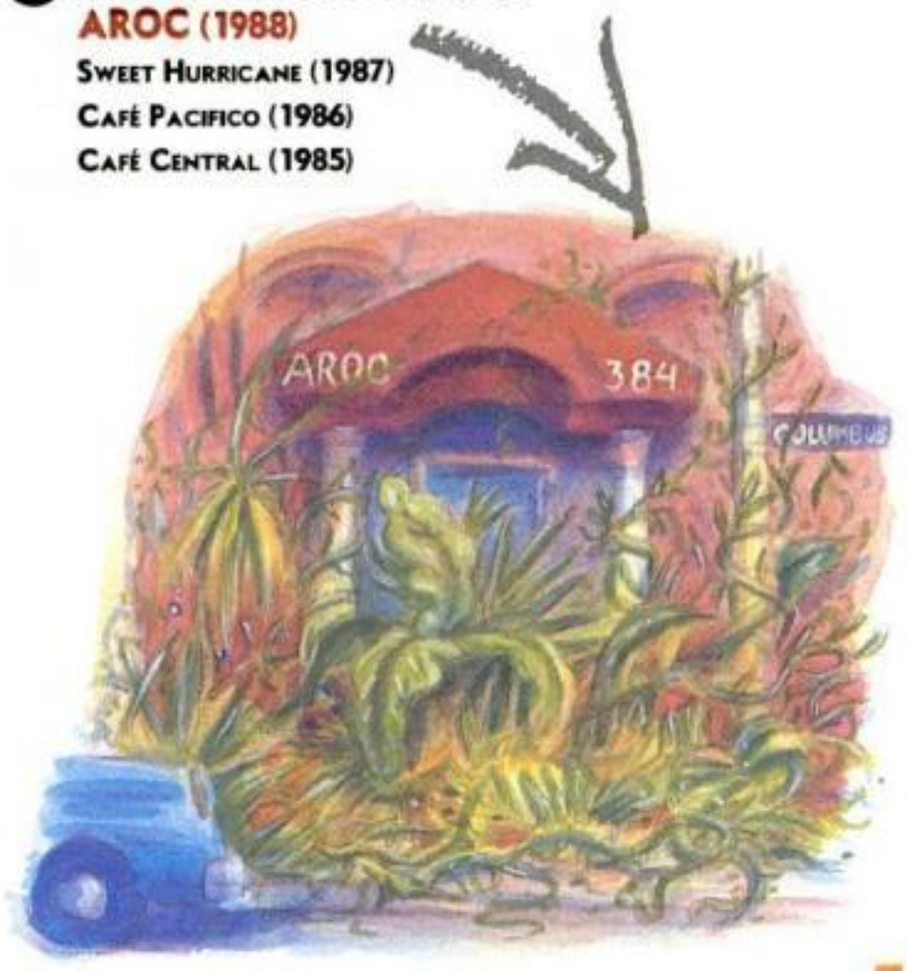
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WEST SIDE

4 384 COLUMBUS AVENUE

AROC (1988)
SWEET HURRICANE (1987)
CAFÉ PACIFICO (1986)
CAFÉ CENTRAL (1985)



5 359 COLUMBUS AVENUE

ISABELLA'S (1988)
BUD'S (1987)
PAUL K'S (1986)
CYRANOS RESTAURANT (1985)
NIKKI & KELLY (1984)

6 2160 BROADWAY

THE ALAMEDA (1988)
EAST WEST RESTAURANT (1985)
JOANNS PLACE (1985)
JIM GANNONS RESTAURANT (1982)

7 1900 BROADWAY

(4 occupants in 16 years)
HOULIHAN'S
THE DUCK JOINT
AUNT FISH
LA QUICHE



MIDTOWN

UP TOWN

New York reinvents itself every 15 years, so the saying goes; it's part of the urban ecology. Just as surely as the maples in Central Park turn from yellow to grimier yellow in autumn and the poodles on Madison shed their winter coats in spring, somewhere in Manhattan, on some spectacularly doomed piece of real estate, urban evolution has gone into warp-speed. On that high-priced plot of land, a onetime margarita joint is trading in its new Cajun theme for Chino-Latino, or a wine bar that used to be a sushi place is in the throes of becoming a CD store. To be sure, fashion plays a part in these protean transformations, but location is key. These are the Bermuda Triangles of the Manhattan streetscape: addresses that, spookily, have housed an inordinate share of businesses in very few years—many of them not located on Columbus Avenue. Cross your fingers, touch wood and follow BOB MACK and JOHN BRODIE into the realm of commercial Manhattan's

LINKED LOCATIONS

EAST SIDE

1 1497 THIRD AVENUE

(6 occupants in 9 years)
SAN PATRICIO CANTINA •
BECKETT'S
OREN'S
OREN'S PLACE
OREN AND ARETSKY'S
SHAMROCK BAR & RESTAURANT

2 1420 THIRD AVENUE

EAST JAPANESE RESTAURANT (1988)
EAST THE TOWN TST (1984)
GEORGE MARTINS (1984)
ALL IRELAND CAFÉ (1975)

3 1007 LEXINGTON AVENUE

HULOT'S (1988)
ELIZABETH'S (1986)
CAMP DAVID (1981)

MIDTOWN

12 175 MADISON AVENUE

SAMARAAT INDIAN RESTAURANT (1988)
DINE-O-MAT (1985)
RADIO CITY GROCER (1984)

13 700 FIFTH AVENUE

THE PENINSULA HOTEL (as of 12/88)
HOTEL MAXIM'S DE PARIS (1988)
MAXIM'S DE PARIS HOTEL (1987—never opened)
NOVA PARK NEW YORK (1985—never opened)
NOVA PARK GOTHAM (1983—never opened)
GOTHAM HOTEL (1979)

14 175 THIRD AVENUE

SHANGHAI RESTAURANT (1988)
FATBURGER (1987)
ST. GEORGE'S THRIFT (1986)

15 377 FIRST AVENUE

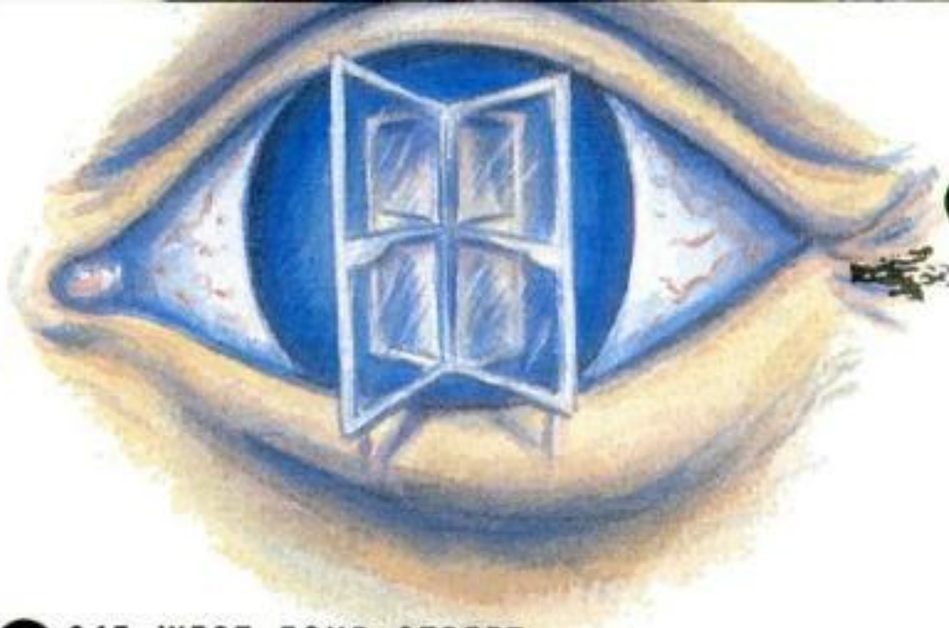
CHIRPING CHICKEN (1988)
CHICKEN CHATEAU (1987)
CANDY NUT HOUSE (1985)
PERFECT CONFECTIONARY (1979)

16 135 THIRD AVENUE

HOME ON THE RANGE (1988)
SAPPHIRE RESTAURANT (1986)
BLUE HAWAII (1981)
PADDY'S BLUE SEA (1979)



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8 60 WEST 53RD STREET
(4 occupants in 8 years)
CHINA GRILL
THE ROSE
AMERICAN CHARCUTERIE
THE GROUND FLOOR



9 245 WEST 52ND STREET
THE VIRGINIA THEATER
SPOOKILY EMPTY (10/88)
RECENTLY HOME TO:
Carrie (5/12/88-5/15/88)
The Mikado (4/2/87-5/3/87)
Wild Honey (12/18/86-1/11/87)
Execution of Justice (3/13/86-3/22/86)

10 1271 AVENUE OF THE AMERICAS
THE TIME-LIFE BUILDING,
FORMERLY HOME TO:
Picture Week
Home Office
Quality
Leisure
New York • New Jersey • Connecticut Real Estate
TV Cable Week
Life
Architectural Forum
Entertainment Weekly



DOWNTOWN

17 189 SECOND AVENUE
SPOOKILY EMPTY (1988)
2ND AVENUE THEATER (1987)
ENTERMEDIA THEATER (1985)
12TH STREET CINEMA (1977)

18 ONE UNIVERSITY PLACE
THE HORN & HARDART DINE-O-MAT (1988)
REVOLUTION (1986)
ONE U (1985)
CHINESE CHANCE (1984)

19 145 SECOND AVENUE
SPOOKILY EMPTY (1988)
STEVE'S ICE CREAM (1987)
ORCHIDIA ITALIAN RESTAURANT (1984)



DOWNTOWN

20 11 BARROW STREET
ROSOLIO RISTORANTE (1988)
LA TOQUE (1987)
BARROW ST. JAPANESE RESTAURANT (1986)
SANDOLINO RESTAURANT (1985)
SANDOLINO DELI (1984)

21 519 HUDSON STREET
SPOOKILY EMPTY (1988)
WOK ON HUDSON (1988)
KEY CAFÉ (1987)
MARK ON HUDSON (1986)
VILLAGE STRIPPER (1984)
YANKEE PEDDLER (1984)
HOUSE OF TREASURES (1977)

22 63 CARMINE STREET
CAFÉ ESPAÑOL TAPAS AND BAR (1988)
RESTAURANT (1987)
LE MONDE (1986)
LA FROMAGERIE (1984)
A. GOODMAN FURNITURE (1981)
CARMINE STREET GENERAL STORE (1979)



23 86 SECOND AVENUE
SPOOKILY EMPTY (1988)
BAD BAR (1987)
CAREFUL EASTSIDE (1987)
MISTER LEATHER (1981)
MISTER LEATHER SPECIALTY CARE INC. (1977)
SUEDED MAGIC (1977)
UNITED SUEDE LABS (1977)



• *Establishments in red type are current, thriving occupants. Dates in parentheses indicate approximately the last year a business was in operation at the stated address.*

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AMERICA. THE LAND WHERE MAN'S ULTI- MATE FEAR IS TO BE THOUGHT A LOSER. YET IN ONE SMALL CORNER OF OUR GREAT NATION THE NATIVES SEEM TO THRIVE  ON FINANCIAL LOSS. AND, INEXPLICABLY, IT IS THE PLACE WHERE MONEY IS EVERYTHING— HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA, THE HOME, AS ROD GRANGER AND DORIS TOUMARKINE HAVE DISCOVERED, OF FILMMAKERS WHO GO ON AND ON MAKING EXPENSIVE FLOPS, APPARENTLY STIGMA-FREE, IMMUNE, UNPUNISHED, ACADEMY-AWARDED. HOME OF . . .

THE UNS





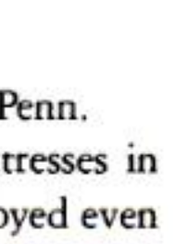


Money supposedly talks in Hollywood. Nowhere is success at the bottom line worshiped more extravagantly. Or so we have always thought.

On closer inspection, there is a uniquely Hollywood corollary to that phenomenon, which suggests that nothing, save actual success, succeeds like failure. How else to explain the ongoing employability of certain movie people (directors, actors, producers) who, despite atrocious financial track records—track records that would be the shame of Wall Street—are still off and running up costs?

In any other world—the world, say, of Jack Warner and Carl Laemmle and Harry Cohn—studio heads would be standing in line for the opportunity to inflict pain and humiliation on these money-losers. The movie business of today marches to a loopier beat, handing out deals as if they were drugstore coupons. To sustain a career in film, it matters not so much what your movies earn but *how much they cost*—or, more precisely, *that they were made at all*. A *good* track record is desirable, of course, but any track record will do; a filmmaker's most important tools are the posters of past productions that hang prominently in his or her office. Hollywood may not forget, but it does forgive any failure—as long as it was big-league. Time after time, Hollywood has been likened to a snake pit or a den of thieves; in fact, it's a city of perpetual-motion machines. To moviegoers and mechanical engineers, this notion may be unsettling, but at least it suggests a reason for the continuing presence in our lives  of people like Burt Reynolds, Diane Keaton and Sean Penn.

All of the producers, directors, actors and actresses in the following catalog remain respected and employed even though most of them have shown a tendency to lose studios the kind of money normally associated with Pentagon budgets under Republican administrations. Still, they are people who have the power to get movies made. (Some of them may have enjoyed great success in the 1970s, but remember, we're talking about an industry in which *Pee-wee's Big Adventure* is ancient history.) The charts total the budgets and the studios' takes of box office grosses of all the Unstoppables' films since 1980, and then show the net loss for the decade. We've calculated the returns on the money invested in each Unstoppable; and for a comparison, we've figured out how much that money could have earned had a studio more prudently invested it in a Christmas/Chanukah club account at the Dime Savings Bank of Williamsburg, Brooklyn, with its steady-as-she-goes 4½ percent interest rate.



While one man's underachiever may be another man's *auteur*, the issue here is not artistic merit but *profitability*. After all, isn't crass commercialism supposed to be the reason why most American movies stink? We think it's nice that Meryl Streep remains able to get work. But why, *if not for profit*, allow the careers of John Carpenter and Michael Cimino to continue? If you're going to lose big money anyway, why not lose it on unusual, distinctive talents? Why feed Hollywood's living dead?

THE TOTE BOARD

Robert De Niro
-$89,308,673

Mickey Rourke
-$67,021,089

Michael Cimino
-$65,490,718

Warren Beatty
-$58,600,000

Kris Kristofferson
-$54,502,420

Burt Reynolds
-$49,150,275

Diane Keaton
-$47,768,846

Faye Dunaway
-$43,101,776

John Byrum
-$29,690,588

Woody Allen
-$29,673,692

Richard Gere
-$27,238,896

Ryan O'Neal
-$24,312,569

Meryl Streep
-$23,926,760

Alan Rudolph
-$21,943,957

Sean Penn
-$18,490,266

Barbra Streisand
-$18,400,000

Nicolas Roeg
-$16,806,603

Michael Winner
-$13,511,081

John Carpenter
-$6,746,034

Matt Dillon
-$3,397,514

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Some notes on the charts:

TV movies aren't included here. Nor are documentaries, concert films or films in which the subject has a minor role.



Budget figures don't include the increasingly enormous sums of money a studio spends to market a film, which can sometimes equal half the production budget—and, in the case of last summer's Willow, *reached an astonishing $26 million.*

The rental figures reflect U.S. theatrical *rentals, rentals being that portion (usually 40-50 percent) of the box office gross that theater owners return to distributors. The rental figure suggests the degree of public acceptance but is not a measure of a film's ultimate profitability. Ancillary markets (home video, pay TV and so on) have become significant revenue sources.*



Definitive budget and rental figures are as hard to come by as an inexpensive Malibu sublet. (Sometimes, due to creative bookkeeping practices, even a film's principals can't get an accurate accounting.) So when talking movie budgets and profits, there is frequently no safety in numbers, and some figures are best-estimates. In the interest of fairness, when confronted with discrepancies we always resolved them to the benefit of the Unstoppable.

Because most films are in release for months, we were unable to come up with final rental figures for recent releases such as Robert De Niro's Midnight Run *and Kris Kristofferson's* Big Top Pee-wee, *and have therefore not included these films in our tallies.*

The interest on the hypothetical Dime Bank Christmas/Chanukah club investments was compounded quarterly, based on a 4 1/2 percent annual rate—just as it could have been for MGM/UA had its production people felt the slightest bit of responsibility to its stockholders.



The salary figures are educated estimates, based on a canvass of film industry professionals. They don't include producing fees and box-office gross percentages.

UNSTOPPABLES





WOODY ALLEN

director/writer/actor

TITLE	ESTIMATED BUDGET	ESTIMATED RENTAL
September (director/writer only; Orion, 1987)	$10,000,000	$161,919
Radio Days (director/writer only; Orion, 1987)	16,000,000	6,442,262
Hannah and Her Sisters (Orion, 1986)	9,000,000	18,200,000
The Purple Rose of Cairo (director/writer only; Orion, 1985)	13,000,000	5,075,014
Broadway Danny Rose (Orion, 1984)	8,000,000	5,356,114
Zelig (Warners/Orion, 1983)	6,500,000	6,500,000
A Midsummer Night's Sex Comedy (Orion, 1982)	7,000,000	3,999,999*
Stardust Memories (UA, 1980)	10,000,000	4,091,000
total	$79,500,000	$49,826,308

Actual Net Earnings:
−$29,673,692
Return on Investment: −37.33%
Christmas Club Net Earnings:
$13,570,075

Current Salary per Movie: $1,000,000
Next Project: Untitled project about an unhappy college professor, with Gena Rowlands, John Houseman, Mia Farrow

*Films' rentals were too low for *Variety*'s All-Time Film Rental Champs listing, whose cut-off figure is $4 million; unable to find the exact figures, we've given these films the benefit of the doubt and credited them with receipts of $3,999,999.



WARREN BEATTY

producer/director/actor

TITLE	ESTIMATED BUDGET	ESTIMATED RENTAL
The Pick-Up Artist (producer only; Fox, 1987)	$13,000,000	$6,000,000
Ishtar (producer/star/songwriter only; Columbia, 1987)	45,000,000	7,400,000
Reds (Paramount, 1981)	35,000,000	21,000,000
total	$93,000,000	$34,400,000

Actual Net Earnings:
−$58,600,000
Return on Investment: −63.01%
Christmas Club Net Earnings:
$15,542,394

Current Salary per Movie:
$3,000,000–$5,000,000
Next Project: Dick Tracy, *with Beatty directing and starring*

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JOHN BYRUM
director

TITLE	ESTIMATED BUDGET	ESTIMATED RENTAL
The Whoopee Boys (Paramount, 1986)	$8,000,000	$177,899
The Razor's Edge (Columbia, 1984)	13,000,000	2,620,795
Scandalous (co-screenwriter only; Hemdale, 1984)	5,000,000	210,722
Cutter's Way, aka *Cutter and Bone* (screenwriter only; UA, 1981)	5,000,000	3,999,999*
Sphinx (screenwriter only; Orion, 1981)	10,200,000	3,999,999*
Heart Beat (Orion, 1980)	3,500,000	3,999,999*
total	$44,700,000	$15,009,412

Actual Net Earnings: −$29,690,588
Return on Investment: −66.42%
Christmas Club Net Earnings: $11,384,843
Current Salary per Movie: $400,000
Next Project: The War at Home, *about Edie Sedgwick*

JOHN CARPENTER
director

TITLE	ESTIMATED BUDGET	ESTIMATED RENTAL
Prince of Darkness (Universal, 1987)	$5,000,000	$5,891,131
Big Trouble in Little China (Fox, 1986)	20,000,000	6,000,000
Black Moon Rising (co-screenwriter only, based on his story; New World, 1986)	7,000,000	2,655,026
Starman (Columbia, 1984)	22,500,000	13,600,000
Christine (Columbia, 1983)	10,000,000	9,254,662
Halloween III: Season of the Witch (co-producer only; Universal, 1983)	4,600,000	7,313,024
The Thing (Universal, 1982)	15,000,000	9,800,000
Halloween II (co-screenwriter only; Universal, 1981)	2,500,000	11,919,617
Escape From New York (Embassy, 1981)	7,000,000	11,715,393
The Fog (Avco Embassy, 1980)	1,200,000	9,905,113
total	$94,800,000	$88,053,966

Actual Net Earnings: −$6,746,034
Return on Investment: −7.12%
Christmas Club Net Earnings: $19,475,195
Current Salary per Movie: $400,000–$500,000
Next Project: They Live: *aliens infiltrate the media*

MICHAEL CIMINO
director

TITLE	ESTIMATED BUDGET	ESTIMATED RENTAL
The Sicilian (Fox, 1987)	$18,000,000	$2,500,000
Year of the Dragon (MGM/UA, 1985)	24,000,000	7,700,000
Heaven's Gate (UA, 1980)	35,190,718	1,500,000
total	$77,190,718	$11,700,000

Actual Net Earnings: −$65,490,718
Return on Investment: −84.84%
Christmas Club Net Earnings: $19,436,676
Current Salary per Movie: $900,000–$1,000,000
Next Project: not available



ROBERT DE NIRO
actor

TITLE	ESTIMATED BUDGET	ESTIMATED RENTAL
Angel Heart (Tri-Star, 1987)	$18,000,000	$6,500,000
The Untouchables (Paramount, 1987)	24,000,000	36,900,000
The Mission (Warners, 1986)	24,500,000	8,300,000
Brazil (Universal, 1985)	15,000,000	4,300,000
Falling in Love (Paramount, 1984)	12,000,000	5,799,000
Once Upon a Time in America (Warners, 1984)	30,000,000	2,500,000
The King of Comedy (Fox, 1983)	19,000,000	1,200,000
True Confessions (MGM/UA, 1981)	10,500,000	5,092,327
Raging Bull (UA, 1980)	17,000,000	10,100,000
total	$170,000,000	$80,691,327



Actual Net Earnings: −$89,308,673
Return on Investment: −52.53%
Christmas Club Net Earnings: $30,573,552
Current Salary per Movie: $3,000,000–$5,000,000
Next Project: Jacknife, *with Ed Harris: two vets come to terms with 'Nam*

MATT DILLON
actor

TITLE	ESTIMATED BUDGET	ESTIMATED RENTAL
The Big Town (Vestron, 1987)	$11,000,000	$693,207
Rebel (Vestron, 1986)	5,000,000	3,000,000
Target (CBS, 1985)	11,500,000	3,609,280
The Flamingo Kid (Fox, 1984)	10,000,000	11,600,000
Rumble Fish (Zoetrope, 1983)	10,000,000	3,999,999*
The Outsiders (Warners, 1983)	10,000,000	12,300,000
Tex (Buena Vista, 1982)	5,300,000	3,999,999*
Liar's Moon (Crown International, 1981)	3,200,000	3,999,999*
My Bodyguard (Fox, 1980)	4,000,000	10,700,000
Little Darlings (Paramount, 1980)	4,000,000	16,700,000
total	$74,000,000	$70,602,484

Actual Net Earnings: −$3,397,516
Return on Investment: −4.59%
Christmas Club Net Earnings: $15,865,352
Current Salary per Movie: $600,000
Next Project: Bloodhounds of Broadway, *with Madonna, Rutger Hauer (release postponed)*

FAYE DUNAWAY
actress

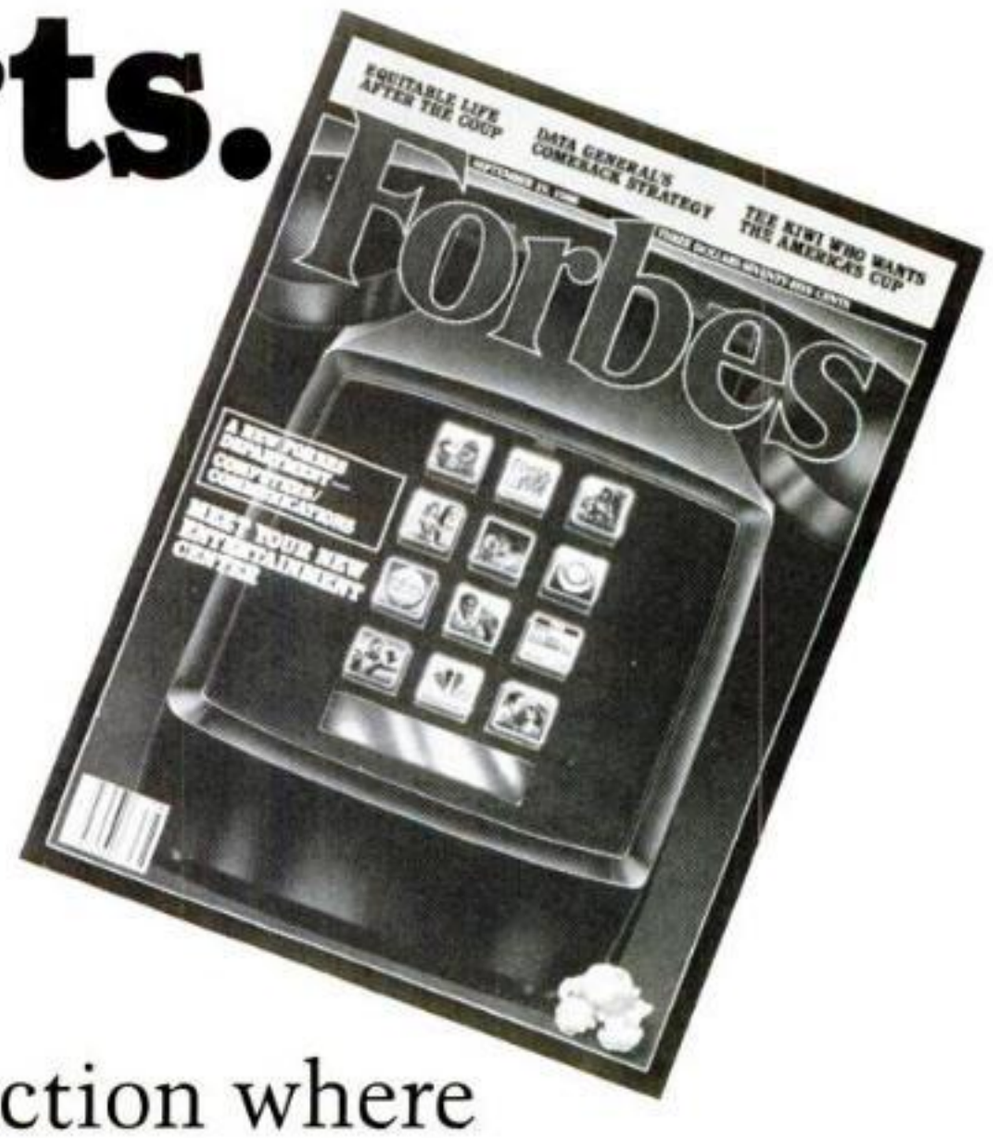
TITLE	ESTIMATED BUDGET	ESTIMATED RENTAL
Barfly (Warners, 1987)	$3,000,000	$1,220,447
Ordeal by Innocence (Cannon, 1984)	4,000,000	1,077,778
Supergirl (Tri-Star, 1984)	30,000,000	6,000,000
The Wicked Lady (Cannon, 1983)	12,000,000	3,000,000
Mommie Dearest (Paramount, 1981)	10,000,000	8,600,000
The First Deadly Sin (Filmways, 1980)	8,000,000	3,999,999*
total	$67,000,000	$23,898,224

Actual Net Earnings: −$43,101,776
Return on Investment: −64.33%
Christmas Club Net Earnings: $16,947,226
Current Salary per Movie: $750,000–$1,000,000
Next Project: The Gamble, *with Klaus Maria Brandauer: love blossoms in nineteenth-century Europe*



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Black boxes are too important to be left to the experts.



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RICHARD GERE

actor

TITLE	ESTIMATED BUDGET	ESTIMATED RENTAL
No Mercy (Tri-Star, 1986)	$14,000,000	$7,000,000
Power (Lorimar/Fox, 1986)	14,000,000	1,700,000
King David (Paramount, 1985)	22,000,000	2,500,000
The Cotton Club (Orion, 1984)	51,000,000	12,900,000
Beyond the Limit (Paramount, 1983)	11,800,000	3,999,999*
Breathless (Orion, 1983)	7,500,000	10,238,104
An Officer and a Gentleman (Paramount, 1982)	7,000,000	55,223,000
American Gigolo (Paramount, 1980)	5,000,000	11,500,000
total	$132,300,000	$105,061,103

Actual Net Earnings: −$27,238,897
Return on Investment: −20.59%
Christmas Club Net Earnings: $24,947,248
Current Salary per Movie: $2,000,000–$3,000,000
Next Project: not available



DIANE KEATON

actress

TITLE	ESTIMATED BUDGET	ESTIMATED RENTAL
Baby Boom (MGM/UA, 1987)	$12,000,000	$10,000,000
Heaven (director only; Island, 1987)	1,000,000	31,154
Crimes of the Heart (De Laurentiis, 1986)	9,000,000	10,000,000
The Little Drummer Girl (Warners, 1984)	15,000,000	3,500,000
Mrs. Soffel (MGM/UA, 1984)	14,000,000	1,700,000
Shoot the Moon (MGM/UA, 1982)	12,000,000	3,999,999*
Reds (Paramount, 1981)	35,000,000	21,000,000
total	$98,000,000	$50,231,153

Actual Net Earnings: −$47,768,847
Return on Investment: −48.74%
Christmas Club Net Income: $23,712,773
Current Salary per Movie: $1,000,000–$3,000,000
Next Project: The Good Mother, *directed by Leonard Nimoy: lurid custody battle*

KRIS KRISTOFFERSON

actor

TITLE	ESTIMATED BUDGET	ESTIMATED RENTAL
Trouble in Mind (Alive, 1985)	$2,800,000	$3,999,999*
Flashpoint (Tri-Star, 1984)	10,000,000	1,541,933
Songwriter (Tri-Star, 1984)	8,600,000	346,366
Rollover (Warners, 1981)	12,000,000	6,700,000
Heaven's Gate (UA, 1980)	35,190,718	1,500,000
total	$68,590,718	$14,088,298

Actual Net Earnings: −$54,502,420
Return on Investment: −79.46%
Christmas Club Net Earnings: $23,630,851
Current Salary per Movie: $600,000
Next Project: Welcome Home: *an MIA returns from 'Nam*



RYAN O'NEAL

actor

TITLE	ESTIMATED BUDGET	ESTIMATED RENTAL
Tough Guys Don't Dance (Cannon, 1987)	$5,000,000	$343,300
Fever Pitch (MGM/UA, 1985)	7,000,000	244,133
Irreconcilable Differences (Warners, 1984)	6,000,000	5,700,000
Partners (Titan, 1982)	5,500,000	3,999,999*
Green Ice (ITC, 1981)	10,000,000	3,999,999*
So Fine (Warners, 1981)	10,000,000	4,900,000
total	$43,500,000	$19,187,431

Actual Net Earnings: −$24,312,569
Return on Investment: −55.89%
Christmas Club Net Earnings: $11,471,388
Current Salary per Movie: $750,000
Next Project: Chances Are, *with Cybill Shepherd, Robert Downey Jr.: dead husband comes back as daughter's boyfriend*

SEAN PENN

actor

TITLE	ESTIMATED BUDGET	ESTIMATED RENTAL
Judgment in Berlin (New Line, 1988)	$6,000,000	$87,372
Colors (Orion, 1988)	10,000,000	19,603,019
Shanghai Surprise (HandMade, 1986)	11,000,000	921,407
At Close Range (Orion, 1986)	7,000,000	938,800
The Falcon and the Snowman (Orion, 1985)	12,000,000	7,720,166
Crackers (Universal, 1984)	12,000,000	3,999,999*
Racing With the Moon (Paramount, 1984)	6,500,000	2,153,902
Bad Boys (EMI, 1983)	5,200,000	5,503,127
Fast Times at Ridgemont High (Universal, 1982)	9,000,000	15,781,942
Taps (Fox, 1981)	17,000,000	20,500,000
total	$95,700,000	$77,209,734

Actual Net Earnings: −$18,490,266
Return on Investment: −19.32%
Christmas Club Net Earnings: $17,379,433
Current Salary per Movie: $1,000,000
Next Project: Casualties of War, *with Michael J. Fox, directed by Brian De Palma: Fox is a vet haunted by memories of 'Nam*

BURT REYNOLDS

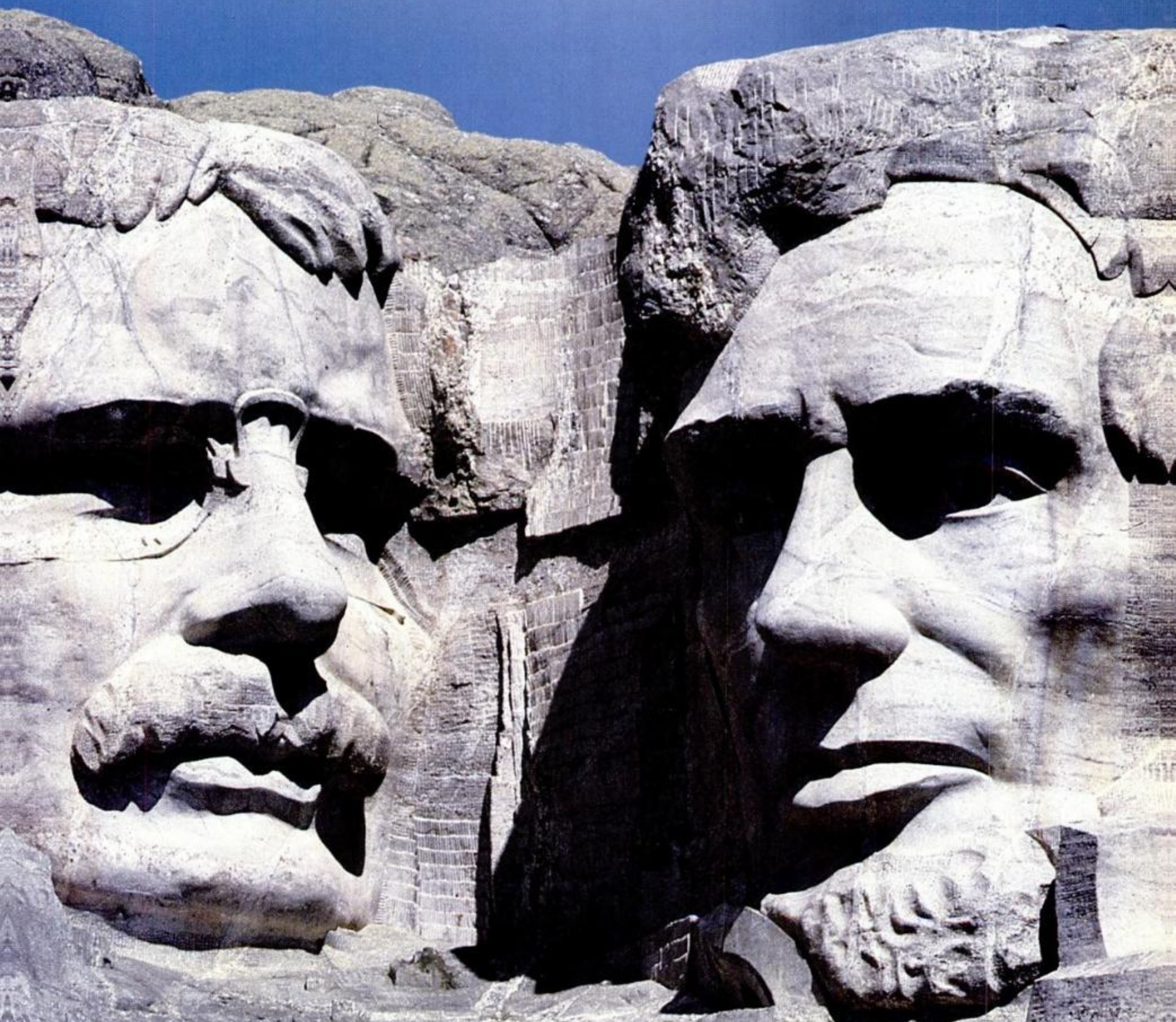
actor

TITLE	ESTIMATED BUDGET	ESTIMATED RENTAL
Switching Channels (Tri-Star, 1988)	$15,000,000	$3,269,449
Rent-A-Cop (Kings Road, 1988)	16,000,000	117,730
Malone (Orion, 1987)	10,000,000	551,078
Heat (New Century/Vista, 1987)	12,000,000	1,000,000
Stick (Universal, 1985)	22,000,000	3,400,000
City Heat (Warners, 1984)	25,000,000	21,000,000
Cannonball Run II (Warners, 1984)	18,000,000	14,400,000
The Man Who Loved Women (Columbia, 1983)	19,000,000	4,800,000
Smokey and the Bandit 3 (Universal, 1983)	9,000,000	3,999,999*
Stroker Ace (Universal, 1983)	14,000,000	8,900,000
Best Friends (Warners, 1982)	19,000,000	19,000,000
The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas (Universal, 1982)	35,000,000	47,300,000
The Cannonball Run (Fox, 1981)	18,000,000	36,800,000
Paternity (Paramount, 1981)	9,000,000	8,500,000
Sharky's Machine (Orion, 1981)	17,500,000	18,400,000



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"He'll be up here with us some day.
And he drinks Johnnie Walker."



Good taste is always an asset.

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Rough Cut (Paramount, 1980)	14,000,000	10,000,000
Smokey and the Bandit II (Universal, 1980)	17,000,000	38,911,468
total	$289,500,000	$240,349,724

Actual Net Earnings: −$49,150,276
Return on Investment: −16.98%
Christmas Club Net Earnings: $69,531,889

Current Salary per Movie: $1,000,000–$2,000,000
Next Project: Physical Evidence, *with Theresa Russell, Ned Beatty*

NICOLAS ROEG
director

TITLE	ESTIMATED BUDGET	ESTIMATED RENTAL
Castaway (Cannon, 1987)	$7,000,000	$193,400
Insignificance (Island Alive, 1985)	6,000,000	3,999,999*
Eureka (MGM/UA Classics, 1981)	11,000,000	3,999,999*
Bad Timing: A Sensual Obsession (Rank, 1980)	5,000,000	3,999,999*
total	$29,000,000	$12,193,397



Actual Net Earnings: −$16,806,603
Return on Investment: −57.95%
Christmas Club Net Earnings: $7,387,385

Current Salary per Movie: $4,000,000–$5,000,000
Next Project: The Witches, *produced by Jim Henson, from a book by Roald Dahl*

MICKEY ROURKE
actor

TITLE	ESTIMATED BUDGET	ESTIMATED RENTAL
Barfly (Warners, 1987)	3,000,000	1,220,447
A Prayer for the Dying (Goldwyn, 1987)	6,000,000	568,569
Angel Heart (Tri-Star, 1987)	18,000,000	6,500,000
9½ Weeks (MGM/UA, 1986)	17,000,000	2,500,000
Year of the Dragon (MGM/UA, 1985)	24,000,000	7,700,000
The Pope of Greenwich Village (MGM/UA, 1984)	8,000,000	2,563,566
Rumble Fish (Zoetrope, 1983)	10,000,000	3,999,999*
Diner (MGM/UA, 1982)	5,000,000	5,569,000
Eureka (MGM/UA, Classics, 1981)	11,000,000	3,999,999*
Body Heat (Warners, 1981)	9,000,000	11,500,000
total	$111,000,000	$46,121,580

Actual Net Earnings: −$64,878,420
Return on Investment: −58.45%
Christmas Club Net Earnings: $19,264,077

Current Salary per Movie: $1,000,000
Next Project: Homeboy, *with Christopher Walken: aging boxer plots last fight (released in France, no U.S. distributor)*

ALAN RUDOLPH
director

TITLE	ESTIMATED BUDGET	ESTIMATED RENTAL
The Moderns (Alive, 1988)	$3,700,000	$580,543
Made in Heaven (Lorimar, 1987)	13,000,000	1,829,138
Trouble in Mind (Alive, 1985)	2,800,000	3,999,999*
Songwriter (Tri-Star, 1984)	8,600,000	346,366
Choose Me (Island, 1984)	900,000	3,999,999*
Endangered Species (MGM, 1982)	7,000,000	3,999,999*
Roadie (UA, 1980)	4,700,000	3,999,999*
total	$40,700,000	$18,756,043



Actual Net Earnings: −$21,943,957
Return on Investment: −53.92%
Christmas Club Net Earnings: $7,044,357

Current Salary per Movie: $400,000
Next Project: Currently trying to find a deal for The Far Side

MERYL STREEP
actress

TITLE	ESTIMATED BUDGET	ESTIMATED RENTAL
Ironweed (Tri-Star, 1987)	$27,000,000	$2,774,296
Heartburn (Paramount, 1986)	20,000,000	11,800,000
Out of Africa (Universal, 1985)	30,000,000	43,000,000
Plenty (Fox, 1985)	10,000,000	2,441,685
Falling in Love (Paramount, 1984)	12,000,000	5,799,000
Silkwood (Fox, 1983)	10,000,000	17,825,000
Sophie's Choice (Universal/Associated Film Distrib., 1982)	10,000,000	14,200,260
Still of the Night (MGM/UA, 1982)	10,000,000	3,999,999*
The French Lieutenant's Woman (MGM/UA, 1981)	8,000,000	11,233,000
total	$137,000,000	$113,073,240

Actual Net Earnings: −$15,926,760
Return on Investment: −12.35%
Christmas Club Net Earnings: $22,836,235

Current Salary per Movie: $3,000,000–$4,000,000
Next Project: A Cry in the Dark, *directed by Fred Schepisi: about an Australian woman accused of murder*



BARBRA STREISAND
actress

TITLE	ESTIMATED BUDGET	ESTIMATED RENTAL
Nuts (producer/star; Warners, 1987)	$25,000,000	$15,000,000
Yentl (director/star; MGM/UA, 1983)	18,000,000	19,700,000
All Night Long (Universal, 1981)	14,000,000	3,900,000
total	$57,000,000	$38,600,000

Actual Net Earnings: −$18,400,000
Return on Investment: −32.28%
Christmas Club Net Earnings: $10,816,665

Current Salary per Movie: $4,000,000–$6,000,000
Next Project: not available

MICHAEL WINNER
director

TITLE	ESTIMATED BUDGET	ESTIMATED RENTAL
Appointment With Death (Cannon, 1988)	$6,000,000	$3,999,999*
Death Wish 3 (Cannon, 1985)	10,000,000	6,446,675
Scream for Help (Lorimar, 1984)	3,000,000	3,999,999*
The Wicked Lady (Cannon, 1983)	12,000,000	3,999,999*
Death Wish II (Filmways, 1982)	10,000,000	9,042,247
total	$41,000,000	$27,488,919

Actual Net Earnings: −$13,511,081
Return on Investment: −32.95%
Christmas Club Net Earnings: $8,120,458

Current Salary per Movie: $500,000–$600,000
Next Project: A Chorus of Disapproval, *with Anthony Hopkins, Jeremy Irons*



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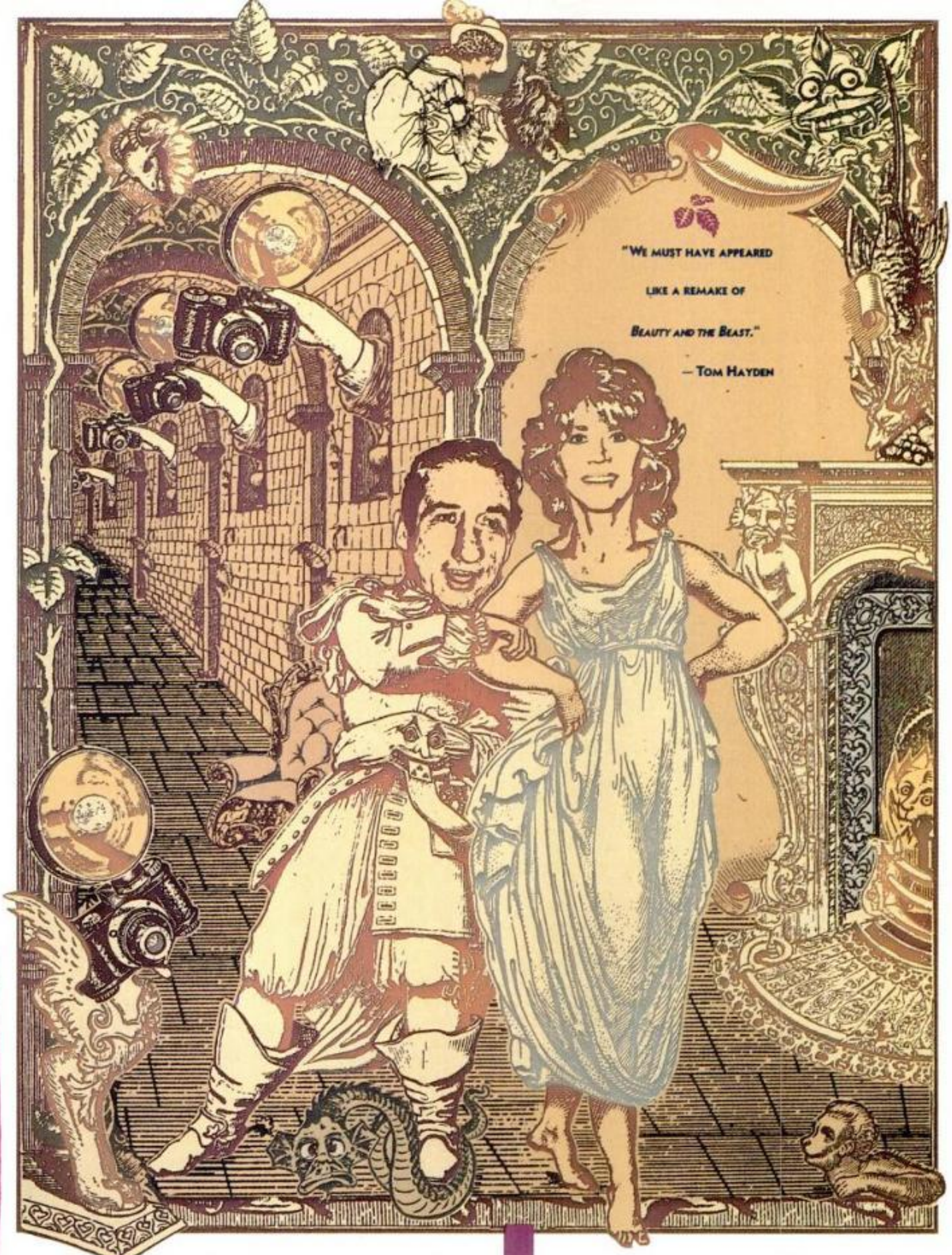
a Grunt and

a Besotted

Bray for . . .

The Beauties

AND THEIR BEASTS



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Trembling Beauty. Repulsive Beast. And yet . . . an attraction. She comes to appreciate the good and true and sensitive heart beating within the grotesque breast. He conquers not only his rage but the shyness that lies beneath the storm. Somehow they find a common ground, perhaps even love. It's a theme that endures in our culture, finding expression not just in the fairy tale known as Beauty and the Beast but in countless works of more recent popular culture: *King Kong*, *The Fly*, *The Phantom of the Opera*, *Barnyard Swingers*, as well as the current television show *Beauty and the Beast* (which flatters unhappy single women by telling them that the only marriageable men left live in sewers and look like cats). ❦ In *The Uses of Enchantment*, an analysis of the psychological meanings underlying fairy tales, Bruno Bettelheim writes that the Beauty and the Beast story "offers the child the strength to realize that . . . while sex may at first seem beastlike, in reality love between woman and man is the most satisfying of all emotions, and the only one which makes for permanent happiness." Thus, says Bettelheim, the lasting, dreamy resonance of Beauty and the Beast tales. ❦ In wide-awake real life, however, it is axiomatic that men and women gravitate toward partners of roughly the same attractiveness; people like what's familiar, and what's familiar is themselves. We find couples like Sam Shepard and Jessica Lange at one end of the scale, Danny De Vito and Rhea Perlman at the other, and the okay-looking rest of us and our equally okay-looking partners somewhere in between. But a visionary few dare to flout natural law, to follow their hearts to strange, alien places—to go where the wild things are. ❦ It's the rare woman (and even rarer man; Don Johnson is one who comes to mind) who has the vision to see beyond the skin-deep physicality of a misbegotten face and see the true, liver-deep nature within—Marilyn Monroe, for instance, who, having known the athletic charms of a Joe DiMaggio, turned toward the *inner good looks* of an Arthur Miller. Or Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis, the widow of the most handsome U.S. president in history: she married a spotty, repulsive Greek billionaire whose name was synonymous with *great personality.* Of course, even as you read this, women all over the world are having sex with unattractive men. The point to remember is this: Marilyn and Jackie didn't have to. Common wisdom says they could have done better; uncommon wisdom discerns the outline of myth. ❦ We snickered ten years ago during *Manhattan* when Diane Keaton's ex turned out to be Wally Shawn, but we've grown since then. Herewith, a celebration of the very special women, and of their very special men—porcine tycoons and splay-faced personal managers alike—who have taught us that, yes, fairy tales really *can* come true.

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Michele Bennett and Jean-Claude "Baby Doc" Duvalier

In high school they nicknamed him Baskethead; today she calls him "mon Tonton" and adds lovingly, "If only Jean-Claude would realize that you can't walk in the road without getting run over, our life would be just fine."



Jill Eikenberry and Michael Tucker

Their Jessica-and-Roger-Rabbitish relationship on *L.A. Law* parallels their 15-year Jessica-and-Roger-Rabbitish marriage. She: "He's a very sexy guy. And something about [him] reminded me of my father, even though my father is six foot two." Bettelheim: "The Oedipal love of Beauty for her father, when transferred to [Beast], is wonderfully healing. . . ."



Jane Fonda and Tom Hayden

In *Barbarella* she made love to a birdman. Today she makes love to one of California's most distinctive assemblymen.

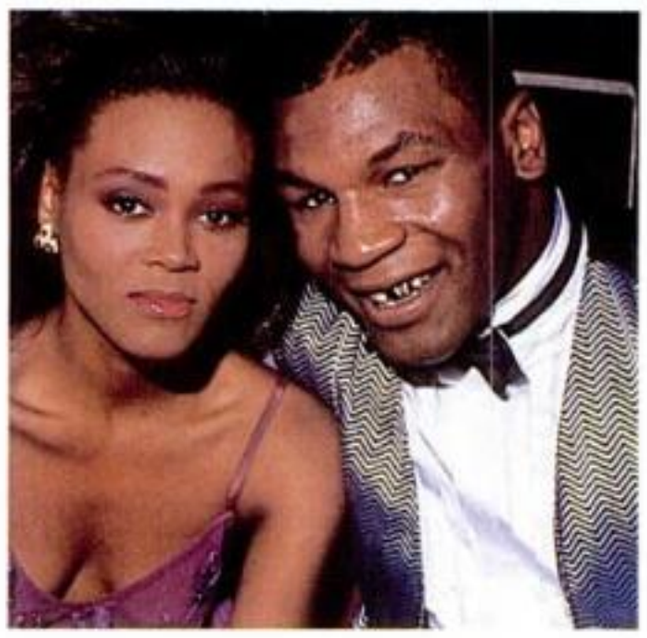


Christie Brinkley and Billy Joel

He: "She's a wonderful person." She: "He's a wonderful person, and, you know, it's his heart and soul, his mind and everything that made me want to marry him."



Mica and Ahmet Ertegün



Robin Givens and Mike Tyson

He pitched woo like a champ: "Are you going to be my woman or not?" Now she coos, "Everything about Michael is endearing. The way you see him hugging a stuffed animal, the way he says, 'Tuck me in'"



Norris Church and Norman Mailer

Mia Farrow and Woody Allen





Altovise Gore and Sammy Davis Jr.



Donna Dixon and Dan Aykroyd



Wilma and Fred Flintstone

Eternal five-o'clock shadow, his feet bigger than her head, and a gay old marriage that has lasted for 28 years.



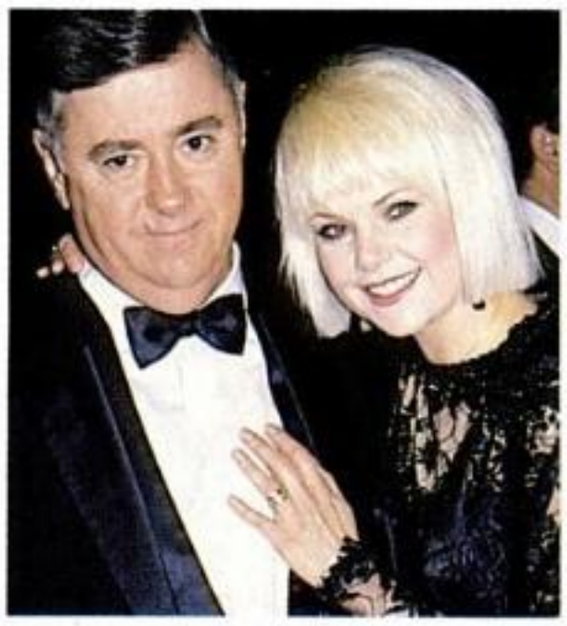
Patti Hansen and Keith Richards

"He's a good egg . . . ," she says convincingly.

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JILL IRELAND AND CHARLES BRONSON
She writes in her autobiography, "I saw many women admiring my clothes, my jewels, *my husband*, my looks." [Italics ours.]



ANN JILLIAN AND ANDY MURCIA
Her pet name for producer Irwin Allen could just as easily apply to her ex-cop husband-turned-personal-manager: "the King of Hearts."



DON JOHNSON AND BARBRA STREISAND
'Twas Beauty tamed the Beastette.



MARY AND SWIFTY LAZAR



SOPHIA LOREN AND CARLO PONTI



ELLE MACPHERSON AND GILLES BENSIMON
She can't help herself. "*Je t'aime*, baby," she admits bilingually to her foreign husband. ➳

the rumpelstiltskin factor

BEASTS WHO ROAM: A CATALOG OF IMPROBABLY SUCCESSFUL CASANOVAS

CARL BERNSTEIN
JOURNALIST-PARTY GUY

Possible Reasons for Romantic Success: celebrity, moment-by-moment availability, deep voice.



"I have always been quite honest and straightforward with the women that I've been with. I'm not saying that I'm virtuous. Just honest." (The Bernstein character in ex-wife Nora Ephron's *Heartburn* is said to be "capable of having sex with a venetian blind.")

GEORGE WEIDENFELD
PUBLISHER-SOCIALITE

Possible Reasons for Romantic Success: charm, wealth, nice apartment, willingness to dole out book contracts.



"I think that women are works of art. This may be a sexist view, but at least it's sexist in a positive way."

DON SIMPSON
PRODUCER, DIRECTOR-MANQUÉ, HE-MAN MANQUÉ, ACTION-TOY MANQUÉ

Possible Reasons for Romantic Success: power, wealth, screening invitations, general classiness.



"I hate the man-woman game with a passion. I'm no good at subtlety. . . . That's why I have this [American Express Gold Card]."

PABLO PICASSO (RET.)
DEAD PAINTER

Possible Reasons for Romantic Success: celebrity, wealth, knew how to treat a girl right.



PAT CADDELL
POLLSTER-TYRANT

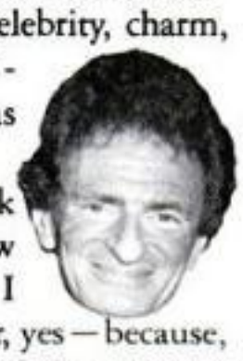
Possible Reasons for Romantic Success: preternatural energy, friendship with Warren Beatty.



"I am too busy to give [a theoretical] wife the kind of attention she'd deserve."

JERZY KOSINSKI
BOOK ENTREPRENEUR

Possible Reasons for Romantic Success: celebrity, charm, indiscriminateness, has own van.



"If you ask me, do I know how to rape? I would answer, yes—because, quite frankly, during the war I was raped several times myself."

HENRY GRUNWALD (RET.)
FORMER MAGAZINE START-UP GENIUS AND DIPLOMAT

Possible Reasons for Romantic Success: power, clubbability, deep German-accented voice.



HENRY KISSINGER (RET.)
NETWORKER-SOCIALITE

Possible Reasons for Romantic Success: celebrity, wit, having conspired in the deaths of thousands of Southeast Asians, deep German-accented voice.



"'Oh, please, call me Henry,' he said in those rich, rolling tones of the Rhineland."—Mamie Van Doren, *Playing the Field*

ROY COHN (RET.)
DEAD LAWYER

Possible Reasons for Romantic Success: wealth, evil, access to Studio 54.



"Roy Cohn was the Babe Ruth of the Gay World—or more accurately, Yogi Berra. . . . [H]e was maybe the world's greatest catcher."—Sidney Zion, *The Autobiography of Roy Cohn*

("Nobody who knows me would ever buy that fag stuff."—Cohn)

ROMAN POLANSKI
DIRECTOR-EXILE

Possible Reasons for Romantic Success: celebrity, wealth, friendship with Warren Beatty, willingness to help with homework.



"Many women seem irresistibly attracted by notoriety, and many—especially since the [statutory rape] affair—are eager to meet me."

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I love museums.
I've been to Cooperstown
three times.



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Hennessy.
The Spirit of the Civilized Rogue.

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Paulina Porizkova and Ric Ocasek
She makes sure their relationship is a closely guarded secret.



Kathleen Turner and Jay Weiss
Just as a conventional-looking husband would, he gets peevish about her nude scenes. She: "He's all the man I want—and all I can handle."

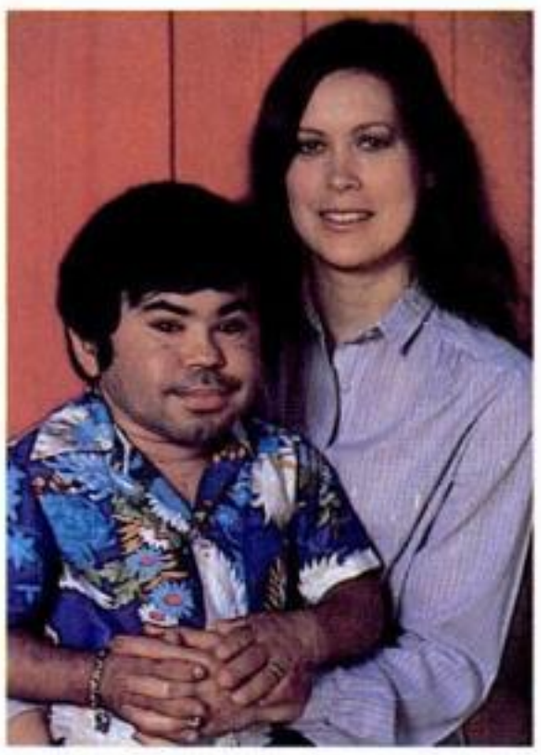


Raquel Welch and André Weinfeld
Like Mr. Ann Jillian, André has the very demanding job of managing his wife's affairs. She: "[His face is] extraordinary—a cross between Don Quixote and Mick Jagger. . . . I keep reminding myself, 'That's him. He's the one I chose.'"



Gayfryd and Saul Steinberg
When not padlocking the refrigerator, she finds the time to assert, "This is a very attractive man."

Camille and Herve Villechaize





Katie and Paul Williams

the pizza connection

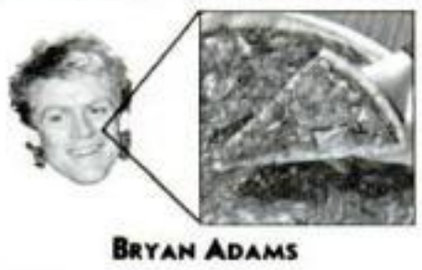
BEASTS ARE BEAUTIFUL: SEX SYMBOLS FOR A DERMATOLOGICALLY ENLIGHTENED AGE

That which would seemingly be poison in a business so obsessed with unnatural corporeal perfection has proven to have exactly the opposite effect.

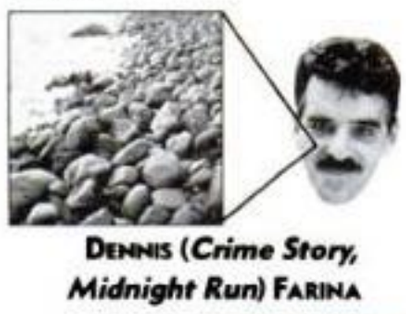
The business is the movies. The condition is bad skin.

To be sure, there have always been actors who became cinematic sex symbols despite their less than godlike physiognomies. Humphrey Bogart had buck teeth. Clark Gable had big, floppy ears. Alan Ladd was a dwarf. They were exceptions, however, in a flawless world of Cary Grants and Rock Hudsons; Bogart was sexy *despite* his lupine looks.

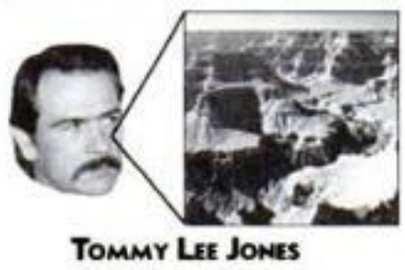
There have also been popular actors with complexions that would never prompt comparisons to alabaster: Robert Redford and his dents, for example. But today, pockmarks are big box office (except, perhaps, in the case of Mickey Rourke—see "The Unstoppables," page 94). Practically ubiquitous on the faces of young actors and musicians of style, acne scars are the aviator glasses and sideburns of the eighties. It's as if the entire entertainment industry were in the throes of an adolescent girlhood that equates pitted skin with the rebellious allure of attractively bad boys and intriguingly dangerous men, and not with the frustrated mien of aging grocery clerks. First there was the Sheik, then there was the Wild One and now we have the Pizza Face. Take a gander at this latest harvest of forbidden—and badly bruised—fruit.



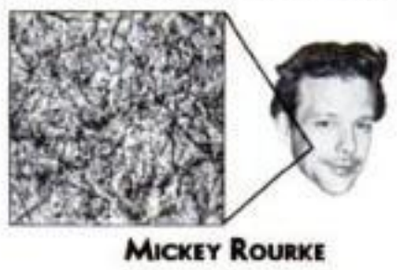
Bryan Adams



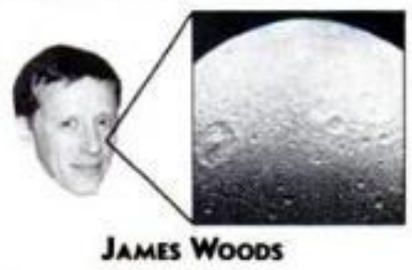
Dennis (*Crime Story, Midnight Run*) Farina



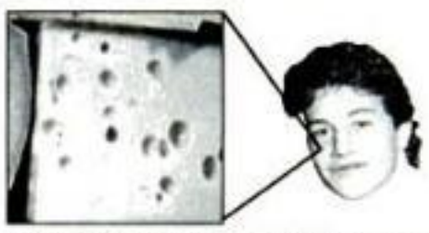
Tommy Lee Jones



Mickey Rourke



James Woods



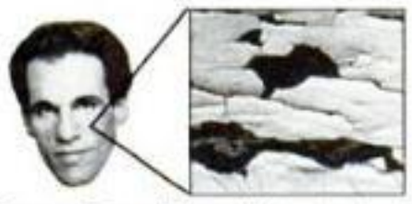
Kirk (*Growing Pains*) Cameron



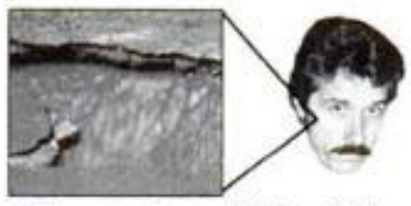
Michael Hutchence (of INXS)



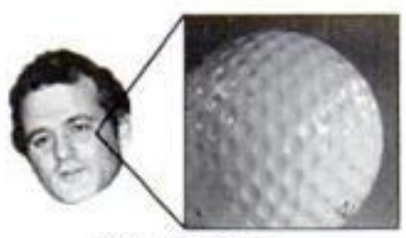
Ray (*Something Wild*) Liotta



Robert Davi (the villain in the upcoming James Bond movie, *License Revoked*)



Edward James (*Miami Vice, Stand and Deliver*) Olmos



Bill Murray

SHOULD I HAVE MY FACE SANDED?

A CONTEMPORARY GUIDE FOR CONFUSED ENTERTAINERS AND THEIR PERSONAL MANAGERS

1. Bad skin is acceptable if it's not caused by a medically active condition.
2. Bad skin is acceptable if you have expensive, personal-trainer toned muscles and look good in a tank top.
3. Bad skin is acceptable if you have cheekbones.
4. Bad skin is acceptable if you have enough hair to Tenax it straight back.
5. Bad skin is not acceptable if you are a woman.

— Julie Logan

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Red Lights.  "I think the single most frustrating aspect of driving is that you spend your whole life stopping at red lights. Then at the end there's a very cool irony. When you die they let your funeral procession run the red lights on the way to the cemetery. 'Cause when you're dead it's important to make good time. I'm dead, but I'm early."

Dennis Miller. Of "Saturday Night Live." Right on time with his own record, *The Off-White Album*. Available now on Warner Bros. Cassettes, Compact Discs and Records. Language may be unsuitable for some listeners. Includes four wallet-sized posters!

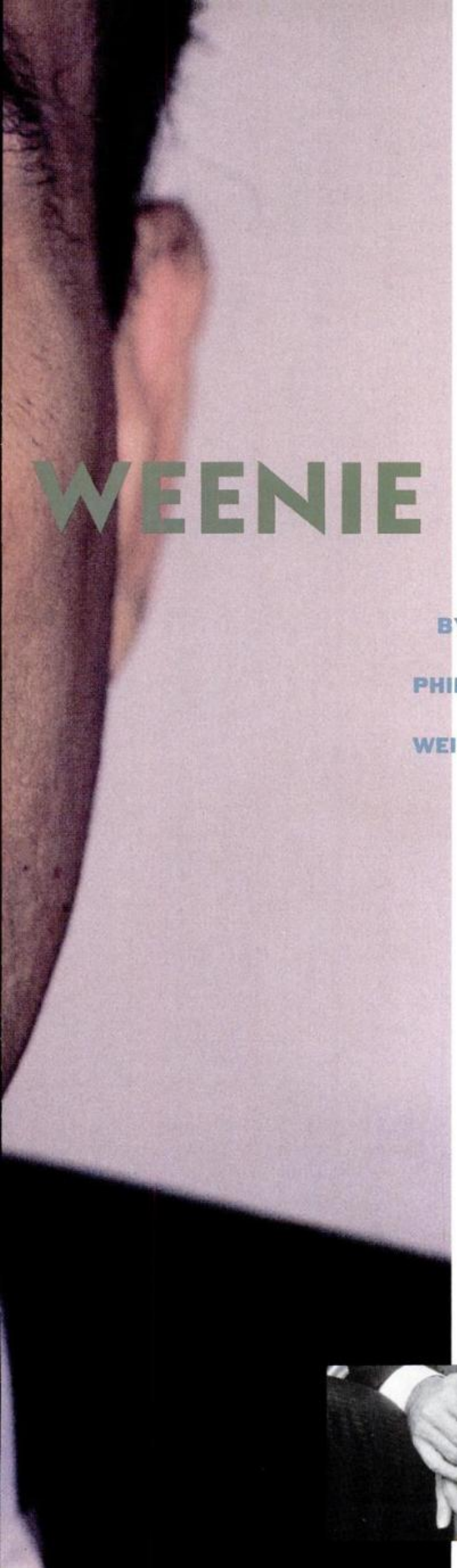
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THE TOUGHEST



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FIGURING OUT THE RELENTLESS, UPRIGHT, UPTIGHT, BLACK-AND-WHITE, PUBLICITY-MAD, SLIGHTLY PARANOID WORLD OF U.S. ATTORNEY RUDOLPH GIULIANI —AND WHY HE HASN'T GOT A FUTURE IN POLITICS

WEENIE IN AMERICA

BY PHILIP WEISS

RUDOLPH Giuliani was doing like a politician. He was all but nodding off during the introduction. It had been a long day, and the man from the New York Society of Forensic Sciences was going on and on about his achievements: "*. . . a modern day Eliot Ness . . . gangbuster against crime . . . his tenacious, no-nonsense style. . . . Coming here tonight I saw a bumper sticker that said, SAY YES TO GIULIANI, SAY NO TO CORRUPTION.*"

Mostly what the man said was true. Giuliani, the 44-year-old U.S. Attorney for the Southern District of New York, is the nation's foremost prosecutor. For five years he has turned over the biggest rocks, scooping up some of the worst enemies of the people. He has convicted seven Mafia dons of racketeering and sent them off (at an average age of 63) to 100 years each. He has personally removed New York's own Papa Doc —Bronx boss Stanley M. Friedman—on corruption charges. He locked up Ivan F. Boesky, the bite-size arbitrageur with the mechanical smile, pink Rolls-Royce and suitcase full of cash. Who else? Name a villain. Last year, Giuliani even went after his own then-boss, Attorney General Edwin Meese. And he's made noises about Ferdinand Marcos.

Now Giuliani sat slumped and waxen in a Bronx cafeteria. He had arrived an hour and a half late, the coffee was cold and 50 forensic experts were waiting to hear him speak. Blue crescents had been stamped in his flat cheeks by his personal trainers, overwork and doubtlessness. But his politician's hair, the wedge he combed across his shiny, domelike forehead, was in place.

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"It is indeed an honor . . . ," the announcer said at last, and Giuliani stood up.

He joked that the video equipment taping his speech was the same kind he used for taping criminals. Tapes were on his mind, and in the next hour he couldn't resist hinting at what had delayed him: the next day's indictment of 39 mob figures. Twelve hours later an even paler, puffier Giuliani, deeper dabs of purple under his eyes, would entertain reporters with his imitation of the odd, lopsided way the suspects walked, these Mafia*lini* who had been promoted when Giuliani sent away their bosses, drug runners stuck like flies to Rudy's audiotape, and who had made great TV that morning, one of them crying in his handcuffs.

Tonight Giuliani got something wrong, though. He told the forensic science people that the mobsters had used a code for drugs —*pasta*. But it wasn't pasta, exactly. It was *farina*.

You couldn't blame him for the slip. Giuliani was stretched, running hard. Political event after political event: He was wooing the ethnics in the city and the conservatives upstate. He was telling people what they wanted to hear—Nassau County lawyers that the Soviet Union was an immoral state, Temple Israel that he'd thought of using the RICO (Racketeer Influenced Criminal Organizations) statute to indict the PLO as a corrupt criminal enterprise, Italians that the Mafia image was a "crazy stereotype" held by "sick" people. Six speeches a week he did, plus all the big-top affairs—the Columbus Day Parade, the National Press Club, C-SPAN, and *Nightline* 13 times.

Politics was hard work: plaques to carry off, certificates of appreciation, bronze paperweights. *A box of clams, Mr. Giuliani.*

Politics was the big tent, and Giuliani was climbing up to the electoral trapeze. He had themes: America's moral erosion, "absolute right and wrong." Even after Reagan had stopped deploying it, Giuliani wasn't afraid to use the word: *evil.* He was going to take us back to the basics of law and order. He was a fundamentalist for Republicans, for Democrats, for everyone, a black-and-white hero for our gray-ridden times. Just grab on, Rudy—

Say no to corruption!

Say yes to Giuliani!

But there's no place to say yes. Rudolph Giuliani isn't on the ballot. For months he ran a nonstop campaign from Geneseo to Mineola, an eternal moral crusade at hospitals, Moose lodges, seafood restaurants, temples, colleges, motor inns; but he isn't running for anything.

What's specifically puzzling is that Giuliani is not running for the Senate right now. He was about to take on Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan and then didn't. He had been standing on that little circle of wood near the top of the tent, waiting for his turn. The trapeze had swung up, and hanging by the knees with arms outstretched was George Bush, who needed a strong Republican Senate candidate like Giuliani to win New York's electoral votes. Hands touched, grasped; the crowd held its breath—and Giuliani fell into the net.

What happened? Grimacing fiercely, Giuliani had jumped to his feet and mumbled something about getting pushed by that other fellow on the platform: the wily, roundheaded Republican senator Alfonse M. D'Amato. Then he was running back up to the pole. Running but not running. Running because he's a politician, with a politician's hair, schedule and public image. Not running because he still believes in right and wrong. Because he thinks he is too good for politics.

"FIND THAT DISTRACTING," Giuliani said and, reaching out to my lapel, tore off the gummed U.S. Attorney's office visitor's pass and crumpled it in the ashtray. The interview could begin.

Over the next hour, my questions were like prompts allowing Giuliani to bring every answer back to his main theme: how America had started to fall apart in the 1960s, when people stopped believing they'd find happiness by contributing to society and decided they would find it by looking for themselves instead. For a tough prosecutor, Giuliani radiates a surprisingly geeky kind of boyish innocence. He speaks with a slight lisp; he pops his eyes. "I have a record collection of about 500 records that I've built since I was 12 or 13," he once boasted to a reporter, sounding like Wally Cleaver.

The Illustrated History of Hair, Part III



1974: the Uncle Floyd look

But under the outer layer of ingenuousness is firm control. Giuliani is essentially opaque; always, his guard is up. His deputy, Dennison Young Jr., sat in on our interview with his own tape recorder, and throughout, the meeting felt uncomfortable. The seeming innocence, alloyed with political shrewdness and a knack for theatrics, has made Giuliani a great prosecutor and a compelling public figure, the man with the billboard-size image he so enjoys staring at. He broke into public view at 30 as an assistant U.S. Attorney with a cross-examination of a corrupt Brooklyn congressman named Bertram Podell, performed with so much slamming of books on tables ("No dramatics, Mr. Giuliani," the judge said, to no effect) that Podell poked his thumb through his eyeglasses and, quivering at Giuliani's ferocity—

A. May I add something?

Q. No. . . . I asked you to show it to me. I didn't ask for a . . . speech. . . .

A. That's a lie.

Q. Who is telling the lie, Congressman?

—pleaded guilty rather than come back for more after lunch.

For Giuliani, cases are never mere sheaves of paper with docket numbers; they're moral lessons, paradigms for public consumption, symbols that government works. Giuliani is married to a TV anchorwoman, Donna Hanover of WPIX, and he is fluent in the language of modern symbolism—that is, the making of TV news.

During a big Mafia case in 1985, the lead defendant, Gambino crime-family boss Paul Castellano, was gunned down outside Sparks Steak House. For three days running, Giuliani appealed to the judge to lift an order forbidding him to hold press conferences during the trial. The judge repeatedly said no, and later wrote in an internal memo that Giuliani was a press hound. But Giuliani saw his own role as far more exalted, as that of a moral preceptor. The Castellano murder showed why justice was important: this wasn't movie ketchup, this was good and evil on 46th Street, the sort of lesson Giuliani thought should be broadcast (before the

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sidewalk was washed) "to impressionable young minds."

Giuliani says the line about impressionable young minds over and over. Other things he says are: "The way you end corruption, you scare the daylights out of people." And, "If you have the ability to lead, then you're going to get people to pay attention to you." It often seems that, to Giuliani, the attention means everything. "I've heard [his] assistants complain, 'We spend more time on the press releases than we do on the indictments,' " says Gerard Lynch, a professor at Columbia Law School.

Giuliani isn't steeped in the law as much as in opera, Mario Puzo, Catholicism, the religiosity of Martin Scorsese's street punks. He does not enjoy musty legalisms. Once, speaking to a group of students, he derided the central principle of his profession: "The process of training a lawyer is in essence to train someone to see every side of every issue and to argue every side of every issue. That . . . can be very, very destructive of a notion of absolute right and wrong, good and evil, that there are some things that maybe shouldn't be argued by anyone."

This Savonarola spiel is not all dramatics, not just Giuliani playing to his public. Many lawyers believe he has implicitly encouraged an atmosphere in which assistants regularly leak confidential grand jury testimony to the press. Gerald Stern, the director of the State Commission on Judicial Conduct, says Giuliani has often violated ethical standards on pretrial publicity at his "circus-like" press conferences. When hoteliers Harry and Leona Helmsley were indicted for tax evasion last spring, the news of the grand jury's decision was leaked to the *New York Post* a day early. The Helmsleys complained, and at his press conference announcing the charges, Giuliani vowed to investigate the "alleged grand jury leaks." (Minutes earlier, though, he had lavished praise on the *Post* reporter covering the Helmsleys for scoops that had expedited the case.) Nothing has come of the promised investigation.

At press conferences Giuliani seems to perform, to play the expected crime-buster role in his boxy Italian suits. And for the most part, the press has overlooked his media hunger. It's not in their interest—he is, after all, a golden goose of headlines.

Invariably introduced as a latter-day Eliot Ness, Giuliani often opens his speech with a Mafia growl ("Thank youse all for coming here today"), then follows up by referring to himself as "a wise guy" and by injecting hints of personal jeopardy. He jokes that no one wants to be on an elevator with him, that no one wants to go to lunch with him.

In fact, everyone wants to go to lunch with him, and at yet another public meal, a Kiwanis leader says, "You've got a question behind you." Giuliani stiffens, dropping his hands to his sides, and says, "Is it safe to turn around?"

THE MAKING OF A POLITICIAN: AN AERIAL VIEW



1982: simulated volume: long, long bangs hair-sprayed to hover a centimeter above hairless forehead and front scalp



1983: the unruly comb-over



1985: the glued-down comb-over with decorative wave



1987: the oddly dimensional comb-over of the would-be candidate: real hair in an incredible simulation of a toupee

A YEAR AGO, Giuliani did something that "served notice as to where [his] head was at," as one Democratic operative put it, and thereby provoked the press to stir itself to independence. Giuliani had dinner with New York's Republican senator, Al D'Amato, and authorized D'Amato to announce that he was considering a Senate race. Rumors duly circulated about Giuliani's impending candidacy. He had drafted an announcement speech; he was going to cast himself as an "activist" against the aloof, bookish incumbent, Pat Moynihan. The *Post* was predicting the first Giuliani fundraiser. Mayor Koch was calling him a formidable candidate. Donald Trump said he would "love" to raise money for Giuliani.

Giuliani, meanwhile, was coolly weighing his options. He held several meetings that were never reported: He met with the leader of George Bush's New York campaign, Congressman Guy V. Molinari, and talked about polling and tactics. He met with the Republicans' evil media wizard Roger Ailes and, it was rumored, with Democratic consultants too, for he intended to go after Democrats. In Washington he sat with then White House chief of staff Howard H. Baker for an hour just down the hall from the Oval Office to talk campaigning. Plans were discussed for Ronald Reagan to come to New York to do a fundraiser. "He was itching to go," says a Washington Republican. "He just wanted a few things to fall into place. His questions were just about feasibility, financial support and whether he'd be able to go toe-to-toe with Moynihan. . . . We were looking at $4 million to $7 million. He seemed very comfortable going through the arithmetic."

It was a risky race. The polls showed Moynihan beating Giuliani by as much as 58 to 25. Even so, political insiders saw softness in those figures: Moynihan's Democratic ethnic base in the city would be split by the Italian-American crime fighter. Once Giuliani got his good-and-evil message out, upstate conservatives could be fetched. Advisers suggested that, politically, this wouldn't even be a bad race to lose. If Bush became president, Giuliani would hold a big chit from the new administration—he might even become attorney general. In any case a Senate race would enable Giuliani to complete the transition in the public mind from prosecutor to politician. This beneficial-loss argument was surely not one Giuliani enjoyed; as a prosecutor he was used to being able to choose only the best cases, and winning them 90 percent of the time. In a courtroom, Giuliani had control.

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Around New Year's, 1988, a curious item appeared in the *New York Post*. A trench-coated Rudy Giuliani had been spotted in Washington at 5:45 one morning furtively buying a copy of *Life* magazine that contained yet another worshipful profile of him, called LET'S HEAR IT FOR THE GOOD GUYS. The *Post* had caught Giuliani in the act of savoring his public image and in an inch of print had scratched at that image, gently suggesting that he was self-interested and—5:45 a.m.!—calculating.

Giuliani was said to be livid. His office called to complain. There was an inaccuracy: he had bought the magazine in New York, not Washington.

But other press accounts had also taken on a skeptical tone. *The New York Law Journal*, which had devoted hundreds of column inches to comparing Giuliani to that great prosecutor of the thirties, Thomas Dewey, ran a story that raised questions about Giuliani's ethics in seeking the removal of a judge from a case. Erstwhile Senate candidate Mark Green and an N.Y.U. professor released to the press a letter they'd written to Giuliani saying that he was undermining his own office by taking so long to decide whether to enter the race. Giuliani called Green "jerky." The *Daily News* ran a snippy piece about Giuliani's low name recognition headlined RUDY WHO?

"It was premature," says Peter Powers, a lawyer and a longtime friend of Giuliani's. "You don't get negative till it's real. Let him declare himself before you start shooting."

This attitude, which Giuliani clearly shares, reflects the fact that the prosecutor had until recently always been able to establish the terms of his press coverage, which had been almost entirely favorable. He chose the cases, he called the press conferences, he set rules for what he could and couldn't talk about. With his assistants wheeling out shopping carts full of telephone-book-size documents to drop on reporters at briefings, it was always Rudy vs. the bad guys. Now the fundamentalist was being treated like a common politician. And in politics things aren't black-and-white.

POLITICAL CHALLENGES SHARE elements with the myth of Murdering the Father: a rebellion must take place, the incumbent must be knocked off. This role was now reserved for Rudolph Giuliani, and yet there isn't anything remotely parricidal about the man.

Giuliani was raised in a family with a traditional southern-Italian patriarchy. He was the only child of a forceful father whom he idolized. "The first thing that's important—you respect me," Harold Giuliani, a bar owner, had told him. I got a sense of how much the son identified with his father at a temple breakfast earlier this year. Giuliani told the audience that he recalled his father saying he enjoyed paying taxes. He went on: "It was only years later and probably after I died that I realized what he meant by that." *I died*, he'd said, referring to his father's death, and continued without a pause.

Young Giuliani's progress was encouraged by a series of father figures: Father Harold, Brother Alexander Joseph, Judge Lloyd MacMahon, Judge Harold Tyler. The quick youth was handed from one mentor to another, never failing to please them. He voted for McGovern in 1972, but after following Judge Tyler to Washington to work for the Ford administration in 1975, Giuliani molted into a registered Republican.

When Giuliani tested the political waters last year, one of the first things he did was look around for new mentors. His first sponsor was the man whom Giuliani got to announce his interest in running, Al D'Amato. The two men were thought to be close. In 1986 Giuliani had accompanied D'Amato on an undercover crack-buying spree and then posed for pictures wearing the outfit of what Italian-Americans call a *ginzaloon*, a street tough. Demon-

THE CROOK'S-EYE VIEW
by James Coonan, as told to John Brodie

A MESSAGE TO YOU, RUDY



James Coonan, 46, the retired kingpin of the high-spirited Westies gang, is not a Rudolph Giuliani enthusiast. Coonan was prosecuted by Giuliani's office and, having received a 75-year federal sentence for multiple counts of racketeering, extortion, loan-sharking and acts involving murder, he seems especially well suited to comment on behalf of the non-law-enforcement, non-law-abiding community about the RICO antiracketeering statute and its avatar, Giuliani. Coonan recently took some time out from his busy schedule of eating bad food and counting down the days until his first parole hearing (1998 at the earliest) to chat with SPY from the U.S. penitentiary in Leavenworth, Kansas.

COONAN: "[Giuliani's RICO cases are] politically motivated and impossible [for defendants] to win. RICO is [Giuliani's] reason to put people in jail he doesn't care for. . . . Part of the statute allows them to try you for having a reputation. They think committing a crime makes you a tough guy. Look at me in the Vanderbilt case. . . .

KEN ARONSON *(Coonan's attorney, on three-way conference call)*: "In the Vanderbilt case of 1977, a white kid was being pursued by three black kids. He ran into the 596 Club on Tenth Avenue to get help. The bar cleared out, and Jimmy [Coonan] came out and shot one of the black kids, who received a superficial wound. Two undercover cops witnessed the scene and later testified that it was just a brawl. This was later used under RICO . . . in the context that he shot the kid to further his reputation. We're not saying that the people involved are not murderers, but they deserve a fair trial as much as anyone."

COONAN: "The Feds, they're going into your rough-and-tumble neighborhoods and as long as a couple of guys know each other, then they're a gang and can be prosecuted under RICO. In your rough neighborhoods most of us know each other from jail . . . and a guy buys another guy a beer and then they're a gang. I was under surveillance for ten years, and guys I talked to once or twice were later brought on trial with me as gang members. . . . Look at Fat Tony. You know who Fat Tony is? Of course you do: Fat Tony Salerno—everyone knows him as a gangster. He's an old man with over 100 years of time to serve, yet they drag him into all these RICO trials, so people think the other defendants are guilty because they know Fat Tony. He's being used as a pollution [to taint other defendants]. . . .

"Who cares what I think about Giuliani? [If I told you] it would only help him. I don't have good feelings about him. He convicted my wife [who is serving 15 years for conspiracy, loan-sharking and conspiracy to evade income tax] because of RICO. In any other kind of trial, Edna would have been freed."

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TIME TO FINNISH



THE FINAL WORD IN VODKA

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strating that it's easy to buy crack in New York was hardly a law-enforcement breakthrough, and the stunt was widely seen as an effort by Giuliani to help D'Amato's reelection campaign.

Another older Italian-American whose advice Giuliani sought was Mario Cuomo, who was on friendly terms with the prosecutor. When I asked Cuomo whether he had encouraged Giuliani to run, he answered, "What am I, three years old? I said I thought Moynihan would beat him and that I would back Moynihan. I don't think I frightened him off."

Unfortunately for Giuliani, the Senate race was not about mentorship and grooming, about being handpicked. If Giuliani ran, he would be throwing himself on the mercy of the rabble, a group he was not used to currying favor with. Giuliani is no power-to-the-people type but a true conservative. He believes in his symbols, in "bold leadership," in ceremony and heroes. (He's the hero.) The disrespectful, authority-questioning aspects of democracy make Giuliani uncomfortable. I saw this discomfort up close when I began showing up at his speeches. After our interview, I called his office every day and asked about the public appearances on his calendar. Over 3 weeks I went to 15 events, usually with a tape recorder. On the few occasions when Giuliani and I came face-to-face, he froze me out. The process of being scrutinized, even at public events, seemed to annoy him.



Giuliani couldn't abide an ambiguous situation, and his office requested that I schedule a second interview. When he abruptly canceled, I learned that Giuliani said he wasn't sure whether I was a "reporter—or what." His deputy complained about my tactics in interviewing Giuliani's associates (for instance, asking "leading questions"—as if journalism obeyed the fixed rules of the courtroom) and in "lurking" at his speeches. I associated Giuliani's irritation with disparaging comments he has made about freedom of expression: he has said that in the sixties the country was plagued by "silly" interpretations of the First Amendment. He got angry when senators complained to the press that the Senate was a difficult place to get things done, saying, "I think we're sending a terrible message to young people." In court one day last spring, he likened a group of civil libertarians protesting the threatened closing of the PLO's observer mission to the UN to "a group of people who wanted to rob [a] liquor store." The judge looked stunned.

LAST YEAR when *The Untouchables* came out, Rudolph Giuliani couldn't wait to see it. He went three days after the opening, wearing a costume of old jeans, sneakers, sunglasses and Yankees jacket and cap so he wouldn't be recognized, he said, so the papers would not say that he was obsessed with organized crime. But despite his disguise, someone gave Rudy Giuliani away: Rudy Giuliani. Two days after he saw the movie, Giuliani appeared at the National Press Club, where he was introduced, as usual, as "one of the world's greatest news sources" and as a latter-day Eliot Ness. Giuliani said that reminded him of something, and he told the crowd about the escapade. He couldn't resist.

The incident points up Giuliani's fondness for putting on disguises. The *ginzaloon* crack-buying episode, the Dick Tracy trench coat to buy *Life*—Giuliani often gets carried away with self-dramatization. Now and then he seems to believe his own headlines too much and tends to exaggerate. "I consider myself somewhat of an expert on foreign policy because I read a great deal about it," he once told a reporter.

Another boast involves perhaps Giuliani's most novel investigation, his prosecution of the heads of five New York-area Mafia families under the RICO statute as forming a corrupt enterprise called "the Commission." His work on this case was ferocious and administratively spectacular, but that wasn't enough for Giuliani. He likes to take credit for the very idea of prosecuting the case using the RICO statute, saying on C-SPAN that it was an idea "nobody else had," one of his "two great new ideas." It had come to him, he said, when he'd read Joseph Bonanno's book, *A Man of Honor*. Law enforcement people dispute this version. "The story that Rudy Giuliani read Joe Bonanno's book and said, 'This is how we do it' is apocryphal," says G. Robert Blakey, a Notre Dame law professor and the author of the RICO statute, who otherwise applauds Giuliani's imagination and tenacity. And Tom Sheer, the FBI's lead agent on the Mafia-commission case, says that the dream of prosecuting the mob as a commission had bounced around the FBI for years; it was new evidence, not a new idea, that had provoked the U.S. Attorney to build the case.

More troubling is Giuliani's self-aggrandizement about insider-trading cases. In his stump speech he regularly talks of how he arrived on the scene after years of "prosecutorial neglect," a moral crusader who'd had the courage no one else had to confront crime committed by white-collar, socially powerful people.

"Insider trading . . . [is] something that probably most people never heard of, didn't know about two or three years ago," he told students at a business school in Albany. "It has been a crime in the U.S. since 1934 to trade on [inside] information. From 1934 until 1984 only eleven people were convicted of the crime. Since January 1, 1984 [a few months after Giuliani took office], we've convicted 47 people of that crime. . . . The U.S. Justice Department, the Securities and Exchange [Commission] just were not enforcing the statute year after year, decade after decade."

The press regurgitates this line, but it is such a distortion that it amounts to intellectual dishonesty.

The 1934 law was written broadly to bar stock manipulation and was first applied only to the most obvious stock frauds, the kind that were notorious then: for example, a group of investors conspiring to bid up the price of a stock they owned. Activist prosecutors recognized insider trading as a problem in the 1960s, and the first cases were precedent-setting civil matters in which the courts had to be convinced that insider trading constituted a violation of the 1934 law. This took a lot of work by the Justice Department. Criminalizing insider trading took even more work in the late 1970s. At that time, Giuliani's two predecessors as U.S. Attorney, Robert Fiske and John Martin Jr., pushed test cases of insider trading, offering a theory of how the broad language of the 1934 legislation made the acts criminal. The courts finally accepted their theory—in 1982, with convictions in a case involving Morgan Stanley.

Which is to say that the 11 convictions Giuliani refers to didn't occur over 50 years but, according to figures supplied by his office,

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in 4, from 1980 to 1983. As those first cases began to pan out and as the stock market boomed with takeover activity, Giuliani (who had actually halved the white-collar fraud unit when he became U.S. Attorney in 1983), took the lead and ran with it. Giuliani was able to win convictions not because he was a moral missionary dusting off a law that others had ignored for "decade after decade" but because others had built that law for him.

NOT surprisingly, Rudolph Giuliani's taste in movies runs to Mafia pictures, and a week after the *Post* item about his publicity madness, he went to a screening at the 92nd Street Y of *The Great McGinty*, Preston Sturges's 1940 film about corruption. Undisguised this time, Giuliani was swarmed by reporters. Five months had passed since he had said he'd decide about the Senate race within eight weeks, and the political community was impatient. If Giuliani said no this late, it would be hard to field a strong candidate against Moynihan. The reporters all wanted to know if he was running.

"If I get a successor that I feel comfortable with who will carry on the job the way I do," Giuliani said. "If I can't, then I'll stay until I do."

The purity of Giuliani's attitude shocked the political community. Even the *Post*, which tended to support him slavishly, now accused him of an "unusual display of political arrogance." Naming Giuliani's successor was Al D'Amato's decision, and the senator had already set up a committee to screen names—the very process by which D'Amato had selected Giuliani four years earlier.

At the movie that night, Giuliani hinted at his reasoning. *The Great McGinty* is a black comedy about a bum who attains the governorship by fronting for organized crime. After the film, Giuliani engaged in an onstage dialogue with *Nightline*'s Jeff Greenfield. A woman stood and asked if there was anyone around today comparable to the Mr. Big in the movie, the underworld boss who dictates the bum-politician's every move. Giuliani said that today's equivalent of Mr. Big was campaign contributions—"who's paying for [one's] election . . . campaign help, being friendly and then being able to ask for a favor at the right time."

He made the point a couple of times that night, and if it seemed a preoccupation, this was surely because Giuliani couldn't get his mind off the fact that his vacated U.S. Attorney job could easily be turned into a whopping big favor to someone, and maybe not the right someone. The word that spread from Giuliani's friends and associates was a sort of demonology of politics and organized crime, a modern Mr. Big theory involving the man who would name Giuliani's successor, his erstwhile buddy D'Amato—the sly operator who had risen to power through a corrupt Long Island political machine.

The modern Mr. Big theory goes like this: D'Amato is especially obedient about acting in the interests of big campaign contributors, and some of his biggest checks have come from Wall Street, indeed from firms (like Drexel Burnham Lambert) that Giuliani was investigating. The U.S. Attorney once described the indictment (later dropped) of three bankers on insider-trading charges (see "The Unindicted," p. 114) as representing "merely the tip of the iceberg." Wall Street was deeply corrupt, Wall Street was terrified and now Wall Street was reaching out for Giuliani's job through its cat's-paw, D'Amato.

There was more. Two of the defense attorneys in Giuliani's Wall Street cases were members of D'Amato's judicial advisory panel, which was then meeting to come up with candidates to replace Giuliani. A third panel member, Thomas Bolan, was a partner in the law firm that had employed both the Bronx Gila monster, Stanley Friedman (whom Giuliani had put away for 12 years), and the late, lizardy Roy Cohn. Giuliani was in the process of suing Bolan's firm for $6.9 million, accusing it of having illegally sheltered Cohn's income.

The modern Mr. Big theory held that there was a "power complex" of lawyers somewhere at the iceberglike heart of Wall Street who didn't want Giuliani to get any farther. The modern Mr. Big would do anything to get someone friendly into the job.

"A prosecutor working on all this becomes suspicious, sometimes unduly," says one well-connected observer of Giuliani's office.

Indeed, Giuliani's insistence on a replacement whom he was "comfortable

"And furthermore, all bending of officially requisitioned U.S. Attorney's office paper clips into unusable configurations absolutely must cease forthwith. . . ."

RUDOLPH GIULIANI: PROSECUTOR AS PARTY POOPER

The five memos reprinted below were all circulated in Rudolph Giuliani's Manhattan office last summer.

MEMORANDUM

Memo No. 1: written by a member of the U.S. Attorney's official memo-writing staff

DATE: June 14, 1988
FROM: THE BOAT RIDE COMMITTEE
SUBJECT: 1988 SUMMER BOAT RIDE
TO: A&L AUSAs, SUMMER STUDENTS and STAFF

The Summer Boat Ride will be on Monday, July 18, from 7-11 P.M. Boarding begins at 6:30 P.M. at Pier 62 on West 23rd Street. World Yacht will be our host for this year's cruise. The event will include a buffet dinner, open bar for beer, wine and soda, and music. Because World Yacht will be providing free food and beverages, we will not be permitted to bring food and drink on board. On-site parking is available at a cost of $5.

The event is free for summer students and staff. The cost of the event for AUSAs will be $40. All AUSAs should give Maria Morales (Rm. 843) a $40 check made payable to the AUSA Fund, regardless of whether they intend to attend the event.

Because of space limitations on this year's cruise, persons planning to attend are required to fill out the attached R.S.V.P. forms by no later than July 11. There will be a limit of no more than one guest per person. Moreover, attendance will be limited to those persons who have filled out R.S.V.P. forms indicating their planned attendance. AUSAs should give their summer students a copy of this memo and the attached R.S.V.P. form.

MEMORANDUM

Memo No. 2: written by a member of the U.S. Attorney's official memo-writing staff

DATE: July 13, 1988
FROM: THE BOAT RIDE COMMITTEE
SUBJECT: 1988 SUMMER BOAT RIDE
TO: ALL AUSAs, SUMMER STUDENTS and STAFF

We are once again oversubscribed for the Summer Boat Ride by more than 100 people. We therefore need your help in reducing the number of attendees. If you signed up for the Boat Ride but now know you will not attend, or if you no longer plan to bring a guest, OR if, given our oversubscription problem, you generously decide to help out by not bringing a guest, please inform Mildred Milea (Ex. 0053) as soon as possible and preferably by Thursday, July 14. Your cooperation would be much appreciated and could help us avoid more drastic means for reducing attendance. At the time of boarding, we will have to check attendance, which is limited to those persons who submitted R.S.V.P. forms by no later than July 11.

The Summer Boat Ride will be on Monday, July 18, from 7-11 P.M. Boarding begins at 6:30 P.M. at Pier 62 on West 23rd Street. World Yacht will be our host for this year's cruise. The event will include a buffet dinner, open bar for beer, wine and soda, and music. Because World Yacht will be providing free food and beverages, we will not be permitted to bring food and drink on board. On-site parking is available at a cost of $5.

The event is free for summer students and staff. The cost of the event for AUSAs will be $40. All AUSAs should give Maria Morales (Rm. 843) a $40 check made payable to the AUSA Fund, regardless of whether they intend to attend the event.

MEMORANDUM

Memo No. 3: written by a member of the U.S. Attorney's official memo-writing staff

DATE: July 15, 1988
FROM: THE BOAT RIDE COMMITTEE
SUBJECT: 1988 SUMMER BOAT RIDE
TO: ALL AUSAs, SUMMER STUDENTS and STAFF

Because we have not been able to solve our oversubscription problem for the Summer Boat Ride, we unfortunately have to cut back on the number of guests for the event. We regret that we will not be able to accommodate any guests for summer students. Moreover, we will only be able to accommodate spouses or "significant others" of AUSAs and staff. Please do not bring as guests anyone other than a spouse or "significant other." In addition, using other people's R.S.V.P.s as a means of getting friends on board will not be permitted.

Only those persons who completed R.S.V.P. forms by July 11 will be allowed to board the boat. We will be checking attendance that night, so please bring office IDs with you to the Boat Ride. To avoid embarrassment for yourself or others, please abide by these requests. We thank you for your cooperation and help in solving this difficult overcrowding problem.

MEMORANDUM

Memo No. 4: written by an anonymous parodist in Giuliani's office and circulated as if written by a member of the U.S. Attorney's official memo-writing staff

DATE: July 15, 1988
FROM: THE BOAT RIDE COMMITTEE
SUBJECT: 1988 SUMMER BOAT RIDE
TO: ALL AUSAs, SUMMER STUDENTS and STAFF

Some confusion has apparently arisen concerning the precise meaning of the term "significant other" as expressed in today's previous memorandum about authorized attendees at the boat ride. By "significant other," we mean truly significant others, i.e., persons with whom you have slept within the past month. Lest further confusion arise as a result of this clarification, let us go further in defining our terms. By "slept with," we mean sexual relations, including but not limited to sexual intercourse and oral sex.

Only those others who satisfy this definition of "significant" will be allowed to board the boat. To avoid embarrassment for yourself or others, both you and your guest should be prepared to respond truthfully to questions concerning the nature and degree of your intimacy. We thank you for your cooperation in our attempt to solve the problem of overcrowding on our annual boat ride.

MEMORANDUM

DATE: July 15, 1988

Memo No. 5: written by U.S. Attorney Rudolph Giuliani himself

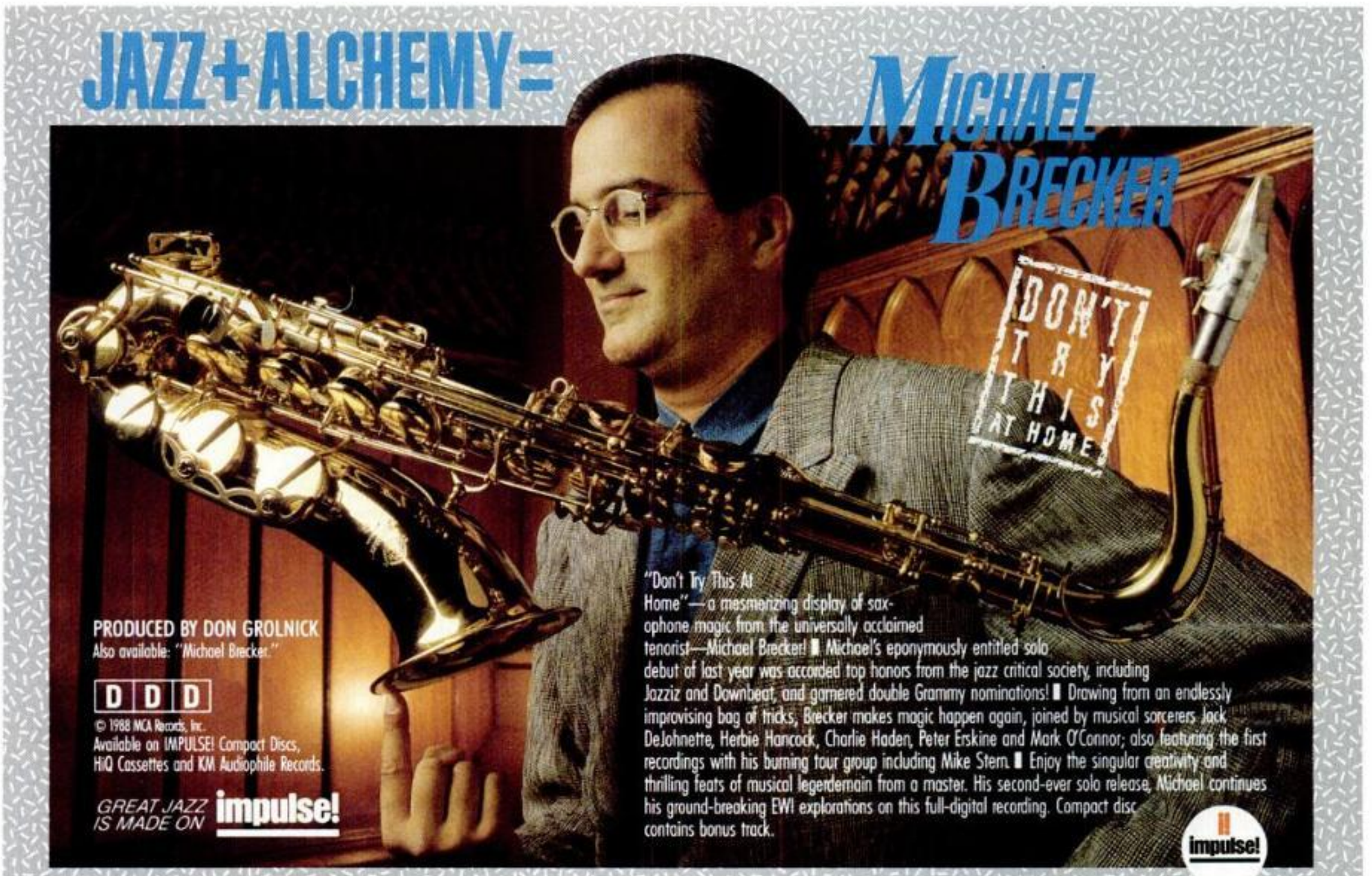
TO: THE ENTIRE OFFICE
FROM: RUDOLPH W. GIULIANI
United States Attorney

Apparently, the office was circulated with a memo concerning Monday's boat ride that may have been intended as humor or a practical joke. It was neither humorous nor a joke. In fact, it was distasteful and upsetting to many.

Everyone in the office can appreciate someone with a sense of humor. I hope the person who sent this will understand that this message, however, was out of bounds and offensive. It ought not to have been done and under no circumstances is it or anything like it to be repeated. Fair warning!

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THE UNINDICTED

A big part of Rudolph Giuliani's appeal—and of his job, he might argue—is the ability to bluster. The U.S. Attorney likes word to get out that he's hot on a case—in the form of anonymously sourced, U.S. Attorney's office-fed stories in the newspapers on his latest investigations. This can be an effective tactic; blustering keeps Giuliani's name in the headlines, and just the thought that they're in the U.S. Attorney's sights has indeed made several targets crumple and plead. What follows is a partial list of people and groups about whom there has been plenty of tough talk—but little action.

RICHARD WIGTON AND TIMOTHY TABOR OF KIDDER, PEABODY; ROBERT FREEMAN OF GOLDMAN, SACHS
February 1987: arrested in humiliating circumstances (Wigton—in handcuffs—and Freeman led from their offices in front of colleagues, Tabor spending one night in jail); accused of insider trading.



May 1987: Giuliani drops charges and later says that arrests were "a mistake," suggesting that he will return with even stiffer charges. Investigation continues.

JOHN A. MULHEREN JR.
February 1988: arrested near his New Jersey home with loaded assault rifle in his car, admits intention of killing former friend (turned government informant) Ivan Boesky. Investigation of Mulheren announced; leaks claim that Giuliani would get him for allowing Boesky to "park" stocks in Mulheren's account in order to conceal the true size of Boesky's holdings. September 1988: still no indictments, just the February charges of threatening a federal witness and illegal possession of weapons.

THE PALESTINE LIBERATION ORGANIZATION
April 1988: Giuliani begins bragging of his plan to prosecute the PLO as a corrupt enterprise under RICO statute. Still no indictments.—*P.W.*

"LET'S JUST SCARE THE LIVING DAYLIGHTS OUT OF THEM"

with" turned out to be even more pristine than it sounded. His successor, he finally said, must be one of two men from inside his office. This was worse than arrogance; Giuliani seemed naive, priestly, someone who did not live in the world. Demanding a successor from inside suggested a celibate view of the world: if you had spent any time out there, you were corrupt. And hadn't Giuliani as a teenager come very close to going into the seminary? It all fit.

Perhaps. But Giuliani had decided against the priesthood, and in the years since then his résumé was no priest's but that of a highly ambitious, practical young man. In the early eighties he worked at the Justice Department in Washington and carried out ideological dirty work for the Reagan administration, once offering misleading testimony to justify the squalid detention and deportation of Haitian refugees. And what about that crack-buying stunt with D'Amato? Wasn't that a campaign contribution?

Peel back the layers and it was as if Giuliani were not one man but two, a Zealous Man and a Pragmatic Man, bound to each other, deaf to each other's words.

The last day Giuliani's office gave me his public-speaking schedule, I got to see Zealous Man and Pragmatic Man come into conflict. Giuliani went that day to Governor's Island in New York harbor to give a speech to the Coast Guard officers' club. It was his standard speech—I'd come to think of it as Aristotle vs. Arbitrage—in which he mourned everything we've lost sight of: ethics, the Athenian tradition, family values. The thoughts have a simplistic, unlived-in quality: "You can't be afraid," he repeatedly declares, "to say things like right and wrong, and evil and good."

But that day Giuliani slipped. He said that one way to end the deficit is to catch tax evaders, and then added, with an air of lenience, that by tax evaders, "I'm not talking about people who maybe even cheat a little bit on their taxes."

He'd misjudged the audience. The Coast Guard officers were appalled. After the speech an officer said it was "dangerous" to dismiss the tax cheat as small-time.

"You don't really mean that," Giuliani shot back. "There are gradations of crimes. No one would argue that we should have the same penalty for someone who litters as someone who commits mass murder."

But the Coast Guard man wasn't arguing about penalties; he was talking about the inviolability of law: absolute right and wrong. Giuliani sounded like that sixties archetype he often puts down: the relativist. The tax-cheat comment was Pragmatic Man poking his head up through Zealous Man's moral vapors.

An officer stood and questioned the universality of Giuliani's ethics. Giuliani answered that ethical instruction was virtually the same the world round, regardless of religion. "Very, very few societies, for instance, have thought that murder was good."

Another officer pointed out that in some Islamic societies, murder of an infidel is justified.

"You're complicating it," Giuliani said. "First of all, I wouldn't mind if my son grew up with the values of the Koran, because it would lead him to be an honest, contributing member of society." Before that one got worked out—the Koran stipulates against drinking and basic social freedoms for women—the Q&A ended.

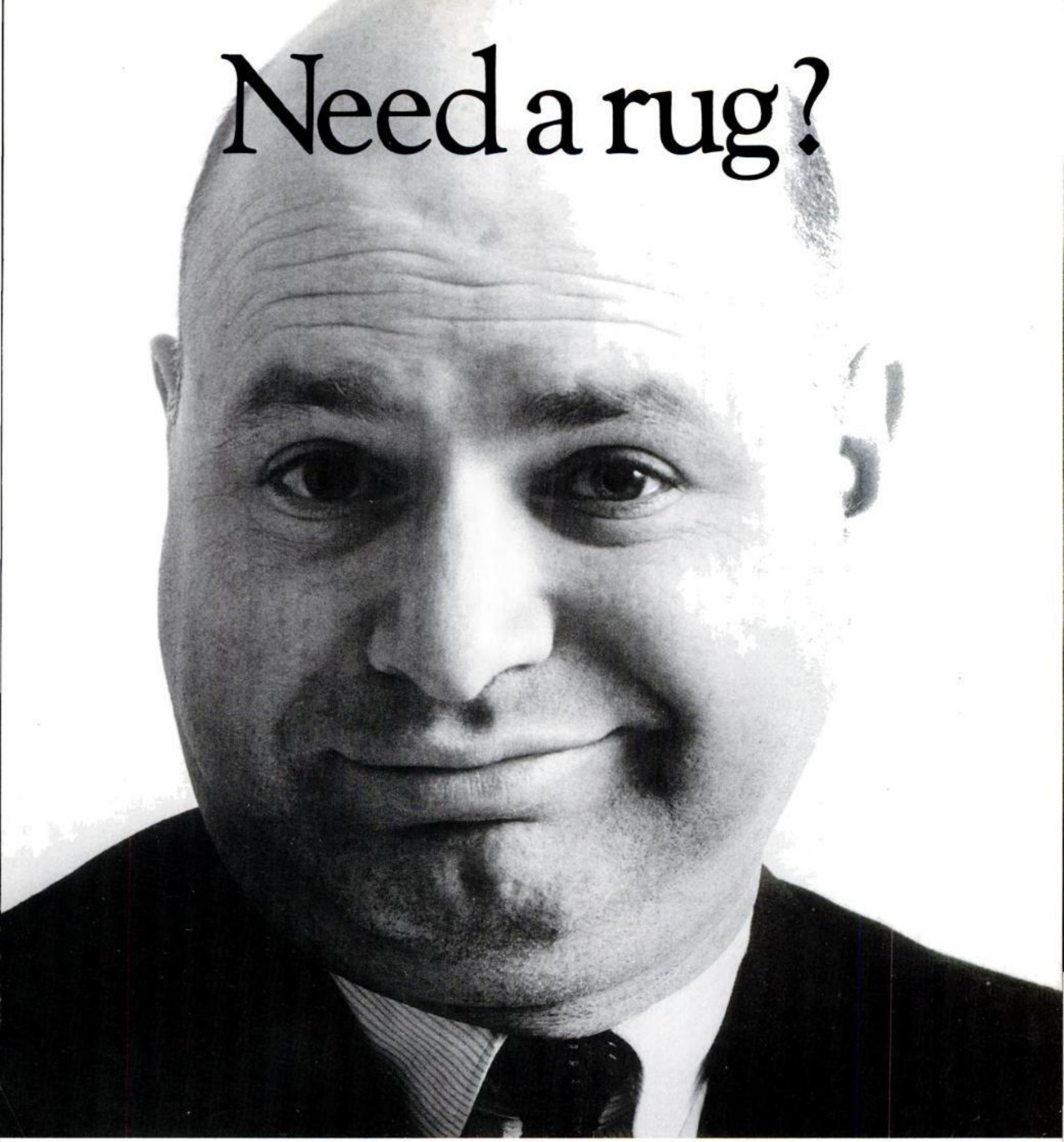
Giuliani looked gray, humiliated. The dialogue suggested that he hadn't worked out many of these "absolutes" beyond the lecture boilerplate. Murder is bad. Was that such a breakthrough?

Look closely at Giuliani's actions and you find a complex, politically shrewd man. He has a cosmopolitan view of abortion, opposing it personally but saying that politicians should not impose their personal moral views on others. For all his fire and brimstone about America going off the rails in the drug-boggled sixties, he has said that evidence of past use of marijuana or cocaine is not a bar to employment at the U.S. Attorney's office. And despite his ranting about "campaign contributions" at the movie that night, when ABC's Greenfield asked whether he'd take money from PACs, Giuliani shrugged the question off. Even his personal life shows his understanding that absolutes are flexible. He has been married twice, his 14-year first marriage having been annulled on the grounds that he and his wife were second cousins who'd failed to get a dispensation from the church.

Giuliani's genius—but it is also a blindness, a guilt-monkeyed neurosis—is that he's carried the choirboy innocence into adulthood and at some level believes it. It comes out at his most pragmatic moments, like, say, the political party switch. In the life of another public person that flip-flop might seem opportunistic. But in Giuliani's moral crucible it played as an epiphany: "I became a Republican more through philosophical analysis and

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discussion and reading than through some partisan process."

MANY things can put a cautious, pragmatic man off a risky political race, but one thing happened in January that by itself may have done the trick. For three weeks Moynihan aired $300,000 worth of TV advertising aimed directly against Giuliani. The ads portrayed Moynihan as an effective, activist senator. And in one of the ads, Moynihan was shown being congratulated by Republican senator Robert Dole.

This was an odd political twist, bound to make even the coolest contender break a sweat. Not long before, Giuliani's protector, Al D'Amato, had endorsed Dole for president. Why hadn't D'Amato kept Dole from appearing in Moynihan's ad?

Which raised the question, *Was D'Amato really behind Giuliani for Senate?* After all, there was really no reason he should be. D'Amato is a vernacular machine politician who enjoys the contrast with donnish Moynihan. D'Amato couldn't really want to share the spotlight with another conservative, lisping Italian-American—one with education and hair, one who talks with more than his hands. Yet here D'Amato was, pushing Giuliani into the race. Pragmatic Man had to wonder: was D'Amato secretly hoping that a big loss would plunge Giuliani into political never-never land, Geraldine Ferraroville, so that he wouldn't get in D'Amato's way down the road? Both D'Amato and Giuliani have been said to have designs on the governor's office. (When I raised this point with Mario Cuomo, he said, "They're going to have to wait until I die.")

Thus, inevitably, Giuliani's fretting over whether to run became not a political issue but a moral one, a question of Mr. Big having control over the U.S. Attorney's office. Yet evidence suggests that maybe D'Amato was bending over backward, meeting any demands, just to get Giuliani into the race. D'Amato's handlers claim that the senator made the extraordinary gesture of giving Giuliani a "reasonable veto" over his successor. Paul Windels Jr., who was chairman of D'Amato's judicial panel, says he negotiated with Giuliani's office to set up a "mechanism" whereby Giuliani would meet with only those members of the panel whom he found acceptable and explain why the outsiders they were considering for his job were untrustworthy. But Giuliani never took advantage of the arrangement.

The next thing Windels heard was Giuliani's exit line: his announcement in February that he wouldn't be running.

"By my leaving, I would have to see things sacrificed that are too important to me," Giuliani said, and the story played in the familiar, sanctimonious way: the Senate was just another temptation Giuliani had withstood, a moment to be memorialized in stained glass. Mr. Clean had walked away from high office rather than mix up with Sleazy Al.

"He was going to do the right thing," says Peter Powers, Giuliani's lawyer friend. "Politicians don't understand that. They don't act on what's right and what's best."

Other friends of Giuliani's also believe this. But underneath Zealous Man's moral gesturing, Pragmatic Man had been hard at work, strategizing. Pragmatic Man no doubt regarded the race as too risky, too dirty. And so, pragmatically, he had chosen just the right moment to pull out—a heavy news night when the story wouldn't be scrutinized but would play at its symbolic best, a night when the press had better things to do than to analyze the Hamlet of Foley Square. Giuliani announced his decision not to run on the night of the Iowa caucuses, and the story was buried.

AFTER THE pullout, word around town had it that Giuliani couldn't handle the hurly-burly of electoral politics, that he lacked "intestinal fortitude," as New York Conservative Party boss Serphin R. Maltese put it. His righteousness turned into off-the-wall hysterics too easily. When Bronx district attorney Paul Gentile was accused of ethical violations, Giuliani jumped right into the fray and went on a rampage. He called Gentile a "jerk," a "sneaky creep" and of "flawed character," in large part because Gentile had leaked confidential FBI documents to the press (as if Giuliani's office had never been similarly loose with grand jury testimony, even *The New York Times* calling the prosecutor "no stranger to the art of leaking"). When Gentile held a press conference to read a long statement and then walked off without answering any questions, the reporters called Giuliani. Fuming, Giuliani told the press that public officials *had* to answer reporters' questions.

"The only people who don't answer questions are criminals and accused criminals," he said. Giuliani voiced this opinion within days of abruptly canceling his scheduled second interview with me.

The explosion over Gentile only strengthened the view in the political community that Giuliani didn't have the stomach or the steady nerves for politics. "The guy's a coward," one Democratic consultant said. "He's your classic bully. He calls press conferences to announce he's caught the bad guys; his press coverage is fabulous. The minute a punch is thrown he bursts into tears."

Politics had had a look at Giuliani and was being disrespectful. *You had your big race for the asking, Babyface. It won't come so easily again*, politics was saying. The press was already enthusing about Giuliani as an anti-Koch candidate for mayor in 1989. Giuliani said he'd think about it, but the pols knew better. Giuliani wade into that ethnic-racial-editorial snake pit? Never. The job Rudy Giuliani wanted was the only kind he'd ever had: a political appointment, a silver-platter special from a father figure—U.S. Attorney General, say, or Supreme Court justice. No wonder he was saying just what George Bush was saying about the death penalty for drug "kingpins."

Nevertheless, Giuliani continued to fulfill his politician's burden of public speaking. One night he attended the *Daily News* Golden Gloves competition at Madison Square Garden. He was there to give an award before the perfect audience, New York working-class ethnics, who welcomed him as he approached the ring by chanting his name in that excited-mob way that is music to the ears of politicians: Rud*eee*! Rud*eee*! Rud*eee*!

The old cornerman spread the ropes for the prosecutor, the silver-tuxedoed emcee barked, "I would like to introduce another great fighter!"—and with that Rudy Giuliani stepped beaming and triumphant into the ring. There was, of course, no one in the other corner. ◆

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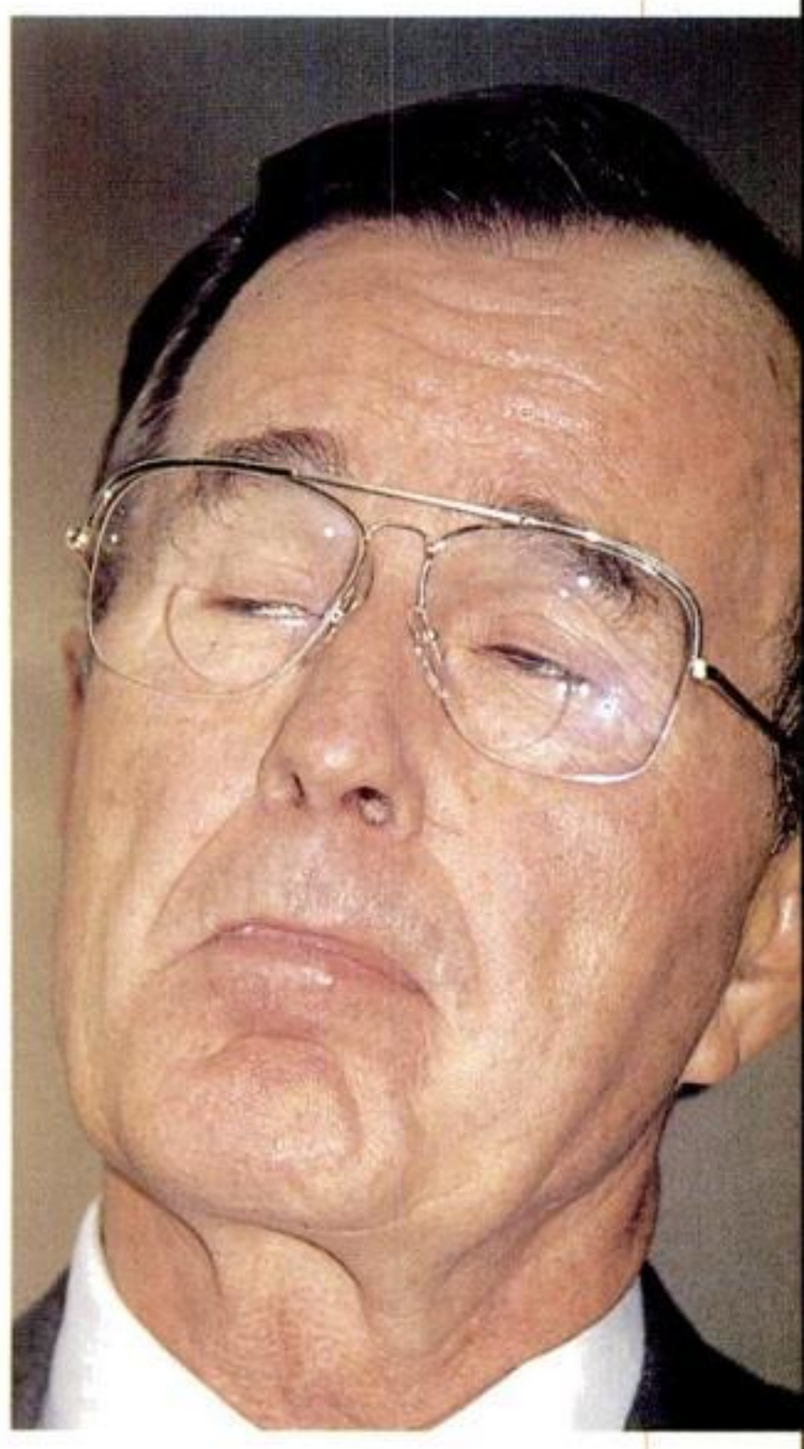
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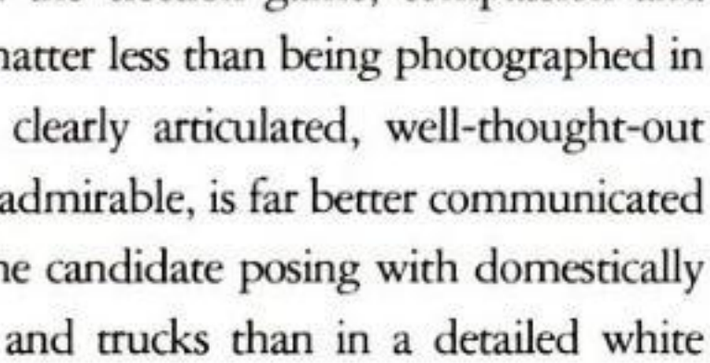


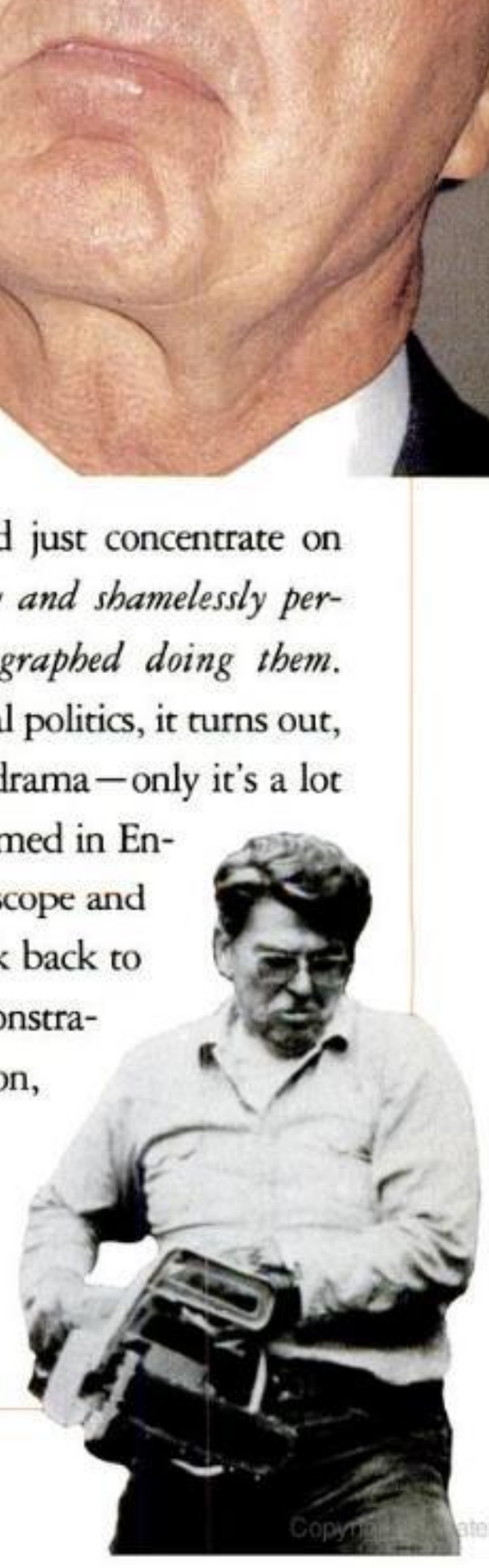
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What does it take to be elected Leader of the Free World? The idealist in us calls upon our candidate of choice to embody the following qualities: honesty; intelligence; common sense; statesmanship; a code of ethics; heroism; formative years spent either in a log cabin or not telling lies or—we can dream—in a log cabin not telling lies; and, in this peculiar year, a willingness to run. A candidate who can demonstrate these attributes will have, if we remember to register, our vote. A candidate who can demonstrate these attributes—and we mean this in the kindest sense—*deserves* to be president. The realist in us knows better. The realist in us knows that in the election game, compassion and decency ultimately matter less than being photographed in a sombrero; that a clearly articulated, well-thought-out foreign policy, while admirable, is far better communicated through photos of the candidate posing with domestically manufactured guns and trucks than in a detailed white paper; and that fiscal savvy becomes just another minor asset for the candidate who is able, first and foremost, to convey the impression that in all of his or her years of appearing to be spellbound in the presence of constituents, he or she has never, *ever*, been quite as spellbound as he or she is *right this minute*, listening to *this* farmer's theories on new innovations in cow-milking carousels. In the illuminating photo essay that follows—images recorded all across this great country by our nation's greatest photographers—SPY proves that, in fact, the most important prerequisite for becoming America's chief executive is the ability to display for the camera an affinity for children, animals, food, sports, bulldozers, firearms, haberdashery and animated characters. Moreover (and this is apt to make a lot of Americans uncomfortable), the candidate has to be willing to pose for what can only be described as provocative photos of an adult nature—not hard-core, of course, but unmistakably alluring. Once you understand this simple truth, you can be an accomplished political prognosticator. As we demonstrate in the pages ahead, you can forget the position papers and the caucuses and the polls and the analyses and the endorsements and the money, and just concentrate on *which candidates most diligently and shamelessly perform these acts, and get photographed doing them.* They're your winners. Presidential politics, it turns out, is as ritually stylized as Kabuki drama—only it's a lot more entertaining and it's performed in English. To further prove the scope and power of our theory, we also look back to 1984, providing a succinct demonstration of why Ronald Reagan won, by almost 17 million popular votes, while Walter Mondale—and there is no way not to be cruel about this—did not.







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AT WORK

1956

The campaign begins: Bruce Babbitt voted "most courteous" by his Flagstaff High School classmates in Arizona.

FEBRUARY 1987

Mario Cuomo says he won't run.

Paul Simon says he won't run.

MARCH 1987

Nationally unknown Dick Gephardt enters race. "I'm not doing this because I want an office," he says, anticipating the outcome of his campaign.

APRIL 1987

Gary Hart announces candidacy. Commenting on rumors of womanizing, he says, "Follow me around. I don't care. I'm serious. If anybody wants to put a tail on me, go ahead. They'd be very bored."

MAY 1987

Reporters for *The* ➟

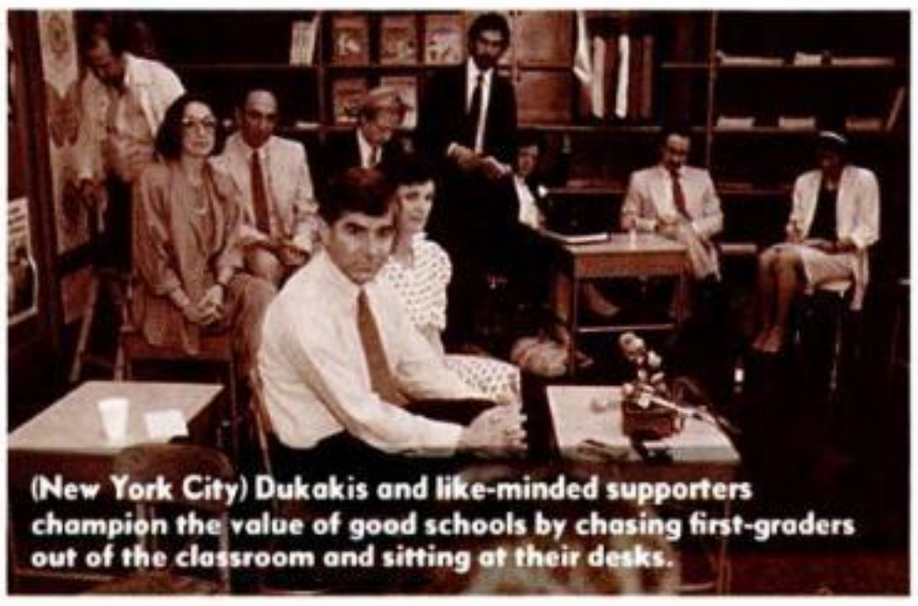
"HOLDING MY BABY: What a Beautiful Way to Show He Can Negotiate a Conventional Arms Reduction Treaty"

Did the candidate grab children of diverse ethnic backgrounds?

Americans want the president to be the Big Daddy in the White House—protective, loving, happy to give us what we want and to say no to our selfish, tax-squandering siblings. Candidates prove they will be good daddies not by actually being good daddies (consider that close, close Reagan family) but by proving that they know what to do with a stranger's baby. Namely, pose with it.


(Nashua, New Hampshire) Bush pries an affectionate baby off his face.


(Wauwatosa, Wisconsin) Dukakis scores quadruple points in the Quadrennial Great Midwest Baby-Hold by hoisting a pair of Greek-American twins.


(New York City) Dukakis and like-minded supporters champion the value of good schools by chasing first-graders out of the classroom and sitting at their desks.


(McLean, Virginia) Bush throws ball at frightened children.


(Des Moines) Haig interrogates baby.


(New York City) Pat Schroeder bares her canines in ritual maternal protective display.


(Iowa City) Jackson with child


(West Chester, Pennsylvania) Jackson with children

SPY'S 1984 CAMPAIGN CHECKLIST FLASHBACK: THE LANDSLIDE EXPLAINED

▼ Reagan and infant



Mondale without infant ▲


(Washington, D.C.) Jackson with another child.


(Hazard, Kentucky) Jackson with another child


(St. Paul) Jackson with another child


(Lock Haven, Pennsylvania) Jackson with another child

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3:12 P.M.: GET OFF PLANE. THROW BALL. CATCH BALL. 3:13 P.M.: PHOTO OP OVER. BACK ON PLANE

Did the candidate affect a sportsmanlike posture?

For years, the model of the presidential athlete was William Howard Taft, a three hundred pounder who played golf and liked to go to the ballpark. Then those hyperkinetic, ostentatiously fit Kennedys rolled up, and now every candidate has to prove his willingness to put on funny clothes and become red-faced and sweaty—even if the only means to this end is to become involved in deeply humiliating scandals.



(Manchester, New Hampshire) Paul Simon's media image finally answers the question, *What if Ed Norton had gone to college?*



(Tampa Bay, Florida) Gore prepares to walk on a beach.



(Manchester, New Hampshire) Haig goes *mano a mano* with formidable opponent.



(Adel, Iowa) Would-be Kennedy-of-the-right Jack Kemp prepares for a manly game of rainy-day mudball as an aide runs interference.

(Des Moines) Du Pont works to overcome image that he is a country-club lightweight.

(Cedar Rapids, Iowa) Joe "Crazy Eights" Biden challenges formidable opponent.



(Perry, Iowa) Hermetically sealed Babbitt, the Likable Geek, races photographer on foot.



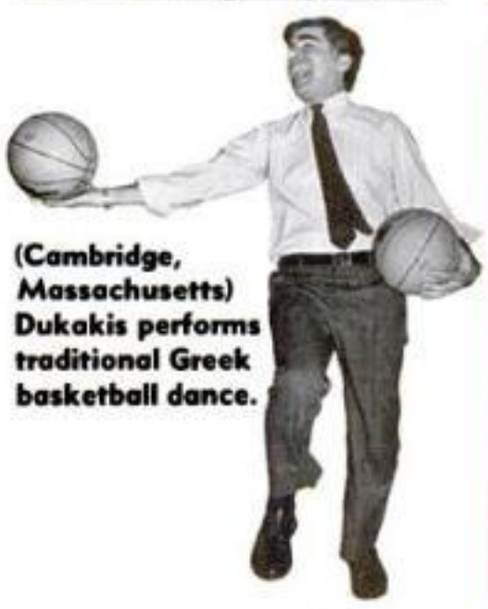
(Laconia, New Hampshire) Dukakis grips dogless sled.



(Boston) Bush fishes indoors.



(Manchester, New Hampshire) Robertson scores simulated TKO in simulated boxing match.



(Cambridge, Massachusetts) Dukakis performs traditional Greek basketball dance.

SPY'S 1984 CAMPAIGN CHECKLIST FLASHBACK: THE LANDSLIDE EXPLAINED

▼ Reagan pretending to play hockey



Mondale failing to feign ▲ sports activity

Miami Herald observe Hart and Donna Rice playing home version of "Where's the Beef?" one weekend in Washington. Rice's denial: "I'm more attracted to younger men." The sensible, well-balanced, deeply contrite Hart later says, "I don't weep for myself. I weep for this country."

The preternaturally affectionate Jesse Jackson comments that questions about infidelity are legitimate only when "some illicit relationship was having some bearing on national interest or national security."

Simon now says he will run.

JUNE 1987

Funnyman Joe Biden throws hat in ring.

JULY 1987

Michael Dukakis admits that it took him 11 years of marriage to catch on to the fact that Kitty wasn't just bubbly but an amphetamine addict.

AUGUST 1987

Democrats debate in Iowa. Trying to downplay his weaknesses, Simon calls upon his competitors to "make this something more than a political Miss America show."

SEPTEMBER 1987

Richard Nixon predicts Cuomo and George Bush for '88.

Biden caught plagiarizing speeches. Biden also revealed to be either a liar about his law school record or a very bad mathematician when he interprets his graduation standing of 76th out of 85 as "top half."

Bush visits Auschwitz: "Boy, they were big on crematoriums, weren't they?"

Pat Schroeder, who signs her name with a little smiley face in the *P*, cries while announcing her noncandidacy.

OCTOBER 1987

Bush endears himself to autoworkers with comment on recent Soviet tank maneuvers: ➳

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"Hey, when the mechanics who keep those tanks running run out of work in the Soviet Union, send them to Detroit because we could use that kind of ability."

The Republican debate: Bush calls Pierre "Pete" du Pont "Pierre."

Widespread trick-or-treating observed despite Pat Robertson's stance on Halloween: "We ought to close Halloween down. Do you want your children to dress up like witches? They are acting out satanic rituals."

DECEMBER 1987

In David Frost interview, Bush describes how his father used to discipline him: "One time when I was less than truthful he picked up a . . . I don't know whether it was a squash racket or a . . . looked like a big stick."

In Iowa, Bush recalls his WW II experiences: "I was shot down, and I was floating around in a little yellow raft, setting a record for paddling. . . . I thought of my faith, the separation of church and state."

A grateful, entertainment-starved nation watches Hart reenter race. Lee Hart says, "I don't want Gary to be president—that's his wish. But I don't want to be in the way."

Democrats and Republicans debate together on NBC. Speaking on AIDS, Jackson says, "The last night on earth of Jesus the Christ, he stayed with Simon the leper. . . ." Hearing the name Simon, NBC director cuts to shot of Paul Simon the candidate.

JANUARY 1988

Democrats debate in Des Moines: Dukakis says, "I'm not squishy soft" on national security. He doesn't explicitly rule out "squeezably soft," "soft as a baby's cheek" or "softer than the rain."

Bush's son Neil calls Robertson backers "cockroaches." Robertson protests. Neil recants, ➟

SPY'S 1984 CAMPAIGN CHECKLIST FLASHBACK: THE LANDSLIDE EXPLAINED

▼ Reagan and swine





Mondale all alone ▲

"FASCINATING! NOW TELL ME: WHERE DOES MUTTON COME FROM?"

Did the candidate fondle livestock?

Most Americans don't like farms, don't want anything to do with farms, have never used the word *farm* in a sentence. However, there is that connection between farms and food, so we grudgingly assent to a vast array of profligate government programs ($18.5 billion this year) just to keep farmers happily milking and hoeing and slaughtering. Thus we require our candidates to prove that they have an affinity for (or at least are not loathed universally by) farmers.



(Newington, New Hampshire) Dick Gephardt makes an eloquent statement in his own particular gestural idiom—by holding a lobster in New Hampshire.



(Portsmouth, New Hampshire) Joe Biden makes an eloquent statement in his own particular gestural idiom—by holding a lobster in New Hampshire.



(Des Moines) Haig rubs horse.



(Des Moines) Gore touches bull.



(Greenfield, Iowa) Jackson caught milking cow.



(Kittredge, Colorado) Another picture of Gary Hart with a carefully coiffed dog in his lap



(Cadott, Wisconsin) Dukakis, the micro-manager, wonders why cattle need four-section stomachs, considers whether the current system doesn't produce too much waste.



(Waterloo, Iowa) Bush with pig



(San Diego) Bush shares a laugh with large dead fish.



(Kelley, Iowa) Haig with pig



(Stoddard, New Hampshire) Du Pont with pig

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"CHEESEBURGER, CHEESEBURGER, CHEESEBURGER, PEPSI, PEPSI, CHEESEBURGER . . ."

Can the candidate work with steam trays?

Once candidates merely had to show they could eat. Then Jerry Ford demonstrated an ability to make English muffins, and presidential politics acquired a whole new dimension. Now candidates must prove they could, if some unforeseen national emergency requires it, run a cafeteria.

George Bush: Itinerant Chef


(Baton Rouge) Bush cooks Cajun.


(Biloxi) Bush dices catfish.


(Phoenix) Bush fries tortillas.


(Ontario, California) Bush prepares pizza.

Michael Dukakis: Itinerant Cafeteria Worker


(Milwaukee) Hygiene-obsessed Dukakis, in form-fitting plastic gloves, serves milk.


(Chicago) Dukakis touches bread slices.


(Cedar Rapids, Iowa) Dukakis dishes out horrid cafeteria gruel to hungry old women.

And at the Right-Wing Invitational Mr. Pancake Competition . . .


flapjacks . . .


hotcakes . . .


plain pancakes . . .


and crepes

saying he meant "worker bees."

In a macho display in Cedar Rapids, Iowa, Bush rips up a 15-year-old girl's Kemp flier, crying, "Finis!"

FEBRUARY 1988

Bob Dole, confronting Bush on Senate floor, pounds on lectern and screams about campaign attacks on Liddy Dole.

Robertson observes that the long-range goal of Planned Parenthood is to create a "master race."

The Iowa caucuses. Dole and Gephardt win, uncannily prefiguring the course of the campaign and of American history for the rest of the century.

In New Hampshire, Dole encounters a heckler. "Go back into your cave," Dole suggests.

In New Hampshire, Alexander Haig meets a factory worker who refuses to shake his hand. "Every once in a while you meet an asshole," the candidate says. The worker agrees.

In New Hampshire, Bush defends the Alaskan oil pipeline: "The caribou love it. They rub up against it and they have babies. There are more caribou in Alaska than you can shake a stick at."

Robertson claims he knows where Iranian hostages are, insists there are Soviet missiles in Cuba, accuses Bush campaign of timing Jimmy Swaggart sex scandal to embarrass him.

MARCH 1988

Robertson, risking the botanical vote, says, "People are slaves to a plant! Cocaine, the coca plant — people are hooked on a vegetable!"

His campaign faltering, Dole begins mistreating his wife, Liddy. "He's been an SOB with her," says an aide. "Bob just won't pay any attention to me," Liddy tells a friend.

As Bush leaves South Carolina, his guard dog attacks him. ➟

SPY'S 1984 CAMPAIGN CHECKLIST FLASHBACK: THE LANDSLIDE EXPLAINED

▼ Reagan serving food


Mondale serving rhetoric ▲

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APRIL 1988

At a Hart fundraising dinner in L.A., $30,000 worth of proceeds are promptly seized by federal marshals to pay one of the creditors from Hart's failed 1984 campaign.

A Gore Secret Service agent breaks the nose of a Manhattan lawyer and arrests him for crossing the street in front of Gore's motorcade. The attorney, a specialist in personal injury cases, later sues the agent for $24 million.

JUNE 1988

Bush appears on *Nightline* and repeatedly calls Ted Koppel "Dan" until commercial break, when Bush aide tapes sign reading TED to Bush's monitor.

JULY 1988

Dukakis has Jackson to his home and serves him clam chowder, which Jackson can't eat because of digestion problems with milk. Dukakis also serves salmon, which Jackson won't eat because it wasn't fried. A serious discussion about the vice presidency is interrupted by Dukakis's children serving ice cream. Later, when Dukakis and Jackson go see the Boston Pops, Jackson sends out for food.

DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL CONVENTION

In New Orleans, the Boys' Club gives Dukakis a T-shirt. Dukakis requests a smaller size.

Tama Janowitz attends Democratic convention, boasting, "I know nothing about politics. I came down here as a celebrity. . . ."

AUGUST 1988

Arriving in Atlanta, Bush introduces his half-Mexican grandchildren to Reagan as "the little brown ones." Later, Bush defends his comments: "I'm proud they're brown."

REPUBLICAN NATIONAL CONVENTION

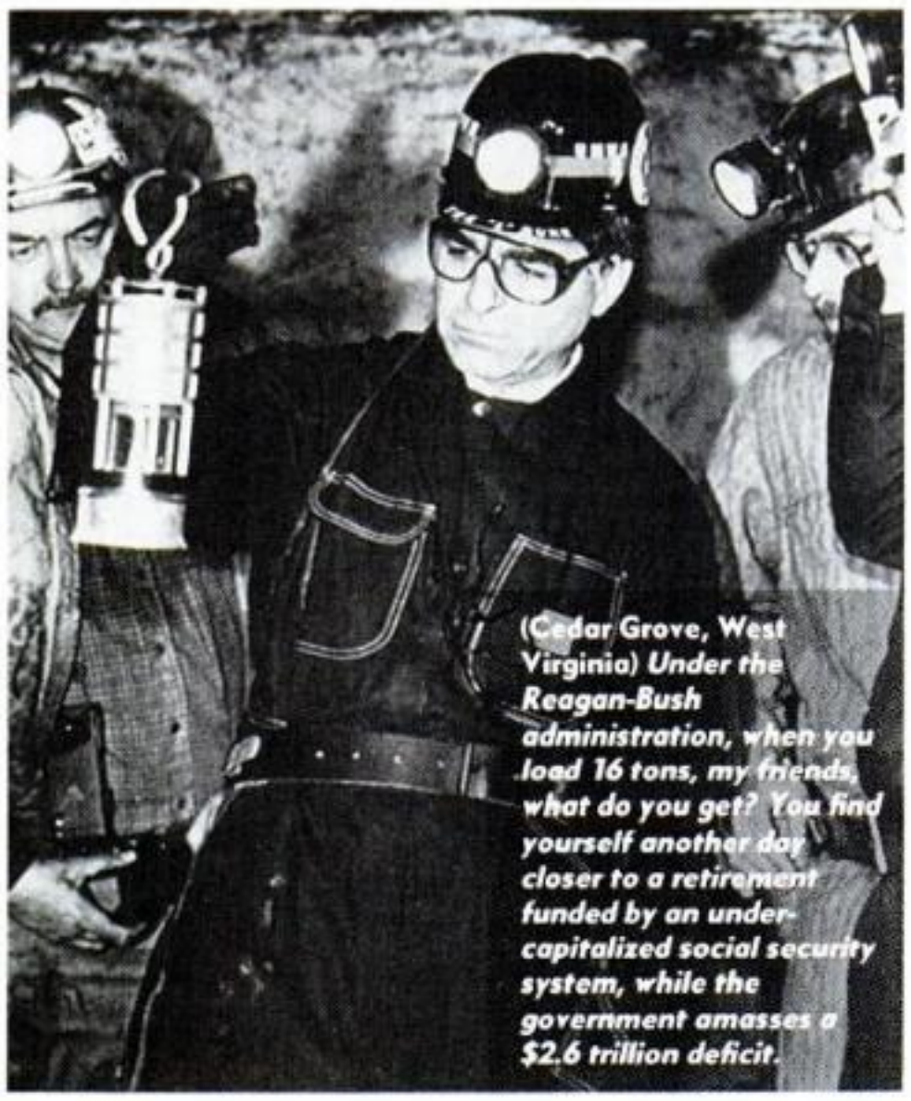
Bush proves spousal passion by patting wife's rear in →

"THERE'S SIX FRANCOPHONES IN THIS PRECINCT, GOVERNOR. NOW JUST PUT ON THE KEPI"

Did the candidate wear manly headgear?

Washington wore one. Lincoln wore one. Jimmy Carter put on one of those half-mesh gimme caps when he hung around the peanut warehouse. Americans love a president who looks good in a hat, or who looks stupid in one but who has enough of a pandering instinct to wear one anyway. Americans particularly love a president who wears a cowboy hat or a hard hat, something that promotes the conceit that these fellows have had, at one point in their lives, an acquaintance with hard work.

Hard Hats



(Cedar Grove, West Virginia) ***Under the Reagan-Bush administration, when you load 16 tons, my friends, what do you get? You find yourself another day closer to a retirement funded by an under-capitalized social security system, while the government amasses a $2.6 trillion deficit.***



(Miami Beach)



(Chicago)



(Wicomico County, Maryland)



(Bush, Kentucky)



(The Bronx, New York)

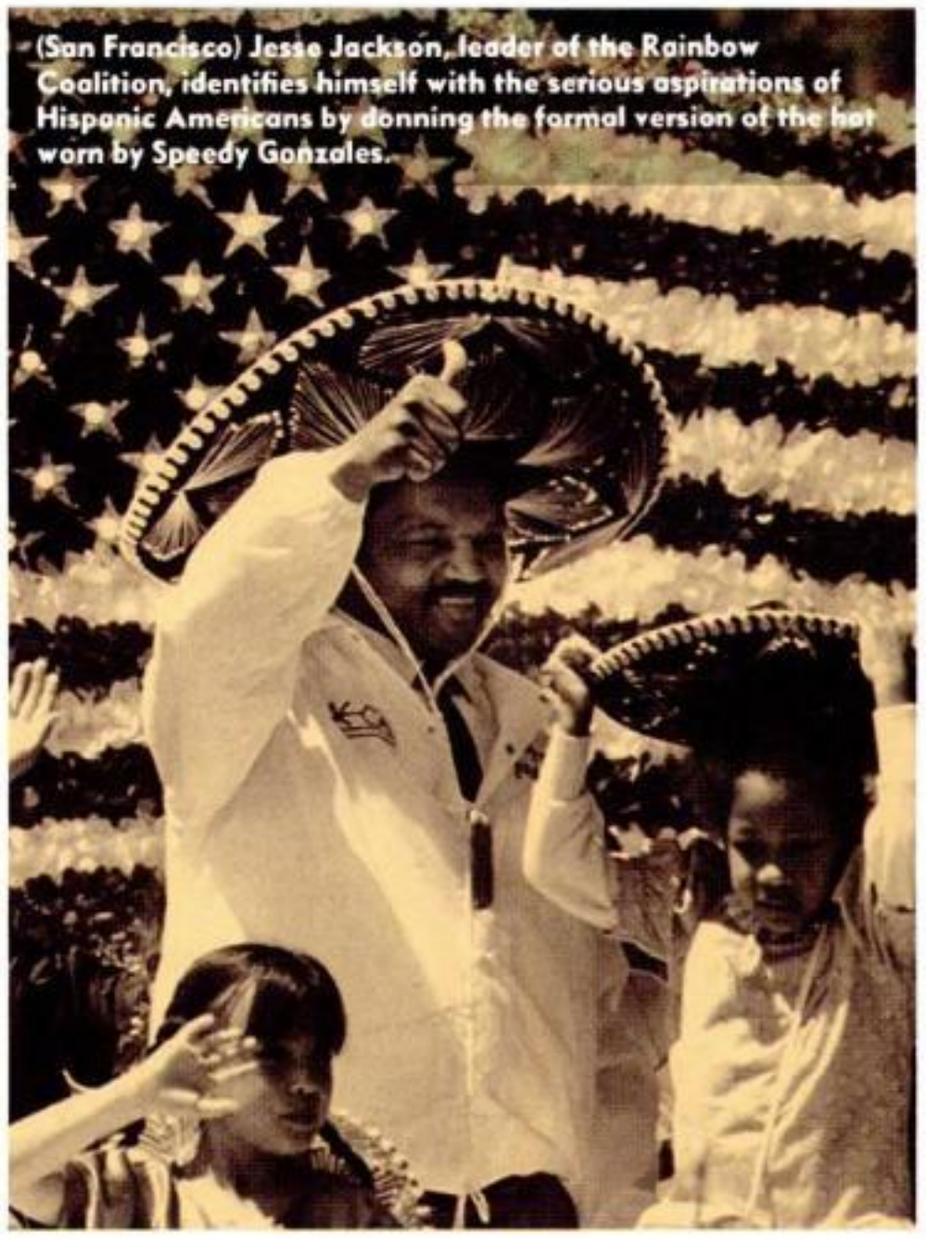
Softer Hats



(San Diego)



(Washington, D.C.)



(San Francisco) Jesse Jackson, leader of the Rainbow Coalition, identifies himself with the serious aspirations of Hispanic Americans by donning the formal version of the hat worn by Speedy Gonzales.



(Lubbock)



(Houston)

SPY'S 1984 CAMPAIGN CHECKLIST FLASHBACK: THE LANDSLIDE EXPLAINED

▼ Reagan in hard hat





Mondale, hatless ▲

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Photo: Ritchie Williamson.

ON HAND WAS THAT MARVELOUS NEW WHITE WINE.

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front of Dan Rather.

Bush chooses the supremely unqualified Dan Quayle as his running mate. Replying to questions about his National Guard service, Quayle, speaking more frankly on this subject than he ever will again, says, "I did not know in 1969 that I would be in this room today, I'll confess."

At convention, Donald Trump comments on running for president: "Everybody wants me to do it! Everybody!"

SEPTEMBER 1988

Abandoning ostentatious sanctimony because no one is looking, Dukakis rehires John Sasso, lying dirty-trickster aide he fired the year before.

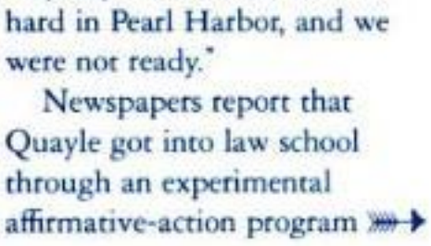
Quayle responds again to accusations of draft-dodging. "I [did] what any normal person would do at that age. You call home. You call home to Mother and Father and say, 'I'd like to get into the National Guard.' "

September 7: In a speech to the American Legion, Bush celebrates Pearl Harbor day three months early: "Today, you remember—I wonder how many Americans remember—today is Pearl Harbor day. Forty-seven years ago to this very day we were hit and hit hard in Pearl Harbor, and we were not ready."

Newspapers report that Quayle got into law school through an experimental affirmative-action program ➳

SPY'S 1984 CAMPAIGN CHECKLIST FLASHBACK: THE LANDSLIDE EXPLAINED

▼ Reagan and big rig



Mondale contemplating ▲ infrastructure

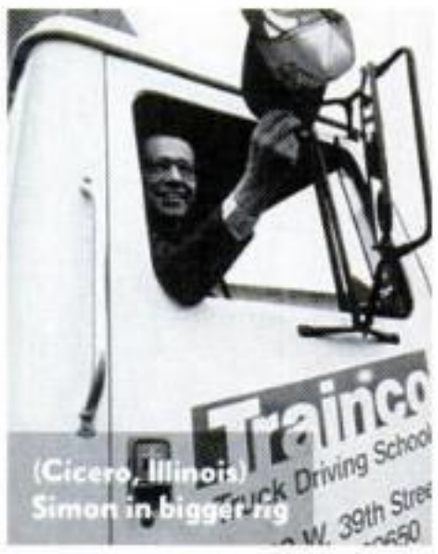
"VROOM-VROOM! VROOOOM! AND YOU CAN QUOTE ME ON THAT"

Did the candidate pose with a powerful vehicle?

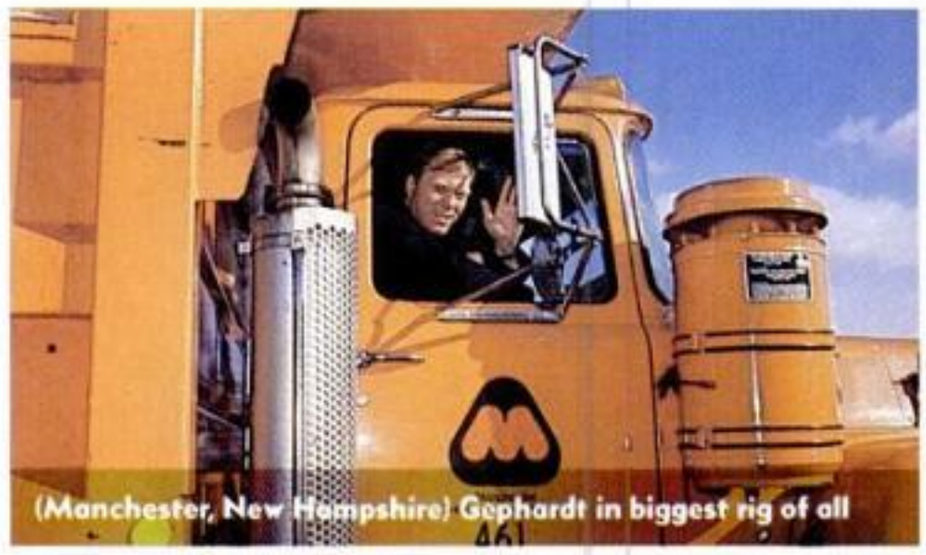
It's a big country. It's a big job. He faces a big challenge. He has big opportunities. He needs the support of big business. He needs the help of big labor. He wants to prove he's a big man. So he has his picture taken with big machines.



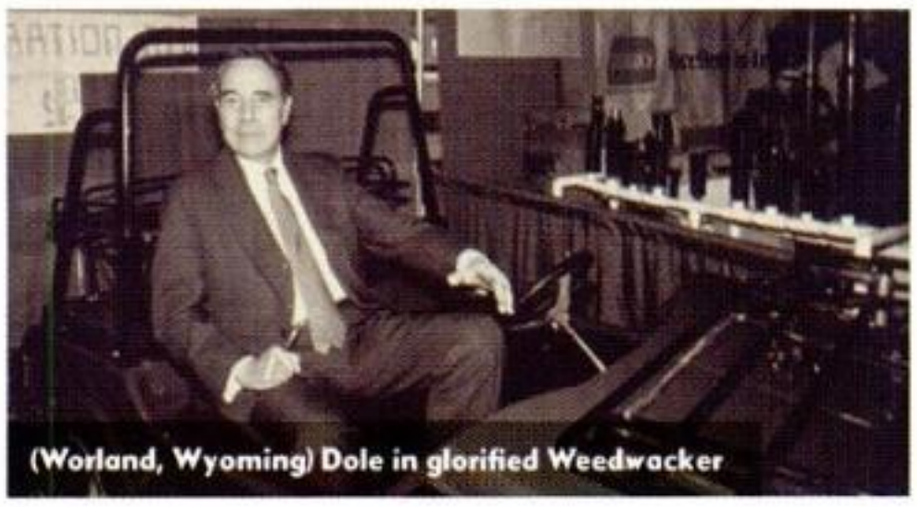
(Greenland, New Hampshire) Bush in big rig



(Cicero, Illinois) Simon in bigger rig



(Manchester, New Hampshire) Gephardt in biggest rig of all



(Worland, Wyoming) Dole in glorified Weedwacker



(Greenfield, Iowa) Jackson on tractor



(Brookline, Massachusetts) Dukakis efficiently does some night mowing.

"THIS IS FINE. NOW, DO YOU HAVE ANY LEG-HOLD TRAPS?"

Did the candidate fondle a gun?

On the one hand, Washington, Jackson, Grant, McKinley, Teddy Roosevelt, Truman, Ike and JFK all were responsible for the killing of other people. On the other hand, Madison fled Washington when the British showed up, Cleveland bought his way out of the draft, Nixon spent World War II winning at cards, and the best Reagan could do was perform in *Hellcats of the Navy*. Man for man, more candidates who prove they know how to handle a weapon get their pictures on money than those who don't.

SPY'S 1984 CAMPAIGN CHECKLIST FLASHBACK: THE LANDSLIDE EXPLAINED

▼ Reagan surrounded by a variety of weaponry





Mondale, gun-free ▲



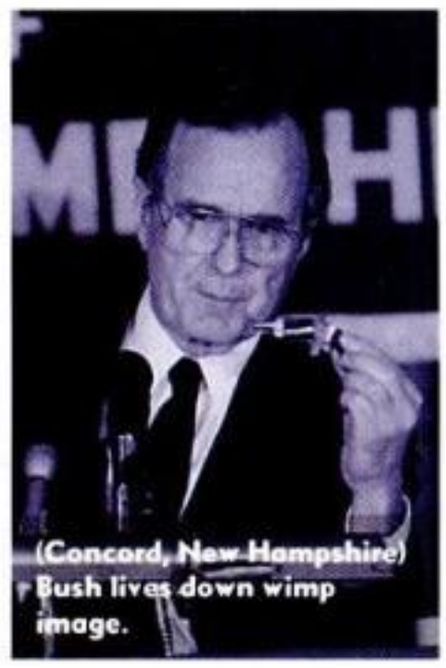
(Rochester, New Hampshire) Robertson shares a laugh with press corps at gunpoint.



(Newport, New Hampshire) Kemp gingerly approaches man with rifle.



(Manchester, New Hampshire) Du Pont at wrong end of big Army gun



(Concord, New Hampshire) Bush lives down wimp image.



(Sterling Heights, Michigan) Dukakis at right end of big Army gun.



(Hook Set, New Hampshire) Gore pretends he didn't go to Harvard.

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aimed in part at underachieving minority students. The scandal is overshadowed by previous Quayle scandals, causing Quayle to miss out on a publicity opportunity.

Utah Republican Orrin Hatch calls the Democrats "the party of homosexuals."

Bush says, "I wouldn't be surprised if [Dukakis] thinks a naval exercise is something you find in the *Jane Fonda Workout Book*." Quayle adds, Dukakis recently lost "his top naval adviser. . . . His rubber ducky drowned in the bathtub."

Dukakis spokesman retorts, "George Bush's idea of a naval exercise is a yacht race off Kennebunkport, and Dan Quayle's is fishing for a golf ball."

The Dukakis campaign, waiting for Bush to self-destruct, allows Bush campaign to bluff it into agreeing to only two debates.

Quayle calls the Holocaust "an obscene period in our nation's history." Quayle clarifies his remarks by saying he meant "this century's history" and that "we all lived in this century. I didn't live in this century." Quayle cuts his losses by not clarifying his clarification.

NBC surrenders opportunity for ratings coup by preempting 90 minutes of Olympics coverage in order to broadcast first presidential debate. The network loses $8 million and the potential gratitude of viewers everywhere. Dukakis, still waiting for Bush to self-destruct, loses debate when Bush does not call him "some kind of, you know, guinea communist" or "a dork."

OCTOBER 1988

Dukakis enters third month of waiting calmly for Bush campaign to self-destruct.

NOVEMBER 8, 1988

Americans elect bland, awkward, uninspiring Ivy Leaguer president.

SPY'S 1984 CAMPAIGN CHECKLIST FLASHBACK: THE LANDSLIDE EXPLAINED

▼ Reagan and Nanook the Bear



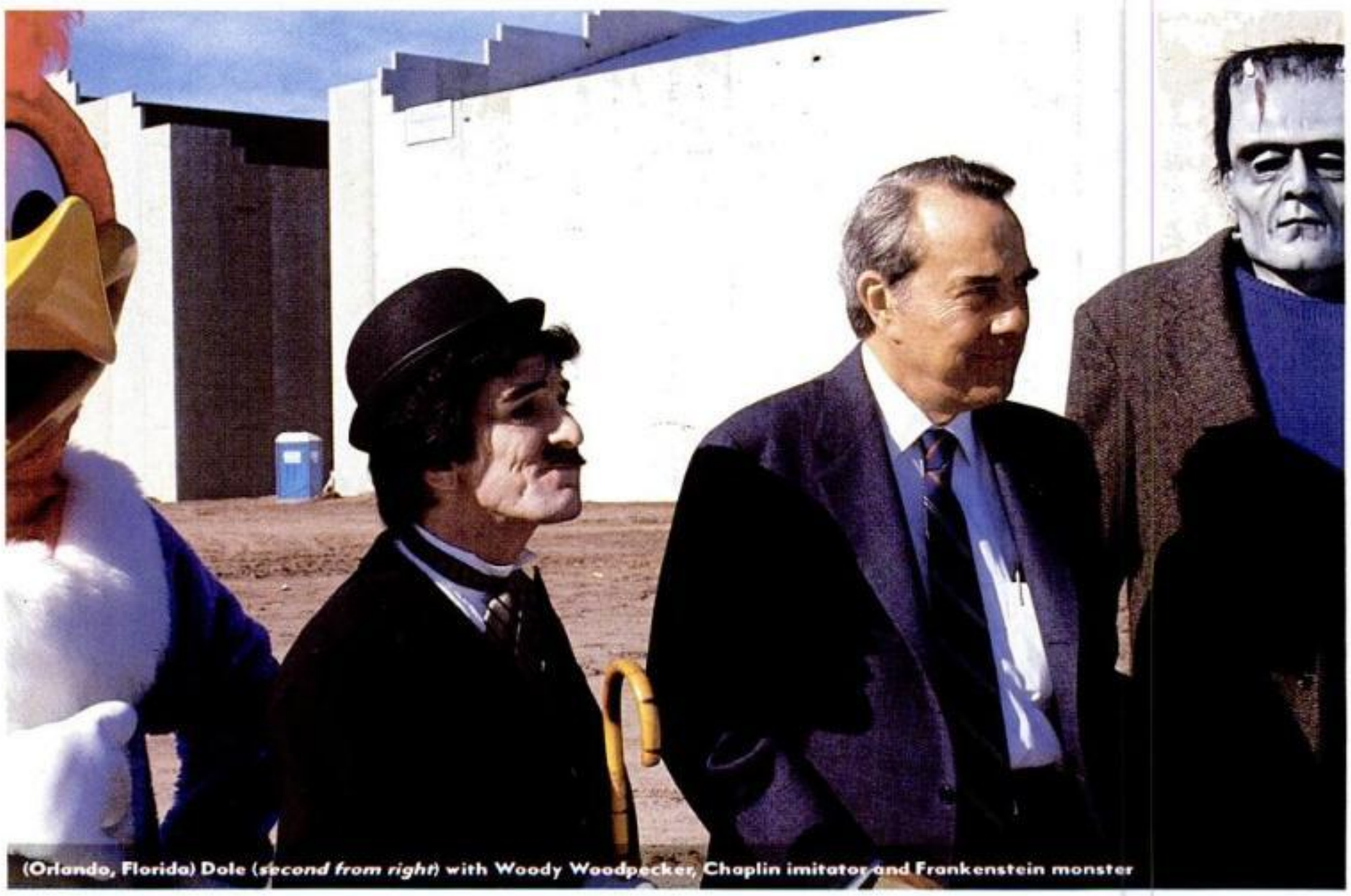


Mondale and wife, Joan ▲

"PLEASE WELCOME OUR NEXT PRESIDENT AND HIS FRIEND JAMBLY, DWARF-KING OF THE LAND OF ENCHANTMENT"

Did the candidate pose with a fantasy character?

Forming alliances, building coalitions, reaching out to all, seeing similarities instead of differences, promoting what joins us together rather than what sets us apart, finding common ground not battleground, being the president of each and every one of the fantastic people who are part of the great American mosaic: that's what makes it the best darn job in the whole U.S.A.



(Orlando, Florida) Dole (*second from right*) with Woody Woodpecker, Chaplin imitator and Frankenstein monster



(Denver) Lee Hart and magical Sam Donaldson impersonator.



(Tampa, Florida) Hart tries to ignore Chipmunks.



(Nashua, New Hampshire) Hart with Popeye



(Washington, D.C.) Pat Schroeder gets Indian rope burn from Sly.



(Manchester, New Hampshire) Simon and snowman in charisma competition



(Washington, D.C.) Gore with Spider-Man and Captain Kangaroo



(Los Angeles) Bush with Noid



(Manchester, New Hampshire) Gore with human



(Washington, D.C.) Bush with circus clowns



(Atlantic City, New Jersey) Future candidate Donald Trump with a hired friend



(Nashua, New Hampshire) Gary and Lee Hart sit on Santa.



(Bimini, Bahama Islands)

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AIDS IS AN OUTRAGE. It is costing us our friends, heroes, safety, peace of mind. It's a vital concern for our audience. And now, coming out of success and our desire to work on solutions, METROPOLITAN HOME has undertaken a project to create outstanding editorial and at the same time raise big money to fight this terrible disease.

FEBRUARY 1989

IT'S A BURNING ISSUE

The METROPOLITAN HOME ShowHouse To Benefit DIFFA (Design Industries Foundation for AIDS) puts under one roof world-class talent to make a showcase home in New York that will become the centerpiece of the February 1989 Special Collector's Issue.

The house opens to the public on October 6th featuring rooms and spaces by artist David Hockney, architect Michael Graves, restaurateur Wolfgang Puck, interior designers Mario Buatta, Mark Hampton, Andrée Putman, John Saladino and Jay Spectre, set designer Santo Loquasto, art dealer Holly Solomon, her artists and architect Michael McDonough, the Alessi Design Collection, and gardens by Bruce Kelly/David Varnell and Paul Bott. Photos and the story of the house and project will then appear nationally in the February issue.

Seed money for this venture comes from Grand Sponsors G.E. Appliances, Kohler and Allied Fibers, with additional cash coming from marketers of style products from apparel to toiletries to wines and spirits. More money to combat AIDS will be raised at a benefit dinner on October 5th featuring Robin Williams and other great stars who have joined us in this effort.

Culminating this cross-industry project will be the big-impact February issue that represents the advertising opportunity of winter 1989. Publicized via hundreds of newspaper, radio and television features, this issue will reach the largest audience of any METROPOLITAN HOME ever published. With almost one-third* of our readers in design-related industries themselves, your ad in February and your listing in our advertisers' index will illuminate your support for this cause. As an added benefit, METROPOLITAN HOME will donate 5% of the net advertising revenue from this issue to DIFFA.

Join us in this effort! Sponsorship opportunities at all levels are open and advertising reservations are now being taken. To inquire about sponsorship and/or to place your ad, please call Steve Burzon, Publisher, 212-551-7074.

Closing date: November 18, 1988

METROPOLITAN HOME®

STYLE FOR OUR GENERATION

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JOE BIDEN: MAN OF A THOUSAND ★ FACES ★

Gifted mimic or congenital goofball? Senator Joseph Biden was the candidate who had (or knew where he could borrow) a different face for every campaign occasion.

The Dole Tongue-Bite

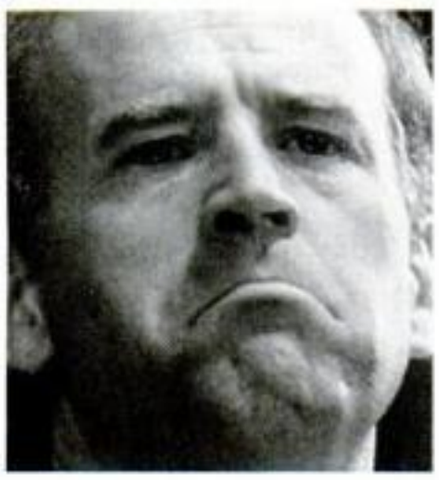


The Basic Kinnock



The Jackson Pout





SPEECH-GIVER, MANAGER, POLICYMAKER, LEADER—AND *HUMAN BEING* WITH HUMAN *NEEDS* AND HUMAN *FEELINGS*

Did the candidate pose for sexy cheesecake shots?



George (six foot two, 205 pounds). Turn-ons: long weekends in Maine, driving cigarette boats at high speed, following orders. Turn-offs: Dan Rather, political convictions, disobedience



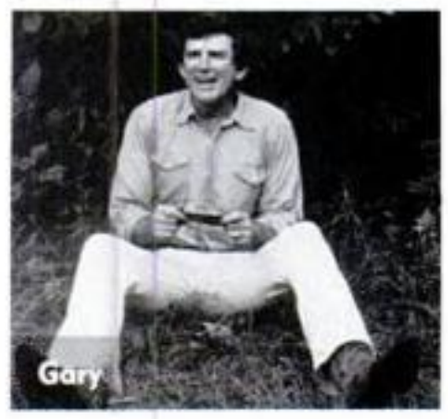
Mike



Pat Schroeder shows the face that launched a few hundred supporters.



Pat



Gary

SPY'S 1984 CAMPAIGN CHECKLIST FLASHBACK: THE LANDSLIDE EXPLAINED

▼ Reagan, half-naked



Mondale, fully clothed ▲



Al



Al



Jesse and Teddy

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LOOK!

IT'S A BOOK!

THE IDEAL HOLIDAY GIFT!

IT'S

A SPY BOOK



George Shultz . . .



and the Cowardly Lion?

SEPARATED AT BIRTH?



Dom DeLuise . . .



and chef Paul Prudhomme?



Mary Tyler Moore . . .



and the Joker from "Batman"?



Mick Jagger . . . and Don Knotts?



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EDUCATION
THE INDUSTRY
THE FIRMS
THE TRADE
MOVIES
HOW TO BE A GROWN-UP



Like, Dance, DUDE!

BY *IGNATZ RAZTWIZKIWZKI*

THERE MUST BE SOMETHING about Katie Kelly that I don't get. Is she related to someone important at WNBC? Was she Chuck Scarborough's first-grade teacher? I do know that in 1973 she had a book called *Garbage: The History and Future of Garbage in America* published. Was it the King Jamesian cadence of that title (how many authors would have thought to repeat the word *garbage?*) that led *Live at Five* to hire her as "New York's only on-air television and entertainment critic"?

REVIEW OF REVIEWERS

Kelly aside, I don't understand why *any* television station would hire a television critic. Surely there is nothing to be gained by warning viewers about the dreadful shows coming up on one's own station and steering them to the slightly less dreadful ones coming up on HBO. Why does Channel 4 do it? (For the record, I watch Channel 4 because I like to hear Pat Harper cough.) Is it just because TV is so dumb?

Of course, TV isn't alone. There are plenty of dumb people outside of television. There is, for example, Anna Kisselgoff, the most credulous of the *Times*'s seemingly endless supply of dance reviewers. You could skate around Grand Central station in your socks and Kisselgoff would watch you, taking notes.

Kisselgoff places a heavy strain on the *Times*'s already rock-bottom standards for cultural criticism. This spring she wrote that a pair of Canadian choreographers had "literally swept audiences up from their seats." More recently she produced what could be the most daring lead ever published in the *Times*: "Fish gotta swim, birds gotta fly, but humans don't have to dangle in the air from

Illustrations by Natasha Lessnik

ILLUSTRATED BY RODRIGO SHOPIS

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ropes, trapezes and gymnasts' bars."

Kisselgoff may not always have been this dumb. Perhaps she became dumb after she arrived at the *Times*. Or maybe it comes from hanging around dancers. A quick sampling of recent dance criticism reveals that this has happened to others too: just about nothing, it would appear, is dumber than a dancer—or a dance critic.

"A dog sat calmly while Ms. Carlson barked commands to an imaginary dog and read letters about personal problems" (Jack Anderson on Ann Carlson in the *Times*). "Later in the show, every man in the company advances in turn to bury his face in freshly sliced onions" (Alastair Macauley on Pina Bausch in *The New Yorker*). "He gets up, goes over to two metal plates lying on the floor, and has at them with what look like red pastry brushes" (Joan Acocella on Laurie Booth and Harry de Wit in *7 Days*). "She plops down in sleep in her glassy bed, they cover her over with the see-through platform, and turn the box into a chic Plexiglas dining room table" (Sally Sommer on Tamar Rogoff in the *Voice*). "The fish in the bowl looked like a goldfish. But, along with the song and the choreographic movements that depicted a femme fatale, it served as a reminder that piranhas are also small fish" (Anderson on Carlson in the *Times*).

In other words, the people who go out for dance in adulthood sound a lot like the people who went out for dance in high school. It must be enervating to be a dance reviewer—sitting there in the dark, night after night, while someone's "status as a midget is used deliberately as she moves around cutouts (by Cara Perlman) of beasts and the Empire State Building, the Eiffel Tower, the Tower of Pisa, and other historic monuments" (Kisselgoff on William Forsythe in the *Times*). You'd be dumb, too.

Maybe even dumb enough to be a rock critic—like the *Voice*'s Chuck Eddy: "Too rounded to be thrash, too economy-of-scale technostructured to be boogie, the bombardment's more akin to something neoclassically atonal than to anything alloyed," and so on and so on. Eddy can keep this up for what seems like pages and pages. I think I hear him again: "First this thick gunk races back and forth at the speed of light 'tween your speakers; after that, a million billion rhythm breaks get juxtaposed and returned to, but there's no melody, no fancy-schmancy bushwa, no crescendi."

Or how about that dusty old *Voice* fossil Robert Christgau? Christgau will be 85 years old next month, but he's still a-tappin' his feet and a-snappin' his fingers. Here's what he had to say, in *Playboy*, about Prince's latest album, *Lovesexy*: "Seduction-as-subtlety theorists may argue that *Lovesexy* is sexier, but for damn sure, it never gets on it like *The Grind*, which establishes *The Black Album*'s fuck-funk from beat one. And for damn-me-to-hell sure, it ain't hotter." Get on it, dude, get *on* it!

I don't know what's worse, an old fart trying to sound like a young guy—like Christgau—or a young guy trying to sound like an old fart—like Mark Moses, *The New Yorker*'s new rock critic. Moses has already got that *New Yorker* beat, man. Here he is on *Lovesexy*: "Prince may be the latest in a long line of soul men befuddled by the contradictions of divine and secular love which arise from the black-church tradition. . . . In a landscape of debris, he stands as the wobbly scarecrow at the top of the junk heap [to keep birds from flying away with the junk?], his straw arms jutting out of another man's clothes as he [scarecrow-ishly?] dotes over old records that nobody else can quite remember."

Moses is part of Robert Gottlieb's campaign to make *The New Yorker* seem less like a wax museum and more like one of those youth-oriented funzines published by the 13-30 Group. Another part of this campaign is Terrence Rafferty, the magazine's utility reviewer and last summer's replacement for Pauline Kael. Like Moses, Rafferty already fits right in. In his review of the artsy Czech cartoon *Alice*, he out-Kaels Kael: "When objects start moving from the places we've assigned them on our shelves and in our cupboards, when they rebel against the order our minds have imposed, their freedom may at first seem magical, but it quickly turns sinister: What's to stop these newly animated things from turning on us, crowding us out completely?"

This business of things moving around on shelves—is it a problem for anyone else? Surely I'm not the only one who doesn't feel threatened by cups and saucers. (For that matter, how many people "assign" shelf space to their possessions?) Rafferty has been a nice addition to *The New Yorker*, all things considered, but shuffling around in Kael's bedroom slippers for the summer seems to have unglued him. He had better be careful. Imitating Kael may feel good at first—but it *can* be deadly. Just look at what happened to David Denby.

In closing, a few dumb questions:

• Why on earth did the *Times* ask old Herbert Mitgang to review Hunter Thompson's new book last summer? Thompson is a burned-out hulk, but Mitgang is a might creaky to be trusted with living authors: "A reader can go through the 300-plus pages of the book and look in vain for qualifying journalistic words. Mr. Thompson doesn't write measured prose. It's—well, gonzo." Maybe Mitgang could also review a few Beatles records: nothing but noise and *yeah yeah yeah*!

• Mitgang notwithstanding, is the *Times* turning playful lately, or what? In an article on the Grand Hyatt, Michael Wines referred to "a real-estate developer named Donald Trump." And in a classic Home section fake-trend story (analyzing the alleged popularity of fuzzy dashboard decorations), James Barron wrote that he had seen a car adorned with "lions and tigers and bears, oh my, and even Minnie Mouse."

• Does the *Times* style book now permit only incorrect uses of the word *like*? From a page B1 story on the heat wave: "The experts say the main hope for relief in future summers will simply be a change in the weather, like occurred last week." Similar examples can be found in almost any edition. Perhaps this change explains Richard Bernstein's interest in the word. He recently devoted an entire article to slang use of *like*. According to Bernstein, *like* is "no longer a mere beatnik affectation." The best part of Bernstein's piece was the lead, in which he described a 1988-era teenager as being "totally gaga about this cute movie actor." No wonder Bernstein is so interested in the language of young people: he's really on their wavelength. Could he be a beatnik?

• Isn't there just one more nasty thing to be said about Anna Kisselgoff? Yes. About a performance of the Frankfurt Ballet, she wrote: "You could almost hear the 'Wow, man, outta sight' reaction." The *Times* is *crawling* with beatniks. ◆

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JERRY'S *Kids*

BY SEAN O'SULLIVAN

EDUCATION

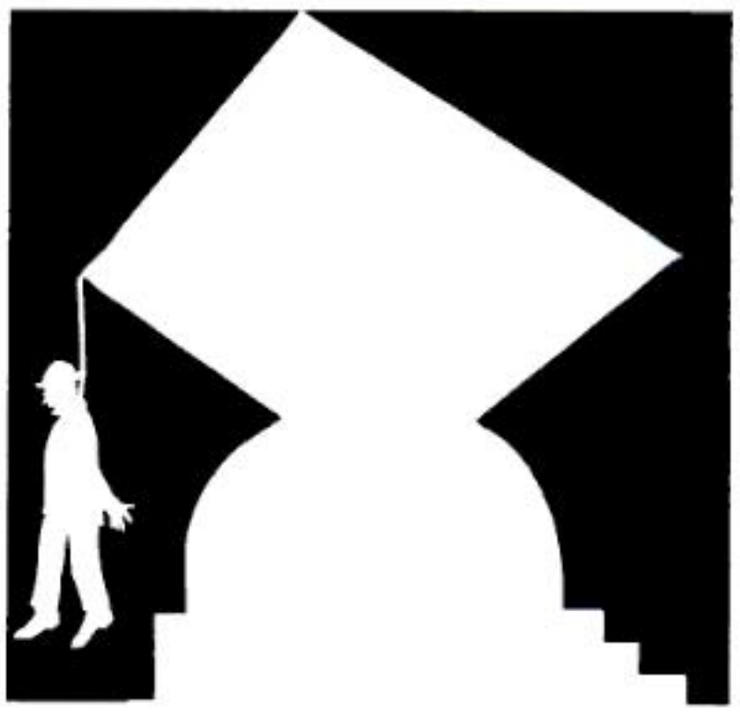
CLASS STARTS IN FIVE MINUTES. You kiss your girlfriend goodbye, pop a Billy Joel tape into your Walkman and light a cigarette. This turns several heads, and one of your friends trots over to the Office of Student Affairs to report what has happened. *For your own good.* And just like that, you face expulsion from your chosen institution of higher learning, Liberty University.

A Baptist college, L.U. was founded in 1971 by the Reverend Jerry Falwell. The school's mission, in the words of one of its brochures, is to graduate "young men and women who are not only authorities in their fields, but individuals of true Christian character, deeply rooted in biblical principles"—in other words, Fundamentalists with savvy and clout, much like Falwell himself. Curious about how university life—the free exchange of ideas, the questioning of values, the fascination with beer—would fare under the tutelage of the Moral Majority, I visited L.U. earlier this year. Posing as a high school senior, I attended the four-day College for a Weekend, a kind of open house where prospective students get to live in dorms and attend class alongside real L.U. students.

The Liberty campus is in Lynchburg, Virginia, near the Blue Ridge Mountains. Its modest buildings have the prefab look of a low-rent industrial park. But *clean*. The students themselves are as well groomed as the grounds: men wear dress shirts, ties and slacks, and women wear nice, modest dresses—school clothes. This uniform spiffiness gives one the feeling that something special, something exciting, is about to happen. But no: spiffiness is just a way of life at L.U.

So is recruitment. Nearly all my conversations at Liberty began with the same questions: "Where are you from?" followed by the rhetorical "Isn't this place great?" and "Are you coming here next year?" Toward the end of my stay some L.U. advocates got testy with my evasions, demanding to know why I hadn't yet decided to enroll; after all, I'd had four days to make up my mind.

A student handbook, *The Liberty Way*, offered some friendly advice: "The student interested in 'doing his own thing' will not be happy [at L.U.]," and indeed, the school often seemed a surreal inverse of the typically collegiate. On my first day I overheard a student demanding tighter restrictions; the bristle-cut, barrel-chested young man was upset that new regulations now allow students to wear jeans on campus after 4:30 p.m. and grant couples license to hold hands. Even the student newspaper, *The Liberty Champion*, editorializes in favor of censorship. (And when I asked the editor about the Christian tradition as embodied by the Reverend Jesse Jackson, she told me that the words *liberal* and *religious* are "contradictions in terms.")



Remaining standards are enforced through what *The Liberty Way* labels a "distinctively Christian" code of discipline, though nowhere in the Bible does Jesus endorse a complicated system of fines and demerits to deal with sins like tardiness and "horseplay." The hypothetical L.U. wastrel caught kissing (a $15 fine and 4 demerits), listening to secular music (the same) and smoking ($40 and 8 demerits) would thereby have racked up a $70 fine and 16 demerits, enough for expulsion.

Of my two L.U. undergraduate roommates for the weekend, Shlomo (not his real name) and Akeem (not his real name), Shlomo was the more interesting character. A former head-banging devotee of Satan and heavy metal, Shlomo found Christ after a bout with suicidal feelings and is now studying to be a minister (not entirely reformed, he cautiously defended Akeem's vast tape collection of pseudo-heavy-metal "Christian rock," music that L.U. officially bans but quietly tolerates). Like an elder brother, Shlomo took me aside to prepare me for some of the shocks I might receive at Liberty. He explained that at any Christian school there are a few "bad apples" who aren't good Christians, who do drugs and listen to secular music. Shlomo related the story of one bad apple—his roommate from the previous year, it turned out—who had spent a weekend at a motel with a girl from L.U. The couple were expelled after Shlomo, inclined to mercy but not wanting to be thought an accomplice, told school authorities about his roommate's lapse.

Besides a few organized events for us College-for-a-Weekend visitors, the campus was subdued. More often than not I would find myself hanging out with Shlomo in the dorm room, staring at his JESUS SAVES banner; students aren't allowed to have TVs. Though Liberty discourages the practice of seeing movies off campus, the school runs its own film series. That weekend *A Man Called Peter* and *Willy Wonka & The Chocolate Factory* were playing, but Shlomo refused to see *Willy Wonka* because it wasn't a "Christian" film. (Which isn't to suggest that Shlomo was completely humorless: late one night he suggested—"all in fun, of course"—that we start the rumor that Akeem was gay.)

One evening an impromptu party started in front of our dorm. In recognizably collegiate fashion, some students put their stereo speakers out a window and cranked up the Christian rock. "Wild times!" shouted Shlomo as the large coed group milled about on the lawn, unwilling to risk the $65 fine for dancing.

Academic life proved more interesting. One day I attended an American history class. The anomalously rumpled professor explained that the Civil War resulted from divisions wrought by the moral upheaval of the second Great Awakening, during the 1830s; the conventionally cited North-South economic and political

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divisions were not stressed.

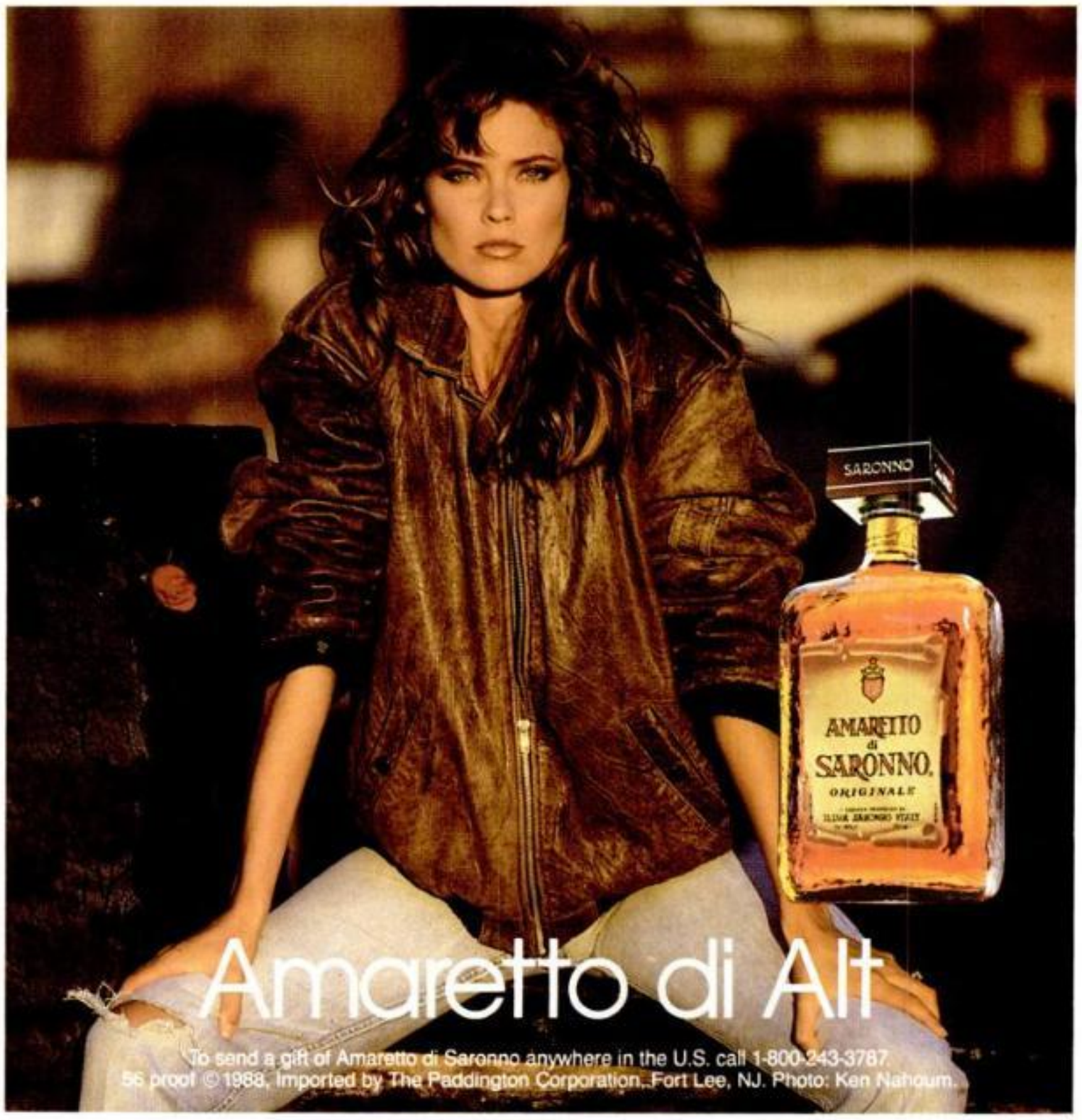
In its promotional leaflets, Liberty touts the virtues of its library: "over 250,000 volumes." I visited the library and browsed through the stacks. Reference works made up the bulk of the collection. Many books carried a prominent warning sticker stating that while L.U. didn't approve of the ideas contained within, the school made the book available because, the warning grudgingly admitted, it represented "the existing body of knowledge in the world." Volumes so branded included works by Aristotle, Shakespeare and O. Henry.

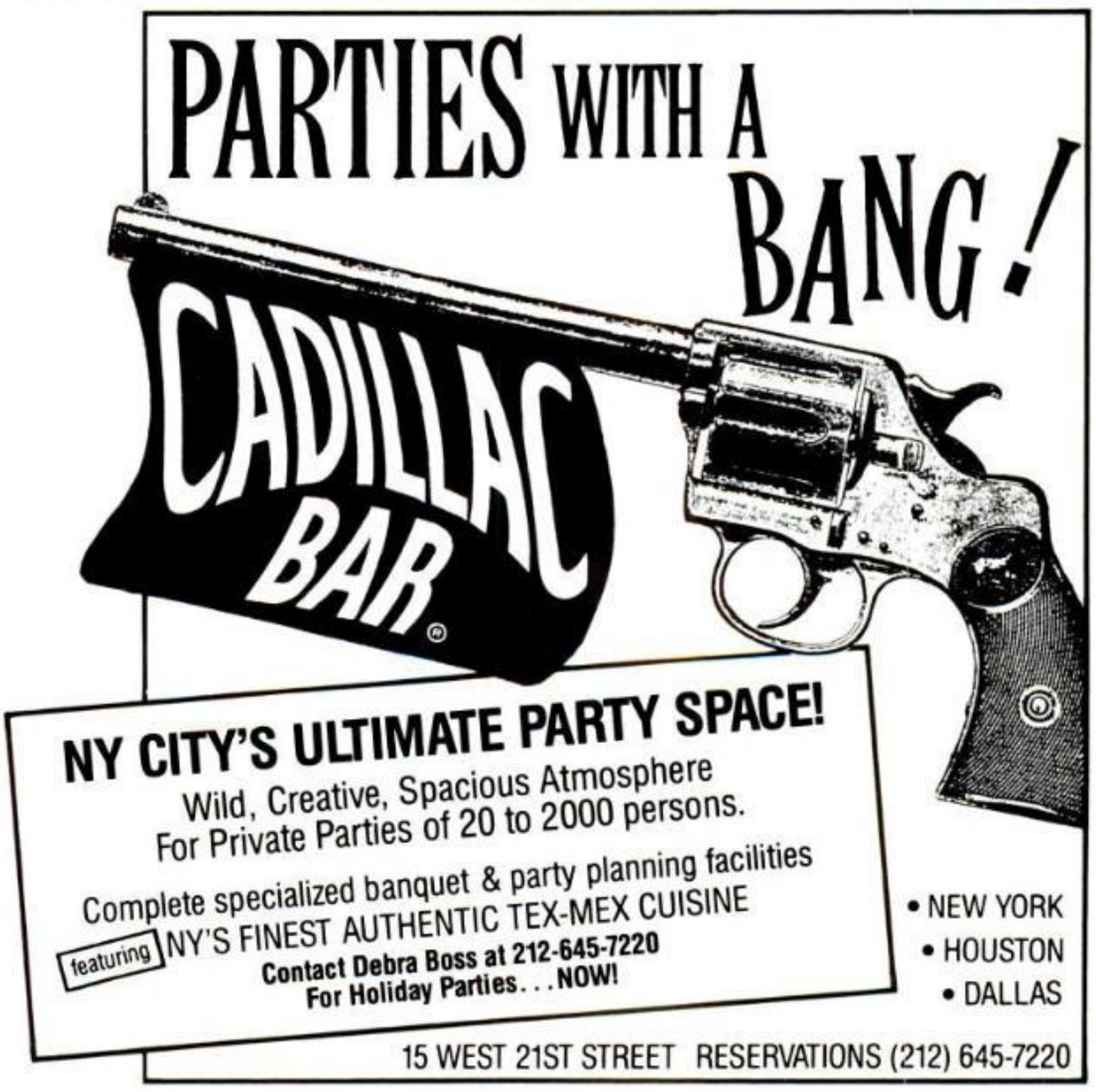
The weekend's highlight came, naturally enough, on Sunday, when we visitors were bused off campus to the studios of the Thomas Road Baptist Church for a taping of Falwell's weekly TV-ministry program, *The Old Time Gospel Hour*. After a long harangue in support of Oliver North (who weeks later would give the school's commencement address), Falwell did mention the Bible and preached that all religions except the born-again Baptist church are wrong.

After the service, while Falwell shook hands and autographed Bibles, I went back to campus. It was time to go home. Packing my bags alone in Shlomo and Akeem's dorm room, I realized that my wallet, with small bills—ones and fives—totaling around $100, was missing. I searched my luggage and the room: nothing. Shlomo, when he arrived on the scene, seemed surprisingly unconcerned until I muttered, "Maybe it's a sign from God not to go to L.U." This sent Shlomo into a frenzy. "*Okay*," he barked, "put all your luggage in the hall. *We're going to tear this room apart*."

Oddly, tearing the room apart consisted only of moving the bed, under which I had already looked, and rummaging through Akeem's dresser drawers —a long shot at best. The search turned up nothing, and an hour later I was on my way.

Back home, when I unpacked my bag, my wallet tumbled out of a side pocket. I stared, dumbfounded—I'd checked that pocket at L.U. Opening the wallet, I found three crisp twenties. Apparently, while my luggage was in the hallway—per Shlomo's order—*someone* had replaced the wallet, with an approximation of its cash. Someone, or some One. God's army works in strange ways. ❸





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Boys Playing GAMES

BY CELIA BRADY

THE INDUSTRY

ARS GRATIA ARTIS: KIRK KERKORIAN, the hyperactive owner-disassembler of MGM and United Artists, is Hollywood's most visible equivalent of a three-card monte dealer. In the past five years he's bought, sold, combined, split, reorganized, restructured, resold, repurchased, refinanced and reconfigured the two studios—thereby all but destroying them.

Kerkorian's latest attempt to confound sound corporate logic—to unload MGM ($100 million down; $300 million to follow) on the tenaciously seventies-guy partnership of Burt Sugarman, Peter Guber and former hairstylist Jon Peters—failed when Guber-Peters backed out. The prospective owners were put off not by MGM's being a shell of its former self—Ted Turner owns the film library, and the pinkie rings at Lorimar own the Culver City lot and half the film-processing facility—but rather by the development slate Kerkorian had ordered, most notably the $35 million Jane Fonda-Robert De Niro movie (current title: *Letters*), which is still in production and which Sugarman and Guber-Peters feel is headed straight for the 99-cent bin at Tower Video.

So the deal fell through and nobody lost money, right? Wrong.

When Kerkorian first revealed his plan to sell MGM, Lee Rich, then head of MGM/UA—and an executive brought in to soothe Wall Street's fears about instability at the company—quit. When Rich left, his boy, Roger Birnbaum, president of feature production at UA, left too—which practically doomed Birnbaum's whole projects-in-development hopper. (By the irrational rules of Hollywood protocol, incoming presidents of production are always allowed to dump the movies their predecessors had in development.) Eventual cost to UA: approximately $10 million in option moneys, screenplays and various production commitments.

Never out of a job for long, Birnbaum went to work as president of production for Fox chairman Barry Diller. Birnbaum's first duty was to wipe clean the development slate that had been ordered up by former Fox executive vice president Craig "My Taste Isn't Good, but It's Expensive" Baumgarten, who had been with the studio a scant eleven months. Eventual cost to Fox: $10 million in option moneys, screenplays and various production commitments.

In Burbank, meanwhile, the general assumption had been that Warners's president of theatrical production, tiny Mark Canton, would leave the studio to run the new Guber-Peters and Sugarman show at MGM. Although Canton didn't leave, his departure seemed certain enough at one point that intellectual manquée and able Warners senior vice president of production Lucy Fisher was offered the position. Fisher, who used to run production at Zoetrope and is generally credited with getting out all the "class pictures" at Warners (such as *The Color Purple*), turned the job down. On the face of it, Warners would appear to have lost no money, except that . . .

In the midst of all this, Coca-Cola, which owns Columbia and Tri-Star, began dropping discreet hints around town that it was interested in getting out of the movie business. And is it any wonder? Look for some combination of the New York investment banking firm of Allen & Company (longtime Columbia investors and onetime Begelmaniacs) and Guber-Peters to buy the studio. Which means that Canton would probably leave Warners to run Columbia (cost to Warners: $10 million in option moneys, screenplays and various production commitments); president Dawn Steel would exit Columbia ($10 million in option moneys, screenplays and various production commitments); and chances are that somebody, somewhere will make *Short Circuit Part III*. Final loss to the movie business, including the $10 million it will cost MGM (in option moneys, screenplays and various production commitments) to scrap the schedule left behind by former MGM chairman Alan Ladd Jr.: $50 million. And all for *a deal that never happened*.

The Straights of Harmetz: At the end of the summer, worst-reporter-in-Hollywood Aljean Harmetz cranked out a typical, straight-from-the-studio's-mouth *Times* analysis of Universal's success with *The Last Temptation of Christ*. She wrote about how well the film was doing and without hesitation took Universal's word that it was a hit. And, typically, she was completely wrong.

Aljean, listen up. Once and for all, this is how the movie business works:

When a movie opens, the two critically important figures that bear watching are how well it does at the box office the first week and the percentage of change the second week.

Rarely will a movie sell more tickets in its second week than it did in its first. If a movie doesn't "open strong"—that is, gross at least $5,000 per theater during the first week—it will in all likelihood do much worse the next week. In two or three weeks, the theater owners will replace the picture with something that stands a better chance of making them money.

But even if a movie exceeds $5,000 the first weekend, it's not yet out of the woods—which is where the percentage of change during the second week comes in. Again, generally speaking, *all* pictures go down the second week. But the distributors' and producers' rule-of-thumb threshold is around 25 percent. A second-week decline of *more* than 25 percent is bad news. A second-week decline of *less* than 25 percent is, you may by now have figured out, a good sign. This past summer, for example, Disney's *Who Framed Roger Rabbit* was off just 6 percent after its first weekend. Similarly, Fox's *Die Hard* was off 17 percent after its first weekend, and for the rest of the summer it held almost steady. Both movies went on to become hits—although Diller groused privately that *Die Hard* would have done twice as much business had it not starred Bruce Willis.

The Last Temptation of Christ did extraordinary business its first week, averaging almost *$45,000* per screen—an astonishingly high figure, attributable to the fact that the movie played in few theaters, many of them cosmopolitan behemoths like the Ziegfeld. During its second week, however, *The Last Temptation of Christ*'s per-theater average dropped to less than $25,000 a screen—a 40 percent decline. By the third week, the film, which cost $6.5 million, had brought in just $4 million. (Break-even is $19.5 million.) This, to Harmetz, is a major success. (To put this

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in perspective, think about what was said about *Big Top Pee-wee*, which was also off 40-odd percent after its first week.)

So after almost ten years of writing about Hollywood for the paper of record, the question is: Is Harmetz

(a) too lazy to do the arithmetic?
(b) too stupid to understand what the numbers mean?
(c) too credulous when propagandized by important studio executives?
(d) all of the above?

Gate Crashing, Hollywood-Style: Geoff Brandt of the Agency for the Performing Arts is a *very important* agent. Just ask him. Better still, ask the security guard at the Paramount gate, where Brandt refused to wait in line for visitors' parking and swerved into the employees' entrance, screaming at the guard that he had a "meeting with Ned [Tanen]" and was "too important" to wait like lesser mortals.

The guard, to his great credit, was neither charmed nor cowed by this treatment and as the agent, post-meeting, was about to leave the Paramount lot, lowered the gate in front of Brandt's BMW. Brandt, busy and important man on-the-go that he is, actually crashed through the barrier 007-style, stopping only to palm the gate attendant his business card (a reflex action; he is, after all, an agent) and snap, "Bill me for the damages, asshole."

The guard informed Tanen, the man with whom Brandt claimed to have had a meeting (he didn't, in fact), about the agent's bad manners. And Tanen informed Brandt's bosses at APA. Whereupon John Gaines, the charming president of APA, waited until Brandt got back to the office and fired him. Who says there are no happy endings in Hollywood?

Career Crashing, Hollywood-Style: And you may recall that last month in this space, note was made of curly-haired phone menace and talent agent Jeremy Zimmer's calling up talent agent Ann Dollard's clients after she died, with offers of representation. An epilogue to the story took place three days later at the Morris office. The exchange went as follows:

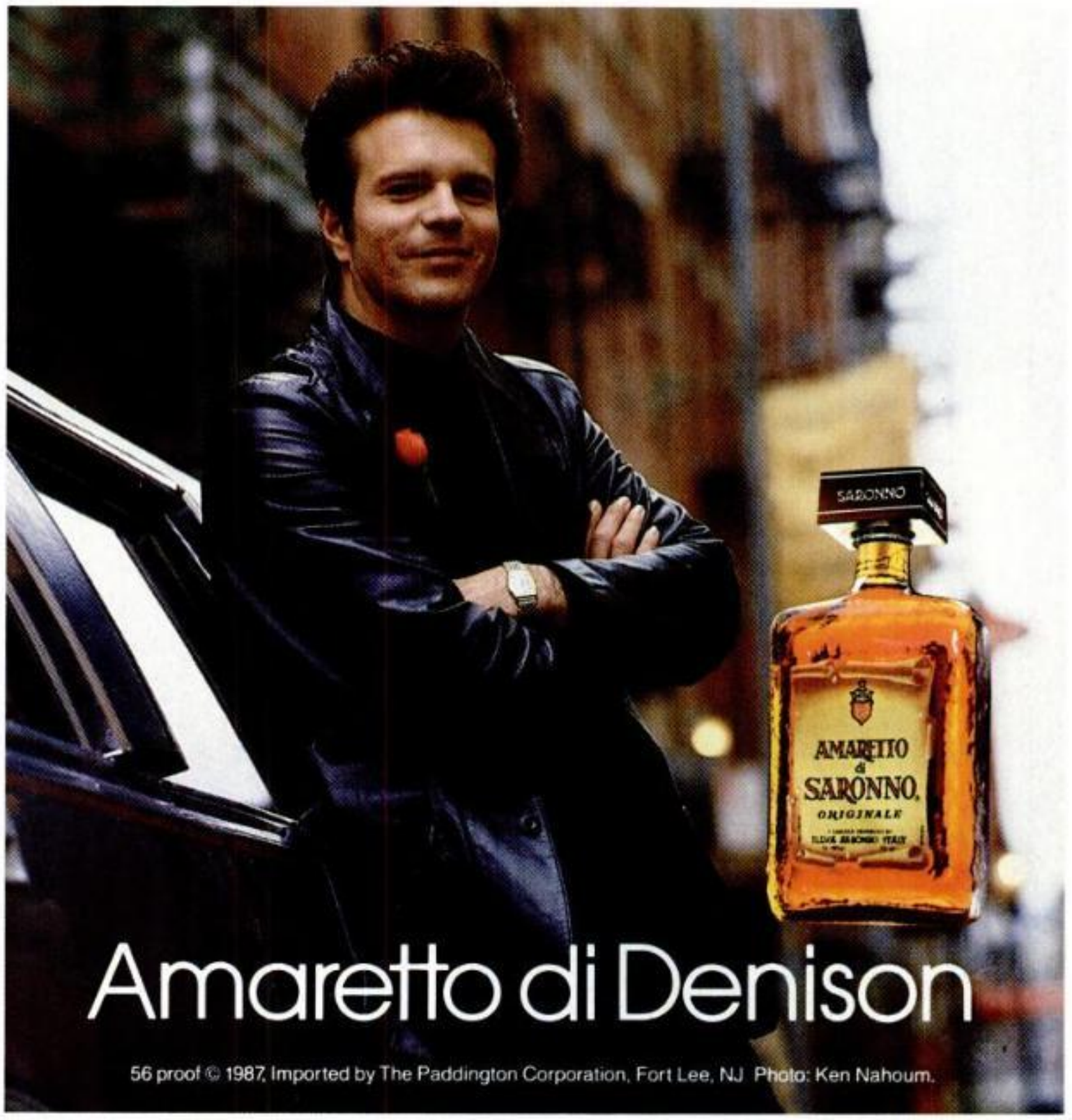
JUNIOR AGENT

She wasn't even buried yet! Can you believe Zimmer did that?

SENIOR AGENT (frowning)

No. The important question is, *Why didn't you?*

Ars Gratia Artis. See you Monday night at Mortons. ❸



STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP

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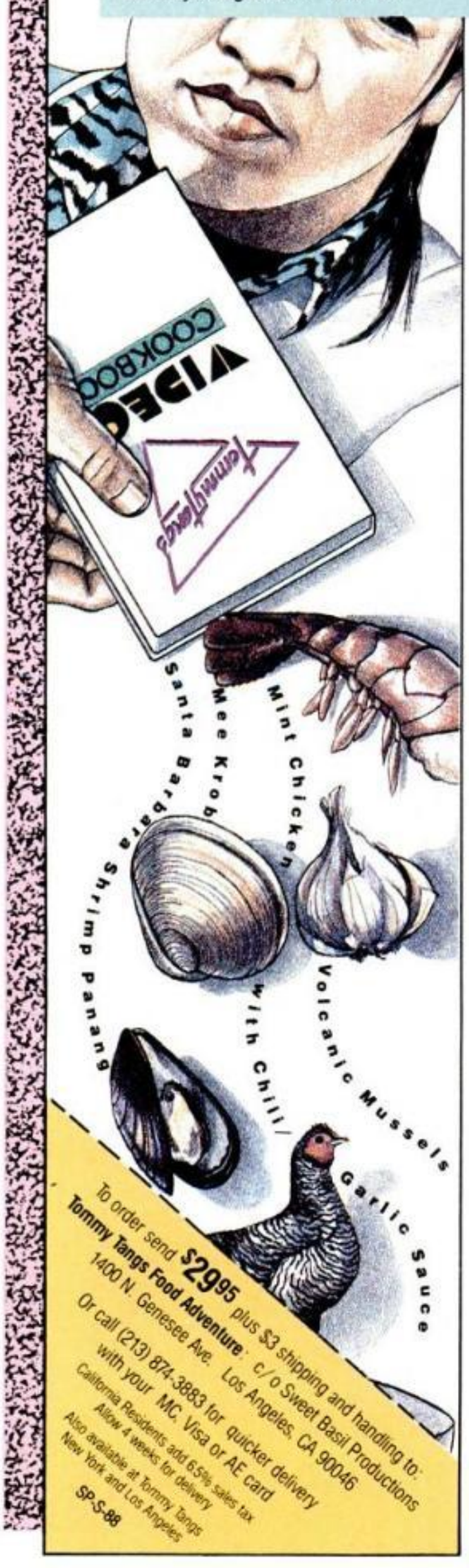
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Expenses

BY THOMAS MARA

THE FIRMS

DOWN AT ONE CHASE MANhattan Plaza the partners at Davis Polk & Wardwell are still bragging to anyone who cares—and to those who don't—about how much money the law firm made last year (in fiscal 1987, an estimated $180 million, according to *The American Lawyer*). But not everyone at the staid place is willing to rest on last year's laurels. Feared and loathed director of operations Robert Hendel is frantic over how much money the firm is spending on overhead and has embarked on a cost-cutting rampage that has his fellow lawyers cowering.

Several months ago Hendel kicked off his campaign by sending around an insanely stern memo announcing the prohibition within the firm of all phone calls made to New York area numbers starting with the prefix 976. Of course, 976 are the first digits in tape-recorded messages giving sports scores, Dow Jones updates and weather reports. Not surprisingly, the memo's draconia caused an uproar, and, apparently taken aback by the outcry, Hendel retreated—temporarily.

The thought of such waste continued to gnaw at the firm's chief bean-counter, however, and when he could stand it no more he covertly brought in technicians to adjust the phones so that calls to 976 numbers would not go through. His Queeg-like scheme was uncovered almost immediately. The whole nasty business sent a chill through the firm's white-shoe offices, where the lawyers wonder what other long-standing firm practices—yogurt at the cafeteria salad bar? T-shirts for the firm softball team?—are next to go under Hendel's nickel-and-dime austerity campaign.

Speaking of Davis Polk, the firm is still basking in the glow of a much-talked-about San Diego courtroom performance by star litigation partner Steven Goldstone in a securities fraud lawsuit involving its client, the investment banking firm of Donaldson Lufkin & Jenrette and the work it did for now-defunct Nucorp Energy Inc. DLJ had been sued by angry Nucorp Energy shareholders when the oil and gas company went bankrupt. Goldstone, a dashing but very tiny young lawyer who is desperately afraid to fly, refused to produce a witness (DLJ senior vice president Steven Lebow) requested by the plaintiff, despite the fact that the federal judge hearing the case had ordered him to do so. Lebow had worked extensively on the Nucorp investment banking deals and therefore probably knew as much as anyone about DLJ's alleged misconduct.

The judge, however, took Goldstone's refusal as just the teensiest bit arrogant, and finally, after Goldstone repeatedly disputed his order to produce Lebow in court, the judge erupted. "Based on twenty-five years of litigation experience . . . this is the first time I have ever seen an attorney refuse to produce an officer of a corporation voluntarily." Goldstone replied convincingly, "I do not want to be, I do not intend to be, I did not contemplate that we would be in violation of the court's order." He may have ignored the order, even disobeyed the order, but he certainly never meant to *violate* the court's order. The judge, however, was in no mood for apologies, and he abruptly ruled DLJ in default. In other words, DLJ had lost the case. The $100 *million* case. (The case has since been settled for an undisclosed amount—something less than $100 million.)

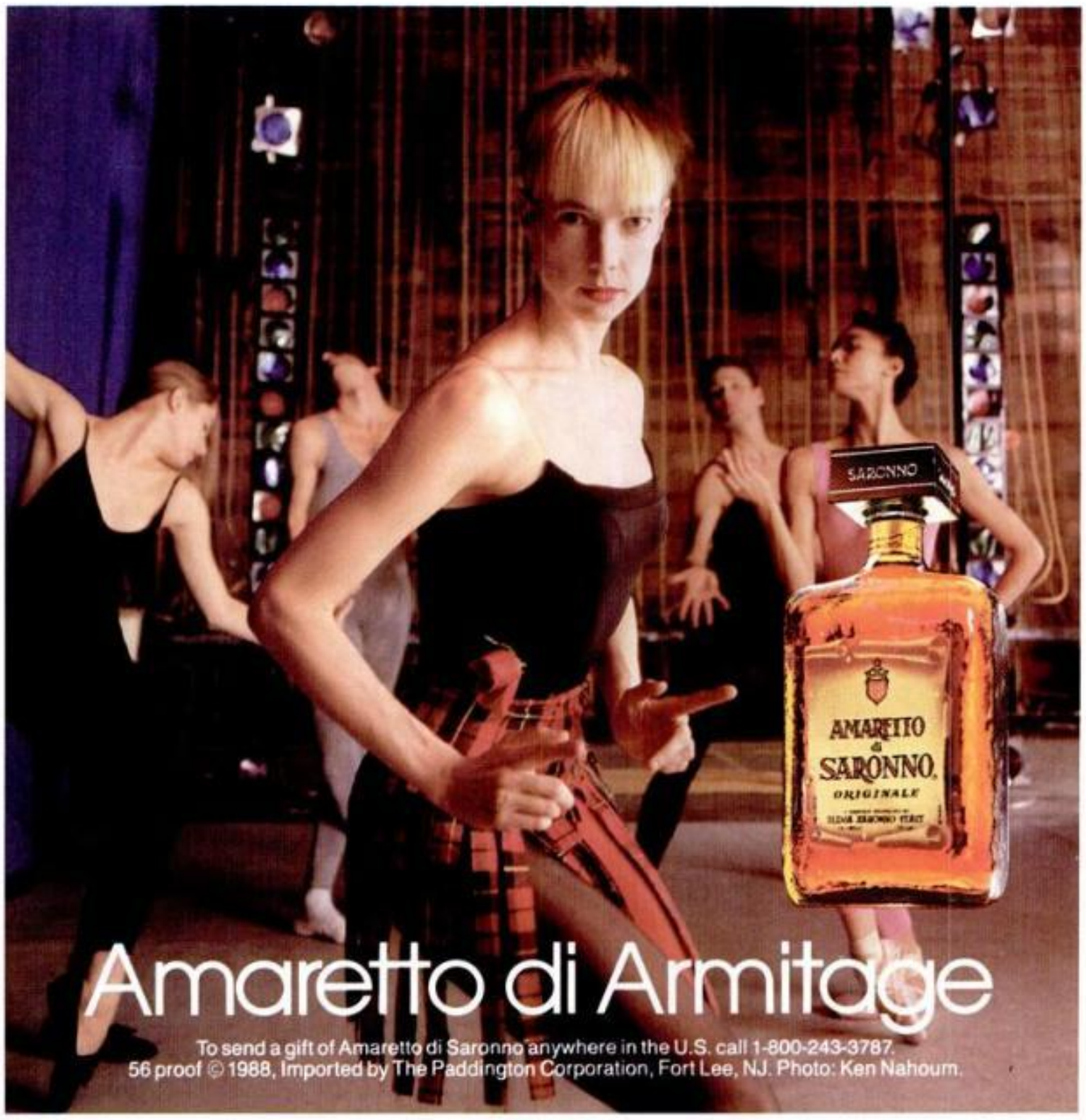
Goldstone then stumbled from the courtroom to report the news to managing partner Henry King. Although King predictably was not pleased with the news, other partners say that no one at the firm really blames Goldstone. The decision to disobey the judge's order was one that other of the firm's litigators approved. How refreshing in this age of cutthroat corporate competition to find a law firm that stands behind the actions of one of its own, *no matter how incredibly stupid those actions may seem.*

One firm where the lawyers are more than happy to give proper credit for screwups is Milbank, Tweed, Hadley & McCloy, the upstairs neighbor to Davis Polk at One Chase Plaza. The stodgy, ur-WASP firm, best known for its trust and estate work for clients like the Rockefellers

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and Jackie Onassis, has gone through a rather startling transformation in recent years, starting with a glamorous eight-page firm profile three and a half years ago in *Manhattan, inc.*, and culminating in its hiring of press-hound extraordinaire Thomas "I Used to Be a Prosecutor" Puccio. Puccio, perhaps best known for his successful defense of Claus von Bülow at his second trial, joined the firm as a partner last year and has made it his personal mission to make Milbank a more aggressive, more competitive and—most of all—more expansively publicized firm. To that end he employs a personal public relations flack who ensures that Puccio is quoted any time a reporter needs a comment—*about anything*. He regularly schmoozes with reporters at The Wall Street Club after work, and has a peculiar habit of trying to impress his captive audience by dropping other reporters' names, as in "My close friend Jack Newfield, you know—at the *News*," or "I was on the phone yesterday to Jim Stewart at the *Journal*."

All this emphasis on PR has upset some of Milbank's old-line partners, and a schism seems to have occurred in the firm. This split was unmistakable recently when Puccio blitzed the media with a press release—followed up by personal phone calls—heralding the creation of a new unit at Milbank that would conduct internal investigations of corporations for the corporations themselves. The unit would be run by Puccio and two other partners (one of them Elliot Richardson), and was, according to Puccio, a surefire way for Milbank to attract new business. *The Wall Street Journal* dutifully ran a story quoting Puccio on his bold, brilliant idea. Some of his partners were uncomfortable, however, and privately expressed their embarrassment at the implausible scheme. "How many company chairmen do you know who would want to hire a team of lawyers to come in and snoop around their books?" one asked. And indeed, the old-liners may have won this round. When Puccio was asked about the progress of the unit recently, his eyes flitted nervously and he said, waving his hand dismissively, "I'm not really doing that much on it, it's not something I'm spending any time on." Later, one of his partners was more succinct. "Have you asked him how many new clients he's brought in with it?" *Yes*. "Have you? Has he told you any?" *No*. "I didn't think so." *Put 'er there, partner.* 🅓







Please SEND ME THE SPY T-SHIRT, MADE OF WASHABLE, WEARABLE 100% COTTON. AVAILABLE ONLY IN BLACK WITH YELLOW LOGO

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____ ZIP CODE _____

QUANTITY: S_____ M_____ L_____ XL_____ TOTAL ENCLOSED: $_____

OFFER LIMITED TO U.S. AND CANADA. CANADIAN RESIDENTS PLEASE PAY U.S. $18.
GOOD ONLY WHILE SUPPLY LASTS. PLEASE ALLOW 4-6 WEEKS FOR DELIVERY.

ENCLOSE CHECK OR MONEY ORDER
(NO CASH OR CREDIT CARDS ACCEPTED)
FOR $12 *(INCLUDES POSTAGE AND HANDLING; NY STATE RESIDENTS ADD 8.25% SALES TAX)*
SPECIFY QUANTITY
DETACH COUPON AND MAIL TO:

SPY
295 LAFAYETTE ST.
NY, NY 10012

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A Gift of LOVE

BY JO STOCKTON

AS WAS MENTIONED IN THIS space last month, Ralph Lauren is a delicate flower, one who wilts when his sensitive, knowing eye encounters an environment in need of redesigning—*his* redesigning. After redecorating—which is to say, Polo-izing—the lobby of his Fifth Avenue co-op building last year, he volunteered to renovate—which is to say, Chapsify—the entire town of Ridgway, Colorado, where his remarkably lifelike 13,000-acre Double RL Ranch is located. In what may be the first trembling steps toward Ridgway's Laurenification, the public school system recently received a generous financial contribution from the Great Son of the West.

THE TRADE

Clemente, power-barber to the fashion industry (Lauren and Alexander Julian are among those whose heads he carefully shears), is also a recipient of the tiny, derivative zillionaire's legendary largesse. Lauren designed Clemente's former shop on East 48th Street. And now the Seventh Avenue noblesse oblige is running rampant, imposing tastefulness everywhere: no doubt inspired by little Ralph's pro bono swatch-matching, Julian has now designed and produced the smocks that are fastened around Clemente's customers' necks.

Like Lauren, cosmetics entrepreneur Estée Lauder is yet another well-heeled aesthete who can afford to recast the world to her liking. The Lauders' East Hampton weekend house borders a potato farm—one of the few such indigenous farms that have not been plowed under to make room for the garage of an orthodontist's pseudo-Charles Gwathmey-designed beach house. It seems that the Lauders don't like the way the potato fields *look*. So, like the Department of Agriculture, they pay their neighbor *not* to grow potatoes but to grow clover. All this so that when Estée cocks a romantic eye out her bedroom oriel, there is nothing but clover, clover, clover as far as she can see.

Besides bequeathing her two multitalented sons, Leonard and Ronald, to The Wharton School of the University of Pennsylvania, the sons in turn donated $10 million in 1983 for the establishment of The Joseph H. Lauder Institute of Management and International Studies. Penn reciprocated in kind three years later, when its proctors saw fit to include their mother, Estée, in the company of distinguished Nobel laureates and molecular geneticists who received honorary degrees that year.

As the late Hebe Dorsey—for more than two decades the popular and alarmingly well-dressed fashion editor of the *International Herald Tribune*—could have testified, similar acts of generosity often occur as part of the giving, sharing relationships between designers and the fashion writers who so objectively cover their collections.

Hebe (rhymes with *freebie*) was something of a pioneer in the science of encouraging gift-of-giving friendships between designers and editors—never more so than when she was the editor involved. Dorsey was rumored to have visited showrooms *before* reviewing a line and, with refreshing directness, indicate that if the proprietor were to *insist* on her leaving with a fur coat, *it would in no way influence what she would be writing shortly about the collection.*

It is common fashion-show etiquette to wear a designer's clothes to his or her show as a sign of, well . . . *respect*, and editors shouldn't be exempt from displaying such very basic courtesies. But with the mere *argent de poche* most of them earn, what's a girl to do when head-to-toe Christian LaCroix costs $16,000? Not *buy* the stuff, surely?

Of course not. The fashion industry wouldn't hear of such a thing. When the collections were unveiled in Milan several months ago, the fashion press gathered at hotels such as the plush Hotel Principe di Savoia, as it has for ages. So, too, did giant trucks stuffed with gifts of clothing from designers whose collections were being reviewed. In the past, in the course of the four-day extravaganza, it has not been uncommon for as many as ten or twelve editors—flushed and overexcited, like children wearing the new clothes left under the Christmas tree—to arrive at a party dressed to the nines. *Identical nines.* ◑

I Laughed, I CRIED

BY MICHAEL WALKER

THE FULL-PAGE AD IN THE *TIMES* for the wretched George Burns body-switch comedy *18 Again!* was dominated by quotes from five film critics, among them Judith Crist ("A delight for all ages"), Bob Macy of the Associated Press ("I laughed and cried.... It's a must see picture") and, of course, Bobbie Wygant of KXAS-TV, Dallas–Fort Worth ("A high-spirited comedy for everyone from 8 to 88"). Billed second, after Crist, was the *Cincinnati Post*'s Dale Stevens: "I can't write this review.... I can't stop laughing." Though the ad might imply

MOVIES



otherwise, Stevens's readers had yet to split their sides over his bon mot: the phrase doesn't come from Stevens's review—which, true to his quote, he hadn't written—but from a phone conversation he'd had with a New World Pictures functionary after attending a screening. "They just called and asked if I would give them a quote," Stevens explains. "I made one up."

Like many other critics, Stevens is often called by movie press agents looking for enthusiastic blurbs with which to salt newspaper ads. Usually the call comes before the review has been written. But in the

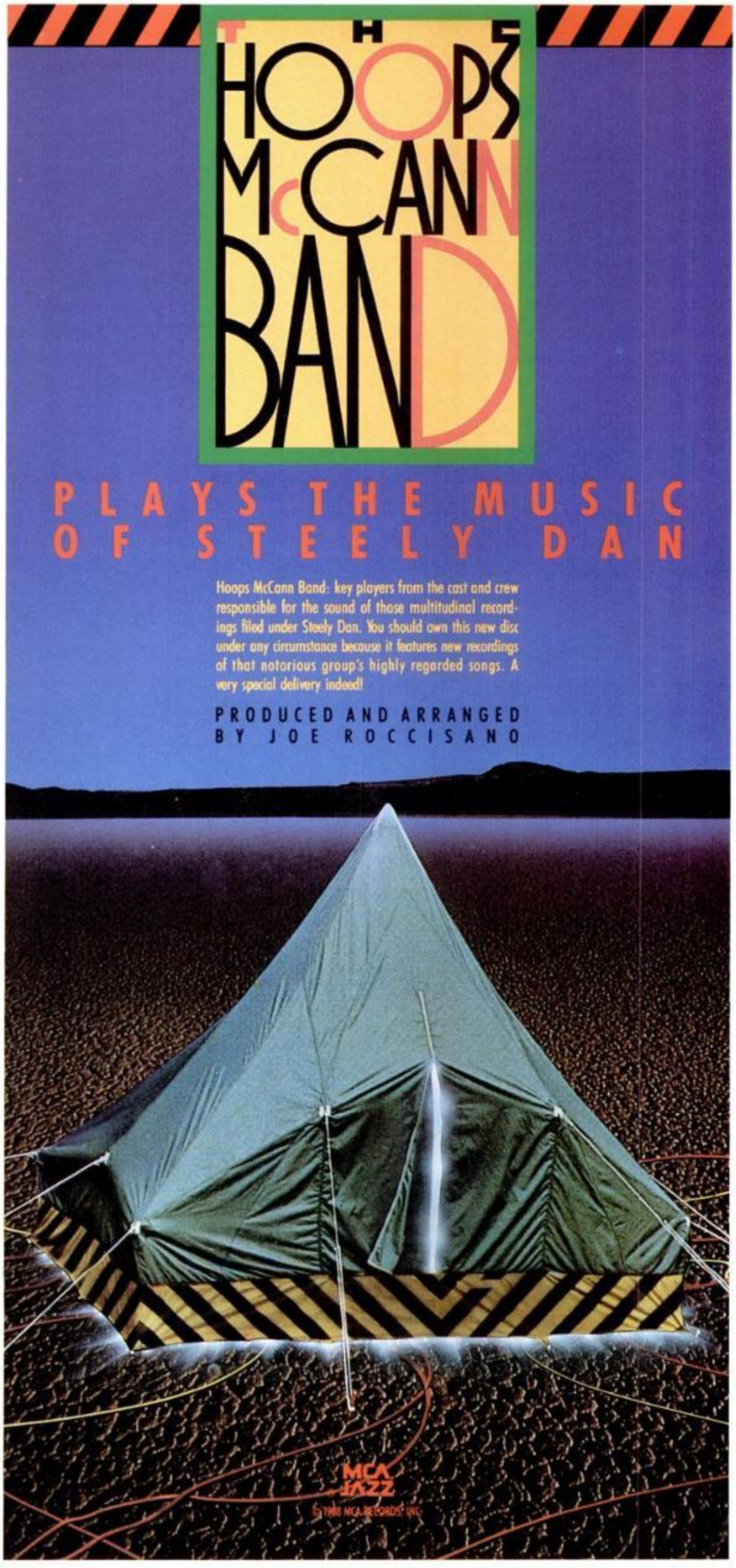
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age of Two Thumbs Up, Stevens says he has no qualms about passing along "the essence of what I feel about the film." Nor does he necessarily try to use the off-the-cuff phone quote when he finally gets around to writing his review. "I'm very much aware of my relationship with the film business—they're trying to use me at all times, and *fuck them* is what I feel," he says. "*I'm* using *them*. They're going to put my name in *The New York Times*.... Anybody from Cincinnati who reads *The New York Times* is gonna say, 'Hey, Stevens must be fairly important.'"

Quote-laden ads are now the principal marketing tool for films, plays and books and are even used to sell cars and condos. While critics for the *Times*, *Time* and *Newsweek* say they are forbidden to give out quotes before reviews are published, others are less restrained; some rave nonstop. *Sneak Previews* cohost Jeffrey Lyons—perhaps the most quoted film critic in America—is so notorious for his promiscuous hyperbole, he may have devalued himself. "Jeffrey is a little too kind to too many movies," says one publicist. "If every movie he sees is *fabulous!*, who's going to believe him?" Lyons dismisses the allegation: "That doesn't mean I'm an easy lay.... I'm just as hard or easy to please as anybody else." And he is fairly unabashed about his cooperation with press agents (including, according to another publicist, calling studios to offer quotes—Lyons denies this). "It helps a movie company to get your quote in advance. They've shown you the picture, they've sent you the press stuff, who does it hurt? *It's only a movie review.*"

Not surprisingly, the Fab Four of gushy film commentary—Lyons; his partner, Michael Medved; *At the Movies*'s Rex Reed; and WABC's Joel Siegel—all work for television. Though they all broadcast occasional negative reviews, their propensity for writing alliterative, ad-friendly copy about films they like guarantees that their names and those of their programs will be featured regularly in newspaper and TV quote ads. "Radio and television critics have a personality level to maintain," says Allen Eichhorn of the PMK agency, which handles publicity for a number of films. "If their credibility and importance is raised through the use of their quotes, it only enhances their importance at the station they work at."

"It's good for their business," agrees *Washington Post* television columnist Tom Shales. ▸



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UN-BRITISH CROSSWORD ANSWERS

"I've gotten immune to criticism," George Bush says. All right, one can see that. But isn't there, among the general, sane population, a growing sense that immunity is not what it used to be? In the 1980s Ronald Reagan has undoubtedly served an enormous prophylactic function, but don't you get an inkling every now and then that if a mainstream eighties American could *catch malaise, this is how it would feel? On your way to the beach for a late-fall walk you stop off for an allergy shot (because your system doesn't seem to shake things off quite the way it used to), and while you're talking to the doctor you mention that you've had some aches in your joints and it wouldn't be a touch of Lyme disease, would it, and he says it could be a touch of arthritis, which we now suspect is an autoimmune-system problem (AIDS research should help us answer some of these questions), and you proceed to the beach (wearing, even in autumn, six-power sunblock just to give yourself the same level of protection against carcinogenic solar radiation that the ozone layer used to provide), and a used hypodermic comes in with the tide.*

And talk about an unsoothing water image, the president's own AIDS commission seems to find convincing the theory that "heterosexual transmission could become more evident as the pool of infected women slowly increases."

Or maybe all this is just me being oversensitive. Because I . . . well, I earn my bread by tickling America's funny bone. The eighties have been very good to those of us fortunate to be in the comedic field. And why not, for, as former antiwar activist turned Revenge of the Nerds *producer David Obst told* The New York Times, *"humor is a step up. Anyone can bring down the government. It's more difficult to make the country laugh."*

"We need all the humor we can get these days," people come up to me and say, and the interviewers are fascinated: "Have you always been funny?" "Are you trying to be funny?" "What's the funniest thing you've ever used for a bookmark?" Laughter is contagious, and this is no less true of intercourse at the highest levels. From a "summit aftermath" piece in The New York Times*:*

" 'I think the key to the personal relationship is in the humor,' an official said. President Reagan 'appreciates anybody who appreciates the irony of the situation and who laughs openly and well.' And that describes Mr. Gorbachev. After one session, while waiting for their wives, Mr. Reagan organized a prank, which the Soviet leader happily joined. They greeted their wives by both standing, looking impatiently at their watches."

But if pranks and appreciation of the irony of the situation ever stopped *making the general population feel charmed, where would that leave guys like me?* —*R.B.*

ACROSS

4. To fish is to angle; the eye is an organ. The fisheye is something you often give to well-meaning though less than exquisite loved ones, don't you? And then you get misty over ads for Obsession. The people who care, they're the ones you save your skepticism for—even though you know good and well, deep in your heart, that spending *much* time, one-on-one, with the type of people who want to get into a big pile with you naked because of your perfume would be even more awful than making a little effort to see eye to eye with your brother the actuary, who may be too serious but *means* well. Who are those people in the Obsession ads, to you? Who are they to *themselves*? In real life, if they are obsessed with anything at all it is probably with listening to New Age music. They are probably more boring than your brother *and* they wouldn't care if you lived or died. Yet you keep looking at them: is that her hip, or his shoulder? If only real people had better production values.

8. To throw is to cast, *le* is a French article.

9. *E* for excellent, an X is a kiss, *a.m.* is before noon; plus *in E.R.*

10. You may be interested in knowing that this word's derivation has nothing to do with Scotsmen and their proverbial reluctance to pay. In fact, *scot* is Middle English for "tax." Originally, then, *scot-free* meant "free of taxes." In point of fact, there have been federal tax increases under the Reagan administration. However, because the president has been so good at pretending (or maybe not pretending) to be unaware of these increases, we have been blessed with a rare sense of tax immunity. It was Benjamin Franklin who said, "Nothing is certain but death and taxes," but we've all outlived Franklin so far; and our head of state, who must be, what?, 108 years old by now, is still a carrottop.

12. *S. pole v. N.E.* inverted (*V* stands for "very" in many abbreviations). As I understand it, we used to be enveloped by a good, protective ozone layer, but now we've burned a hole in that one—so carcinogenic radiation has easier access to our skin—and have created a new, bad, heat-retaining ozone layer that is going to turn Maine into Miami and Miami into a bubbling caldron of molten sports cars.

13. June moon croon spoon . . . immune?

16. Instead of swapping lead, in other words. Zinc, unlike lead, is a beneficial mineral supplement. Let me say that I myself find this entry farfetched. And then let us move on. To trade is to swap, the mark of Zorro is a *Z*, and *Inc.* is short for *Incorporated*.

19. *Mac's hair* rearranged.

21. *Semi–R.C.* backward.

24. To feel the lack of is to *miss*. Plus *our* and *I* equals a state. The Show-Me State, as it happens. In college I knew a Missourian who was determined not to let anything be foisted off on him. Whenever a professor would say something like "Wordsworth was a major poet," this guy would hold his hand up and say, "Excuse me, sir, but I'm from Missouri—you'll have to show me." He flunked out, which just goes to show you.

25. *UPS* plus *hot*.

26. *Gall* plus *eon*.

DOWN

1. *Acc* inside *vein* rearranged.

3. *W* and *E* meeting over *Dior* rearranged.

4. Allergy sufferers have told me that their allergists have told them that the reason so many more people suffer from allergies these days is that we gadabout modern general-population Americans expose ourselves to so many miscellaneous strangers and environments (and expose those environments to us—I know someone who went to New Mexico, where people traditionally go to get relief from asthma, and came down with asthma there) that the natural immune systems backing up our delicate membranes against the assaults of toxic chemicals and microorganisms are—unlike Americans as a whole—overtaxed. We might as well walk through the smog to the UN and encourage everyone there to breathe, cough and blow smoke on us and put their exotic pets in our laps every day. And now even Albania is beginning to open up.

18. From "Me and Bobby McGee."

22. *Lum is* rearranged. Robert Musil's *The Man Without Qualities* is a magnificent unfinished thousands-of-pages-long novel that ranks among the greatest ever written. I am one of any number of people who haven't read it. But I have read, in Musil's recently reissued collection *Posthumous Papers of a Living Author* (he was an Austrian who died in 1942), his essay titled "Can a Horse Laugh?" It concludes that a horse can *nearly* laugh (a horse observed by Musil "shifted from leg to leg, shivered all over, and pulled back the gums from its teeth as far as it could"), when tickled. Questions remain: Is that the way Musil felt all the time, which is why he felt prematurely posthumous and never quite finished his novel? Can a horse nearly work a crossword puzzle? Can you catch anything from tickling a horse? ❸

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"Jeffrey Lyons and Michael Medved are [eager to be] quoted because they're trying to sell that show of theirs on the syndication market, which is a very rough market." Nor does extensive blurbing hurt the fortunes of Gene Siskel and Roger Ebert, elder statesmen of the you-say-tomayto-I-say-tomahto TV format, whose concise "Thumbs Up" ratings are perfectly suited to space-strapped movie-ad blurbists. But because of their eminence, comparative quality and old-line ethics—Siskel says they don't give advance quotes—they tend to be held in higher esteem among movie press agents than are the Fab Four.

In a ground-breaking letter to agents two years ago, the producers of *Sneak Previews* solicited the flacks' suggestions about how to get the studios to use more Lyons/Medved quotes in movie ads. "What I was stressing was, we would like to see our guys quoted," says William Natale, publicity director of Chicago public-TV station WTTW, where *Sneak Previews* is produced, "and [whether] there was something we weren't doing—should we be sending the transcripts quicker by a day?" The response, he says, was "amazing. Some people said, '[The transcripts are] too much for us. Can you just send us what you think are notable quotes?'" Natale obliged, though he emphasizes that the show sent out both positive and negative quotes. History has yet to record the use of a negative quote from a critic in a movie ad, but within weeks Natale's strategy apparently began to pay off for the now eminently quotable stars of *Sneak Previews*.

Publicists sometimes prefer to use print critics over those on TV, especially when a film or play has upper-middlebrow pretensions. While some print critics are as pliable as the TV variety, others like to make it hard on would-be blurbists. Advance quotes are scarce, and the extractions, often performed by "outside" PR firms such as PMK and Clein + Feldman, can be frustrating affairs. "Sometimes you read a review and it's a good review, but try pulling out a quote for an ad. You can't. There's nothing, short of running the whole review," says PMK's Allen Eichhorn. "I think some critics are purposely designing their reviews so they aren't quotable."

Eichhorn is right. "Other than the thumb thing, I've been pretty hard to excerpt over the years," boasts Siskel. "I take delight in that, because it means I'm writing complicated sentences that fuck them up so they have to use ellipses, which they hate." Adds the *Times*'s Vincent Canby, "After a while, one becomes more canny in writing a review, in putting in things that cannot be excised. One benefit of these goddamned ads is that every time I see one, it makes me want to write better."

One goddamned ad in particular—featuring the line "Ingmar Bergman's *The Touch* Tells a Love Story Full of the Innuendos of His Genius," stitched together from the headline and a sentence fragment from Canby's meticulously panning review—helped spur the New York City Department of Consumer Affairs in 1972 to adopt Regulation 18 (now 520), which prohibits the use of misleading critical quotations. Although the regulation has probably helped reduce glaring abuses of context, there is still plenty of fast-and-loose editing. A quote ad for *Driving Miss Daisy*—"A gem! A hit!"—though constructed from the sympathetic lumber of William A. Henry III's positive review in *Time*, was cobbled together from sentences 14 lines apart: "This little gem echoes decades of social change, yet never loses focus on the peculiar equilibrium between servant and served.... It seems fated to follow the traditional happy path of an off-Broadway hit, toward a long and honorable life in regional theaters across America."

In fact, Henry accommodates blurbists. When asked if he provides press agents with advance quotes from his reviews, he replied, "Absolutely not. Our policy is that we never, ever, ever, ever, ever release anything prior to its appearing in print." But then he admitted he sometimes tips off theater press agents in advance whether his review will be pro or con. "In the real world of the theater, there are producers who are very skittish about their money," he explains. "If the show has had a negative review in the *Times* and they're trying to decide whether or not to run another week, it is a significant factor in their calculations if the press agent can say to them, '*Time* magazine looks like it will come out Monday and be somewhat favorable.'"

Henry says he sees no harm in this: "I've already written the piece and we've made our decision to run it on the basis of our own journalistic judgments. I don't think it is healthy that *The New York Times* can close shows. If I know that the producers are debating what to do after the *Times* has been less than helpful and they say to me, 'Are we going to get anything from you?,' I

ZEN BASTARD RIDES AGAIN

People magazine recently called Paul Krassner "father of the underground press." Naturally he demanded a blood test. But Krassner did publish _The Realist_ from 1958 to 1974, and now he's doing it again, as a satirical newsletter. The first ten issues—still available—include:

- Harry Shearer Covers the Political Conventions
- Robert Anton Wilson Covers the Married Priests Convention
- M.J. Sibert Covers the Eunuch Convention
- A Bizarre Interview with Jerry Garcia
- The Harlan Ellison Roast Starring Robin Williams
- Snitching on Sodomy
- Snorting Cocaine with the Pope
- The Parts Left Out of Fawn Hall's Testimony
- Murder at the Humor Convention
- Joan Rivers Calls Nancy Reagan



- Richard Nixon Calls Gary Hart
- Secrets Behind the Charles Manson Case
- Condom Nation
- The Rise and Fall of the Wilton North Report
- How to Pass a Urine Test
- The Last Temptation of Morton Downey Jr.

The Realist
P. O. Box 1230
Venice CA 90294
ENCLOSED PLEASE FIND:

- ☐ $20 for those first ten issues
- ☐ $23 for a 12-issue subscription
- ☐ $40 for the first ten issues plus a 12-issue subscription

Name Apt.
Address
City
State Zip

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don't think 'Yes' is out of line."

Times drama critic Frank Rich, who does indeed have the power to close shows, doesn't quite see it that way. Virtually alone among its competitors, say press agents, the *Times* refuses to give out advance material from reviews. "I think if you leak material that you're running in the journalistic medium to the industry you're covering ahead of your readers, you are becoming a part of their operation," says Rich.

"In the best of all possible worlds, I don't think giving a quote before the fact would matter," says *Newsweek*'s Jack Kroll, who says he has kicked the habit. "But I've come to the conclusion that it's just not a very good idea. Let's face it, studio PR people don't give a screw about the exquisite calibrations of your critical sensibility. They want you to say, 'This is the best fucking movie I've seen today!' Well, you simply can't succumb to that. Every journalist knows the most important thing in this business is to have a forum. And boy, you screw with that at your peril."

Often the only outlet for a kind word or two is a quote for an advertisement. "If there's a worthy film that I think needs support," John Simon says, "but which doesn't rate a review in the magazine, I'll give them a few words and say, 'Just put "John Simon," not "John Simon, *National Review*."'"

Even critics who don't give in to boosterism can sound like shills in quote ads, especially ones with multiple quotes, rendered virtually interchangeable by a seasoned blurb-jockey. In a full-page ad for *Hairspray* in which 30 critics had their reviews chopped and supercharged with exclamation points, *At the Movies*'s Bill Harris and the *Times*'s Janet Maslin were cited for the following critical nuggets—but whose is whose? (a) "Hair-raising fun! A wildly colorful celebration of this bygone era." (b) "Instant nostalgia and fun! John Waters has gone mainstream for the first time."*

There may yet appear a backlash against the barrage of superlatives that seems to herald the arrival of each new movie, play and book. Some print ads for *Good Morning, Vietnam!* included a phone number one could call to receive copies of the original reviews excerpted in the ads. Perhaps most telling was an ad for *Five Corners*. In type twice as large as the ad's raving quotes, the headline declared, DON'T READ THE QUOTES. SEE THE MOVIE. ❫

*Answers to the *Hairspray* quiz: (a) Maslin; (b) Harris.

Uneasy MONEY

BY ELLIS WEINER

THE TOPIC, READER, IS MONEY—*big* money. Or little, teeny-weeny money. Just so long as it's money—although, of course, the greater the sum of it, the better, and the less that that sum is anybody else's business, the best. Because what kills me, and has been killing me on a regular basis for about five years now, is the ease with which otherwise considerate, discreet people will ask—gently, brutally, tactfully, bluntly—about financial matters so intimate that until recently I had refused on principle to discuss them even with myself.

HOW TO BE A GROWN-UP

Note "until recently." I'm in it now, too, up to my shell-like ears. When someone inquires/demands how much my wife and I paid for our house, I *tell* him—not, mind you, because I am a pawn of the Zeitgeist (although I am) but because, hey, it's fun. I feel a stir of tense excitement. Like a novice who, having quit the convent, discovers that people on the outside are allowed to talk about sex, I feel first titillated and naughty, then vaguely apprehensive about retribution. Then I ask him how much *he* paid—and he tells me. Our complicity is sealed. We will both go to conversational hell, of course, but at least we'll have some idea about how much cash we each had access to for the "down."

I wasn't always this uninhibited. Up until a few years ago I'd assumed that topics like a person's rent, mortgage, salary and medical bills were his or her private affair, that those very details were what "private" *meant*. It's all so amusingly naive today, of course, but back when "Trump the Dummy" was only a bridge play and not an epithet, it seemed that to reveal one's complete financial status to anyone except an accountant (or a college scholarship committee) was somehow to cede a kind of ultimate power—as though Carlos Castaneda, having been entrusted by Don Juan with a sacred Nahuatl "soul syllable" meant only for him, had let it slip in a chat with a sly buzzard and was obliged to fend off doom for the next 200 pages.

Who on earth told me to think that way? As the phrase has it, "I blame the parents." Mine, solid middle-class suburban-Baltimore Jewish types, spoke with the kids more often and openly about Nazis than about money. When circumstances forced them to discuss the taboo subject in our presence, they used euphemism, code, metaphor. Sample childhood dialogue:

DAD (to MOM): "Be sure to deposit this tomorrow. The State Farm check will bounce if we don't cover it."

SON: "What did Daddy just say?"

MOM: "Nothing."

I lived in that house with code-speaking Dad and blanket-denying Mom for 18 years. The inevitable result today: one would-be, half-baked, soi-disant grown-up for whom openly discussing financial matters was, until my comparatively recent emancipation, tantamount to skateboarding down Madison Avenue naked, and a set of parents still (*still!*) harboring the unshakable opinion that their son may be



smart, and a nice boy, and so forth, but *he doesn't understand the importance of money.* Thus, sample contemporary dialogue:

MOM: "So what's cookin'?"

SON: "Well, I'm doing some scripts for television, a few magazine pieces, and there's a book contract in the works."

MOM: "*Mmm-hmm.* . . . Are you being paid?"

But that's my problem. The grown-up's problem is, *How can I know what, if anything, is still nobody's business but my own?* Public pressure to disclose and discuss is enormous, and comes from the unlikeliest

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sources. Several years ago we bought baby furniture from a shop in Borough Park, Brooklyn, from a gray-bearded Hasid who was world-weary enough to make Samuel Beckett seem like Richard Simmons. The dusty, cluttered store; the thin, grave man at the register—it required an hour's confrontation with the Higher Sobriety just to pick up a Jolly Jumper.

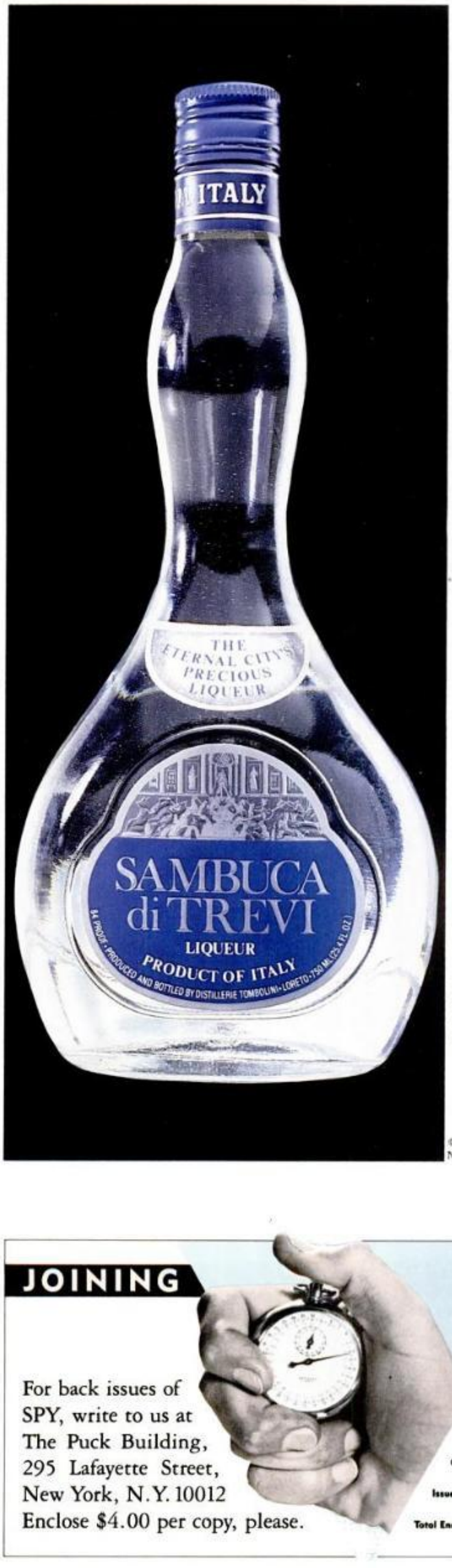
But when his intense, brown-bearded son delivered an item to our apartment, the mood was different—jazzy, urgent, as Today as Now. We had not traded more than a few dozen polite words about the neighborhood before he asked abruptly, "Do you own this house?" I stalled, stammered, said no. "How much rent do you pay?" I stumbled, mumbled, and told him. Apparently it was a test, which I evidently passed: the conversation ended with him inviting me to go into business with him.

To gauge my financial worthiness, Juvenile Furniture Hasid Junior asked about the one topic concerning which men can have no secrets, cannot bluff or cheat or play fast and loose. He asked about *real estate*, the cause and culprit behind all this shameless—sorry, this exciting—new freedom we enjoy to pry into—sorry, to compare—one another's, uh, lives.

Real estate prices in the eighties arrived on the scene like a dashing nihilist out of Dostoyevski. With what pleasure they confronted us with the empty pieties inherent in our feeble notion of *a fair price*. With what implacable cruelty they stripped from our frightened eyes all vestiges of illusion about *what is possible*. With what relish they observed our stammering disbelief, our incipient panic, our uncontainable despair when they said, "Do you see that dilapidated hovel of a brownstone on this utterly charmless street ten blocks from the nearest supermarket? Here is $1 million. Buy that home, if you so desire. *What?* You *cannot*? The sum is insufficient? Yes—I *know*! Ha ha ha!"

No wonder we ask everything, confess everything, blurt dollar amounts about closing costs, obstetricians, automobiles. God, in terms of being able to cut a sane, reasonable deal in the marketplace, is dead. Perhaps one day, in a courageous effort to supplant with human values the Deity who has so irretrievably fled, we will be so moved that we will even compare—freely, openly, without boasting or shame—how much money we make. . . .

Naaah. That's *business*.



The Shape of Things to Come.

Things are changing. Fast. But we can think of three things that won't change. Not surprising, since good things come in threes.

First off, falling in love will look much the same in years to come. People seem to like it just fine the way it is. And, well, if it isn't broken, don't fix it.

Next is the Fontana di Trevi in Rome. Couples have been falling in love by its cascading waters for hundreds of years. Another good one. We'll keep it.

Third would have to be Sambuca di Trevi. Italians know a little something about design. And our bottle, we humbly submit, would do any of the great masters proud.

Share some Sambuca di Trevi with a special someone by the waters of the Fontana di Trevi.

Of course, there are more accessible romantic fountains. We know a great little spot in Central Park...



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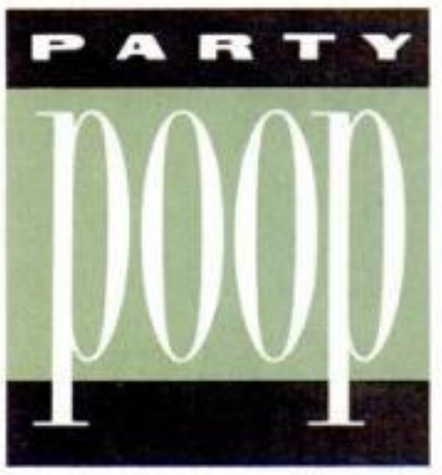
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BACHELORAMA! Following in the tiny footsteps of such shortish swingers-with-magazines as Hugh Hefner and 50-inch-high Lee "Li'l Hef" Eisenberg, lisping demibillionaire Mort Zuckerman (*above*) has been taking time out from dabbling with *The Atlantic*, *U.S. News & World Report* (of which he is a very hands-on editor in chief) and the ruination of Columbus Circle to squire a parade of no-doubt literary young (and not so young) ladies to a whole bunch of glittering, intellectually stimulating, ultraglamorous social events. *See, fellas–buying respectability works! Right, from top*: demonstrating hilarious, Donald Trump-style "Who invited her?" finger gesture to introduce date Susan Mercandetti to Suzy at a fundraiser at the Metropolitan Opera; striking out with an unidentified buzz-cutted woman at superexciting party in honor of Ted Koppel; demonstrating hilarious, Edgar Bergen-style ventriloquy to let former feminist Gloria Steinem know that she is dancing on his feet; clearing the dance floor using hilarious John Travolta-style disco moves with a thinner Shirley Lord look-alike at the Waldorf; flashing his supersexy, increasingly publicized bedroom eyes with an uncomfortable-looking escort leaving a Broadway show; and demonstrating hilarious, Sean Penn-style finger punch stance to wave paparazzi away from unidentified date-Linda Ellerbee look-alike at Donald Trump's height-of-vulgarity book party in his eponymous Tower.



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▲ At a very stimulating performance art event at P.S. 1, Laurie Anderson demonstrates the female, gravity-defying answer to the comb-over.

▲ **ALL IN THE FAMILY** At the U.S. Open, held on the Trumps' home turf of Queens, Robert, Donald's smarter, naturally furry brother, picks up some extra pocket money by working a shift as bodyguard for his big brother and sister-in-law, Ivana. Playing Trixie in the Trump clan's *Honeymooners* skit ("To the Moon, Ivana!"), is Blaine.











IT'S THE LITTLE PEOPLE IN PLAID BAN-LON WHO MATTER Jerry Hall (*left*), Mike Tyson (*above*) and former fatgirl Dianne Brill (*above right*) soaking up the sweetest, caringest, most superglamorous spoils of success: the heartfelt love and adulation of their very sophisticated fans. (Brill's kneeling, non-plaid-wearing admirer is SPY's 1988 Nightlife Decathlon champion Anthony Haden-Guest.)











▲ **HOLDING THEIR OWN** At former hot spot M.K., a *very aristocratic* British girl shows Europeans how she catches the attention of the beefy, Camaro-driving sophisticates who fill the once popular club. At Cave Canem, singer-professional other woman Romina Danielson (*center*) holds up sagging breasts so that they can be photographed as she attempts to blend into the supertasteful decor in an ingenious, interactive op-art exercise. *Right:* en route to a party at L.A.'s Ed Debevic's fake diner, perpetually damp spoiled-kid movie actor and completely unmemorable *Saturday Night Live* cast member Anthony Michael Hall, demonstrating hilarious Jerry Lewis-style physical comedy, gropes himself (or, as paparazzo-pundit Ron Galella wickedly captioned the photo, "Hall had a ball or possibly two at the party!").

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THE UN-BRITISH

Crossword Puzzle

BY ROY BLOUNT JR.

ACROSS

4. Angle on organ gets suspicious look. (7)

8. Throw French article into an Englishman's home? (6)

9. He checks you out with excellent kiss before noon in emergency room. (8)

10. Hebridean without charge is immune. (4-4)

11. Riches from breaking the law. (6)

12. Wraps up inverted South Pole—very New England. (8)

13. Ripping off carnal knowledge. (8)

16. Gunslingers run less risk of poisoning if they do this (trademark of Zorro Incorporated). (4,4)

19. The third time . . . Mac's hair tousled. (2,1,5)

21. Taking back semi-Roman Catholic offenses. (6)

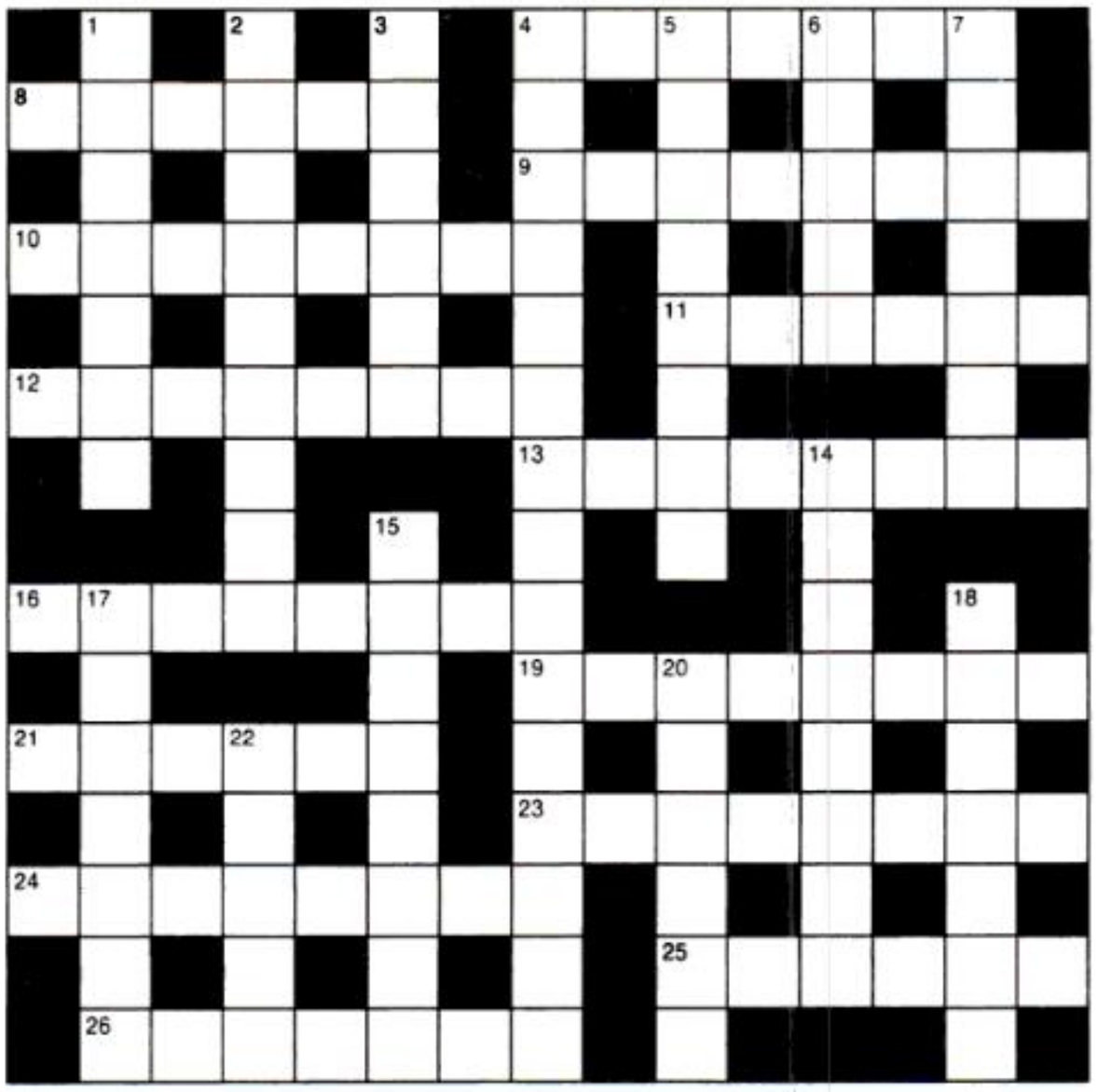
23. North Pole craftsman could be sued if Barbie is hazardous. (3,5)

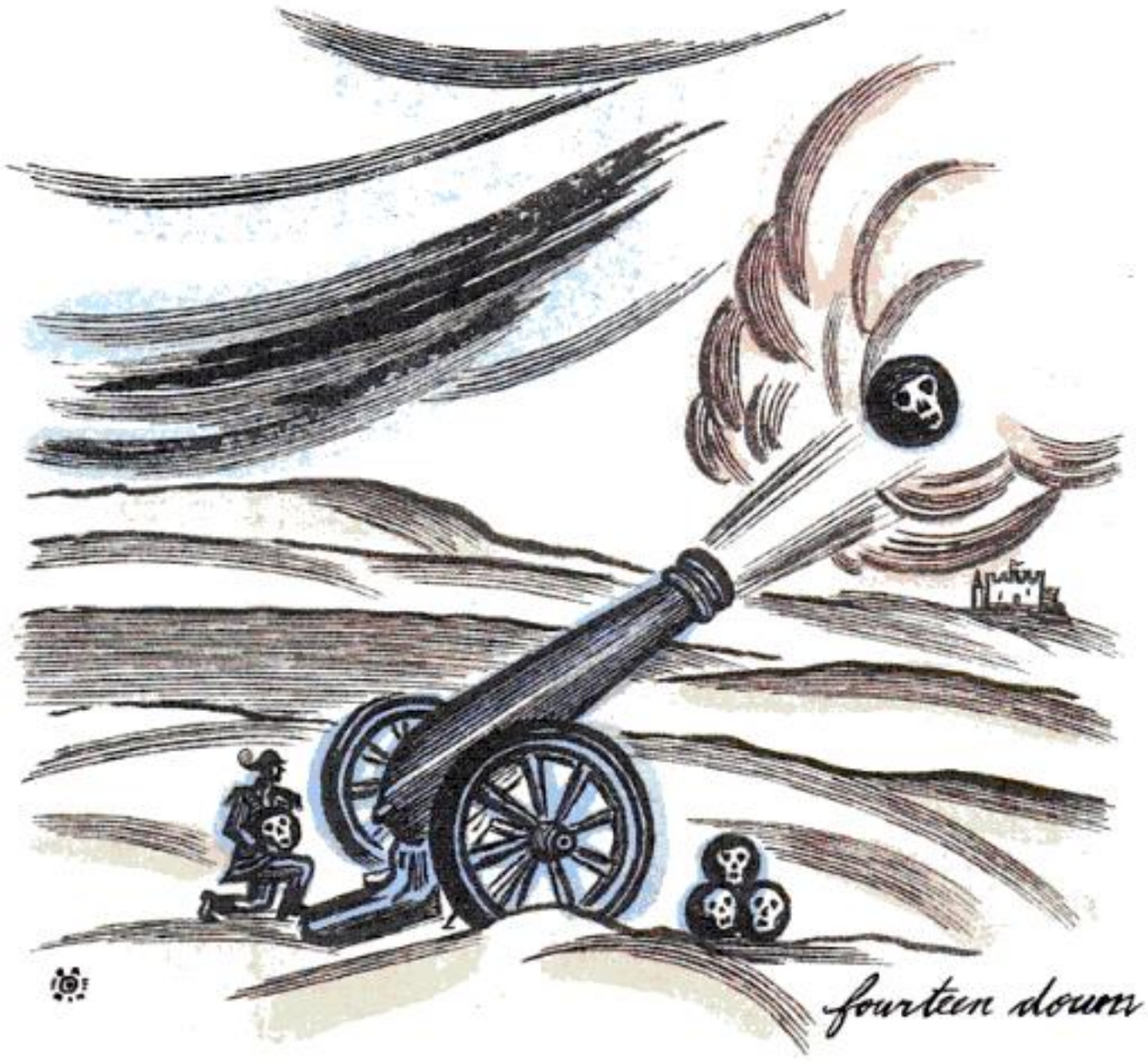
24. Feel the lack of our first-person-singular state. (8)

25. Delivery service has stolen consequence. (6)

26. Old battleship puts effrontery before age. (7)

Unimmune Special





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DOWN

1. In odd vein, a cubic centimeter of immunizer. (7)

2. What the phagocyte did to germs and Godzilla did to Japanese. (3,4,2)

3. Twain meeting over rumpled Dior make one who's messed up. (6)

4. Constitutional right to whatever pops into your head. (4,1-1)

5. This fantastic film will keep us immune when Libya gets the Bomb. (4,4)

6. She takes the morning out of America. (5)

7. What you can get (if not cancer) from steady sun or seven Tanqueray-and-tonics. (4,3)

14. People hooked on conflict are explosive elements. (8)

15. Some advocate just saying no to maiden employment. (5,3)

17. "Heaven will protect the _____ girl"—old adage. (7)

18. "_____'s just another word for nothing left to lose" —Kristofferson. (7)

20. Madhouse sanctuary. (6)

22. Crazy Lum is author of *The Man Without Qualities*. (5)

The answers to the Un-British Crossword appear on page 142.

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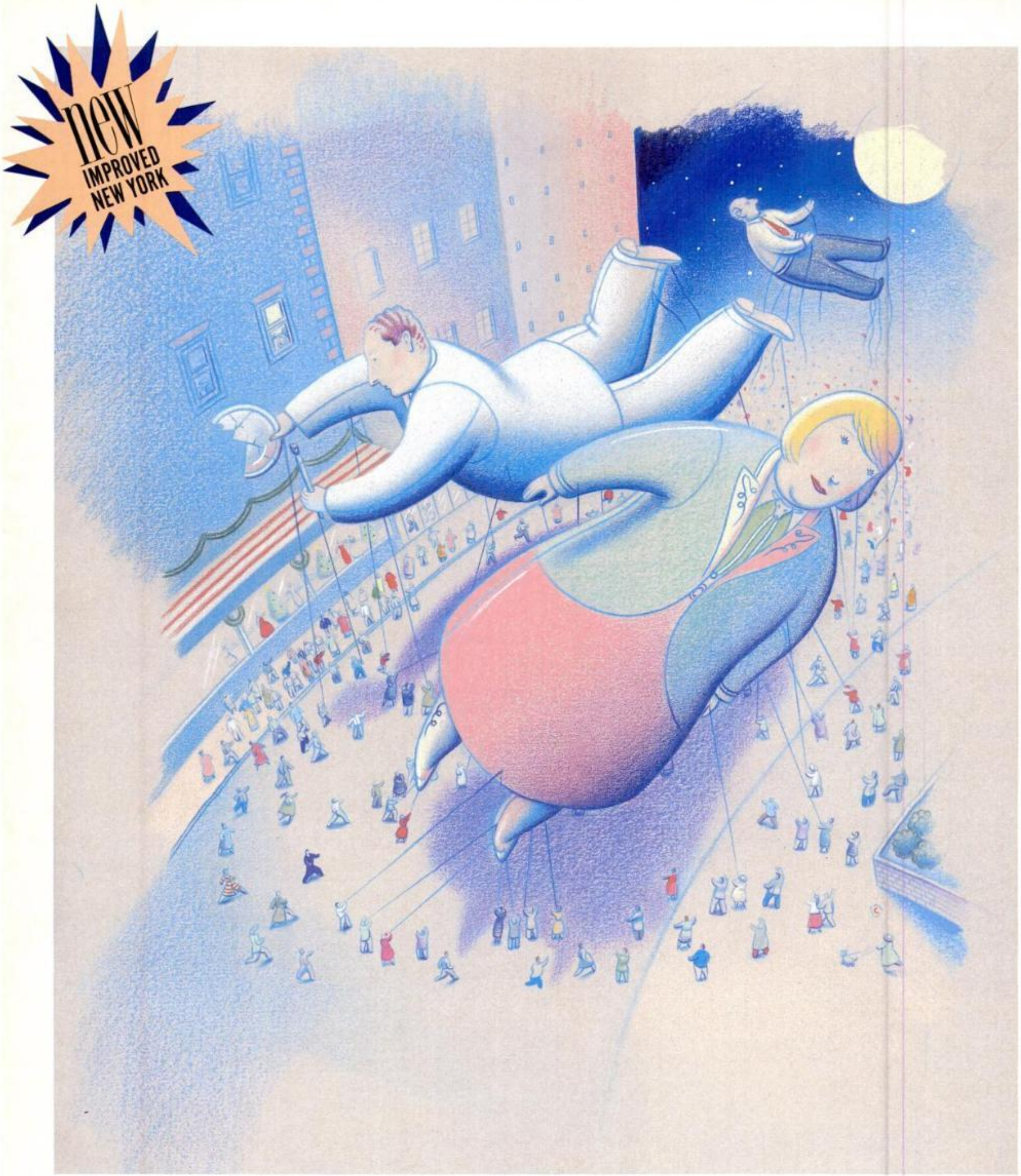
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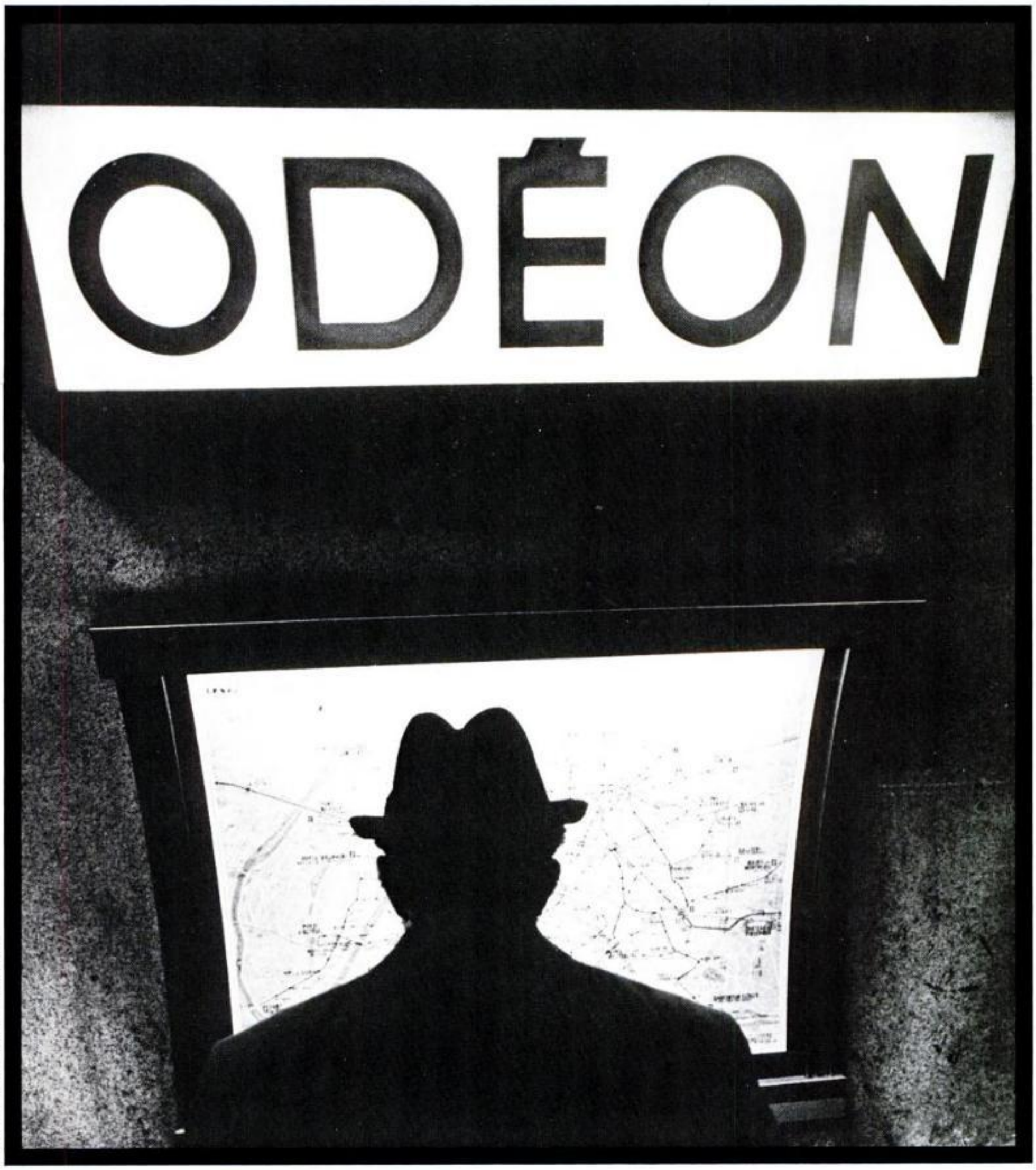


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